THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

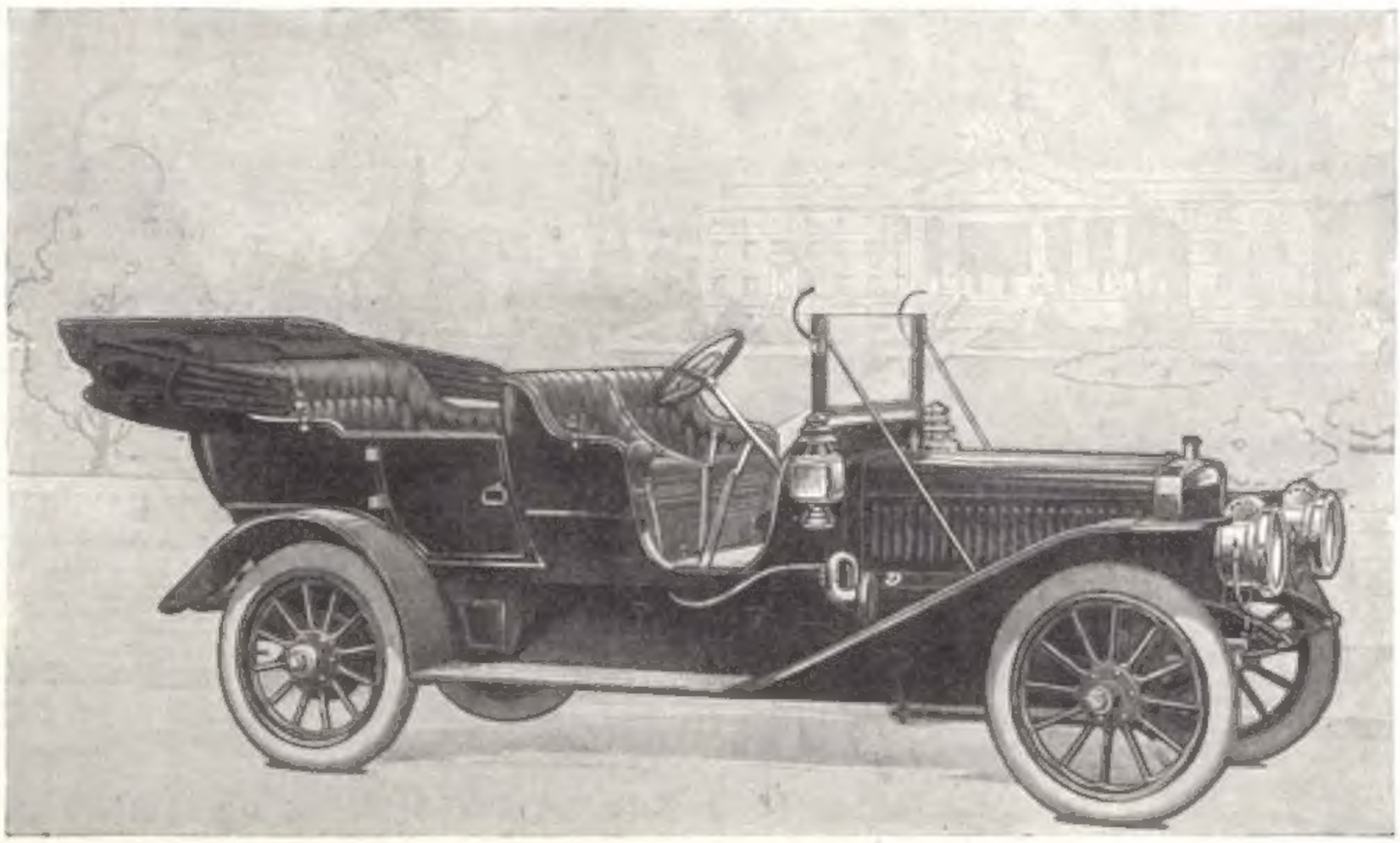
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 11, 1909 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

Only Motor That *Cranks Itself*



WINTON SIX

THE Winton Six motor *cranks itself*. It is the *only* motor that cranks itself.

* * *

Our system is not only a great convenience in saving labor, annoyance and humiliation to the car owner, but also—

It is the *only natural method* of starting the motor.

* * *

In the Winton Six, air pressure admitted to the cylinders causes the pistons to move through their various strokes.

During this movement, which draws in fresh gas, the spark occurs, igniting the charge and causing the motor to begin its regular operations.

Note that the pistons *are already moving* when the spark occurs.

That's important.

* * *

Some motors are advertised to "start on the spark."

That method is both *uncertain* and *violent.*

* * *

To "start on the spark" there must already be gas in the cylinder.

If the gas isn't there, all the sparks in Christendom *will not start the motor.*

Therefore, you are never quite sure whether "she'll start" or not.

But, assuming that you are fortunate enough to have gas in the cylinder—what happens?

Just this: all the force of that charge of gas is *shot* against pistons that are *standing dead still.*

The shock thus sustained by the entire train of pistons, the crank shaft and the bearings is like that suffered by a standing railroad car that is bumped by a locomotive going 20 miles an hour.

* * *

If you value your car and mean to treat it with consideration (so that it will not be prematurely bumped upon the junk pile) *don't ever* "start on the spark."

* * *

If your car isn't a self-cranking Winton Six, give it a fair show and *crank it.*

If your car is a self-cranking Winton Six, you have the assurance that, by means of air pressure, you are starting the motor on the simplest, easiest and only mechanically perfect method known to the automobile world.

And no matter how often you use your Winton Six air starter, you are never injuring the motor.

* * *

This superiority of the Winton Six air starter is characteristic of the Winton Six from radiator to gasoline tank.

The Winton Six has no superior.

Latest improved type—six-cylinder, 48 horse-power motor.

Best magneto and best carburetor.

Finest oil-bathed, multiple-disc clutch.

Four-speed, ball-bearing, selective-type transmission.

Motor's working parts fully housed from dust and dirt.

124-inch wheel base.

Frame narrowed in front to allow short turns.

Spacious body, suspended low on semi-elliptical springs.

Four shock absorbers.

Quiet. Sweet running. A hill climber. Exceptionally wide range of speed on direct drive. Great on slow work in traffic.

Inexpensive to maintain. Twenty Winton Sixes ran (sworn statements of the twenty owners) 184,190 miles on $142.43 upkeep. That averages 77 cents per 1000 miles.

* * *

The Winton Six costs $3000 to buy and practically nothing for upkeep. It is up-to-the-minute. There isn't a cent's worth of folly in its makeup or in its price.

* * *

If you want maximum *car-value* at minimum *cost,* you'll get our literature. It bristles with dollars-and-sense facts. Why not write today?

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., 111 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send Winton Six literature to

_____

_____

The Winton Motor Carriage Co.

Member A. L. A. M. Licensed under Selden Patent.

CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

Winton Branch Houses (owned and operated by the company) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco.

You settle the tire question when you select your automobile.

CARRYING EXTRA TIRES, an extra wheel or extra rims with tires already on does not prevent tire trouble nor stop expense. But with the average automobile it is the only thing to do, for practically all effort toward handling tire trouble is along the line of getting on a new tire as quickly as possible. This is expensive, illogical and unmechanical.

Prevention of trouble rather than expensive ways to fix up after the trouble has happened is what you want. And that is the Franklin method.

Reliable tire equipment instead of extra tires is our plan.

In everything in an automobile, except tires, you expect and demand reliability. You do not carry extra drive shafts, extra axles or extra transmission parts. You are confident these parts are correctly proportioned and have the proper strength. Why not make the same demand of the tire equipment?

The proportion of tire size and strength to the automobile is purely a mechanical question, subject to exactly the same treatment as construction questions in any other part of the automobile; i. e., the tires should be large enough and strong enough, with margin to spare, to do the work.

It is probably true that some automobiles are so heavy that tires cannot be obtained that are large enough to properly do the work. Others are so stiff and rigid that their tires get undue punishment.

Light and flexible, the Franklin is easy on any tires—it has always been noted for that—and now all Franklin models with their large wheels have extra large tires so that tire trouble is not a factor.

Our tire sizes for 1910 are: Model H, rear 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4½ inches; Model D, rear 36 x 4½ inches, front 36 x 4 inches; Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches.

Compare these sizes with the sizes of tires on other automobiles and you will find that our tires are larger even than used on most of the heavy automobiles.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile are a reasonable, sensible proposition. They are durable, economical and efficient. It is the only practical solution of tire trouble. The fact that the tires give so much better service proves their economy and reliability. Tire trouble and useless tire expense are avoided. The danger of puncture by nails is much less. The tires are large and thick; the automobile is light—the force that drives a nail through a tire is the weight of the automobile. Punctures by striking a stone at speed are eliminated because the automobile cannot drive the rim against the stone and break the fabric or rupture the inner tube. The tires are not overloaded.

Franklin tire equipment is so reliable that it is not necessary to carry extra tires.

Remember that extra tires are carried because of blow-outs and not because of punctures.

Ordinary tire equipment is ruined by blow-outs. Proper equipment does not blow out. The tires wear out.

Crude rubber is steadily advancing in price. The cost of tires is increasing. You do not want your tires to break down or burst. You should have their full life and service. You get this with the Franklin. The tires give service for more than double the mileage of the average automobile.

That the Franklin has advantages for tire economy over other automobiles is well known. With its full-elliptic springs and flexible construction the strain on the tires is minimized. They do not have to take all the force of road shocks; the springs and the laminated-wood chassis frame absorb their share. Then the Franklin is light-weight. Mr. M. A. Michelin, the noted tire manufacturer of France, has shown that every five per cent increase in the weight of an automobile increases the wear and tear on the tires fifteen per cent.

The time to take care of tire trouble and insure economy in tire expense is when you select your automobile. The way to do that is to buy a Franklin. No other automobile offers similar advantages.

The same reasons that make the Franklin easy on tires make it easy to ride in. Vibration from road shocks is taken up, not transmitted through the automobile to the passengers, as is the case with rigid steel-frame and semi-elliptic-spring construction. And the larger the tires to the weight of the automobile the easier it rides.

You ride long distances in a Franklin without fatigue. Your nerve system is not put under strain by vibration and jolting.

The Franklin air-cooling system for 1910 is the sensation of the year.

OUR NEW COOLING SYSTEM marks an important era in automobile history. It removes every objection, real or fancied, that ever existed against air cooling and places Franklin air cooling in the unchallenged lead.

The simplicity and efficiency of this new cooling system are indeed wonderful. The engine cylinders have vertical flanges. Around each cylinder close to the flanges is a sheet-metal air jacket open at the top and bottom. These jackets with their extended base form with the engine boot an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is the suction-fan engine fly wheel, a new invention. This fly-wheel fan draws the air in large volume, through the air jackets, down around each cylinder, through the air-tight compartment. Air that passes one cylinder does not pass any other cylinder. Each cylinder is individually cooled, and each has an equal and large supply of fresh air. The front fan formerly used is dispensed with so that the cooling system is absolutely free of working parts or complications of any sort.

Compare the Franklin air-cooling system and the water-cooling system with its many mechanical elements and complication. Our system cannot fail to work. There is nothing to get out of order, while the water system, with its fan, pump, radiator, soldering, packing and piping, is subject to disablement, leakage and freezing.

You can if you wish satisfy yourself that under severe work the Franklin engine cools perfectly when many water-cooled engines give trouble from overheating.

"At one hotel in the mountainous country, during a stop for luncheon I saw six high-class, water-cooled cars come in overheated while my Franklin was not abnormally heated at any time.

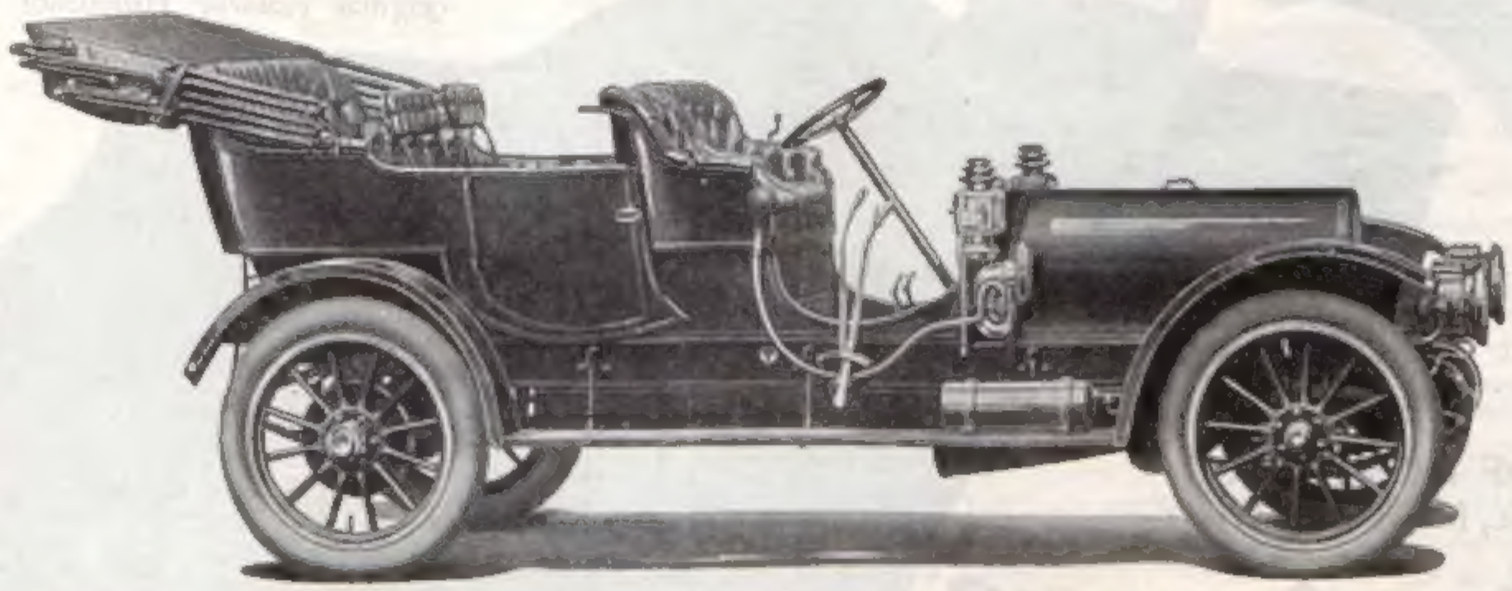
"Sept. 29, 1909. Hudson Maxim."

Franklin air cooling is positively the best cooling system because it works perfectly under all conditions of roads and climate. It is the simplest system and therefore the most reliable.

Franklins are built in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with bodies covering the whole range of touring cars, runabouts, close-coupled, limousines, landaulets, town cars and taxicabs.

The three touring cars offer a choice in size and power best suited to your needs. Model H, 42 horse power, seating seven, is the leader of all six-cylinder automobiles. Model D, 28 horse power, is the ideal city and family touring car. Model G, 18 horse power, is the only high-grade small touring car made in America.

Regardless of what automobile you own or favor, our special edition catalogue de luxe, probably the handsomest automobile book ever made, will interest you. It is sent only on request. Write for it.



H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Licensed under Selden Patent

The "Holeproof" Christmas Box

For Men, Women and Children

Give "Holeproof" for Christmas

You will please every member of the family with this splendid gift.

For everybody appreciates the *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery—soft, comfortable, stylish—in the latest colors and weights.

This is the *original* guaranteed hosiery; the kind that is made from the highest-grade yarn, costing an average of 63c per pound.

You can get Holeproof Hosiery in all sizes—for men, women and children—and every pair is guaranteed for 6 months.

Dealer's name on request, or we will ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, $2. Guaranteed for 3 months—warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Avoid cheap substitutes! Look for this trade-mark on the toe and get the original *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1900.

(25)

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
381 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1909 — Number 24

THE LINE-UP

Some Lively Scrimmages Ahead in Congress

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

TO USE a baseball expression, it looks to some people in Washington as if Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the United States, is playing for his release.

As this is written it does not seem likely that his desires will be gratified. President Taft is the great pacifier. He has pacified the Ballinger-Pinchot row several times already, and he is the boy who can pacify it again. Pinchot says he will never resign and keeps talking. Ballinger keeps talking and says he will never resign. Ballinger's opinion of Pinchot, as man's opinion of man goes, has but one contemptuous equal, and that one is Pinchot's opinion of Ballinger. Wherefore, things slide into print about Ballinger and things slide into print about Pinchot. In this phase of it Pinchot has by far the better of Ballinger. He knows the game and Ballinger does not. Pinchot's side of the fracas can get more publicity in a day than Ballinger's can in a week. His friends sat at the feet of the greatest publicity artist this country has ever known, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. They learned how. In consequence, they had Ballinger hung up on a line and swaying to the breeze before Ballinger knew who put him there, or how.

The whole mess is a question of legal construction. Ballinger is a strict constructionist. He thinks he cannot do a thing unless he has full and specific warrant of law for it. He is a letter-of-the-law man. On the other hand, Pinchot's idea seems to be that he can do anything with the public domain that is not explicitly forbidden by the law. He is a liberal constructionist. Ballinger and Pinchot split on this when Garfield was Secretary of the Interior and Ballinger was Commissioner of the General Land Office. At that time Pinchot had the run of the Interior Department, being hand in glove with Garfield and strongly upheld by President Roosevelt. He did about as he pleased over there. Ballinger fought him. Pinchot fought back and, finally, Ballinger quit and went home to Seattle, not because he was forced to, but because he had stayed as long as he promised to, had done as much as he could in the way of carrying out President Roosevelt's plans, and had served the year he said he would.

When Ballinger came back as Secretary of the Interior the old feud between himself and Pinchot was still alive. Ballinger had more power then. He determined to do what was to be done in a legal way, or in what he deemed to be the legal way. Naturally, he restricted some of Pinchot's operations. Then the fuss began, accentuated, here and there, by charges against Ballinger. President Taft took up the charges. He found Ballinger innocent of any attempt or idea of wrongdoing. Ballinger —whether he was right or not—thought the charges were instigated by Pinchot. Pinchot said nothing, but he likes to fight.

How the Pinchot-Ballinger Feud Began

THE original trouble came when Ballinger was Land Commissioner, the Ballinger adherents say, over the administrative site question. Administrative sites are sites withdrawn in or near forest reserves, or power withdrawals for administrative purposes. It was claimed that Pinchot was grabbing a lot of land to which he was not entitled by his administrative-site-withdrawal plan. That is, he had land withdrawn for reserves of one kind or another, and he insisted on withdrawing other land for administrative sites. It was claimed that he withdrew needless acreage in this way, and that, so far as the reserves themselves were concerned, he didn't need to withdraw administrative sites in them, for that would be a withdrawal within a withdrawal.

Anyhow, the row began over this technical affair. It was a good, lively row and it hasn't decreased any since it started. When Ballinger came back, clothed with greater authority as Secretary of the Interior, he promptly gave out word that he intended to run his department and that Pinchot must keep his hands off. News was dull in Washington and the affair was magnified in the dispatches. It is not likely that one person in a million understands just what it is all about, for the laws and regulations surrounding the public domain are numerous and complicated. However, the word row attracted attention. It was a fight. That was enough. We all hate peace, and all followed the muss excitedly.

It flared up and died down, flared up again and was crushed by President Taft. Then it flared up again, and now it has come to Congress, and there will be a tremendous pother about it among the statesmen. Congress, as a whole, is not any too partial to the conservation scheme. Congress thinks it has rights, that the states have rights, and Congress may desire a few of the perquisites. Taking it any way you like, Congress intends to discuss the matter in every detail, and there is likely to be some great slang-whanging of Pinchot on the one hand and of Ballinger on the other. All of which will add to the gayety of a legislative season that has other aspects of war.

The Hidden Hands That Pull the Wires

MEANTIME, the President is much concerned, and so are his friends. The President is investigating carefully the definite stories of the Back-From-Elba Movement, and of other movements inimical to his renomination in 1912. So far as the Ballinger-Pinchot affair is concerned there is acute apprehension among some of Taft's friends that he may not be able to pacify all the time and that he must, some day or other, come to the point where he will be obliged to choose between Ballinger and Pinchot. This does not mean the President thinks this, but that some of his most influential friends do, men who have his best interests at heart.

Some of these men are much dispirited over the outlook. One particularly gloomy partisan has placed his view of the situation before some of President Taft's friends and for transmission to the President in this wise: "I do not believe it is all a foolish cabal. The Ballinger-Pinchot controversy is much more far-reaching than most people, perhaps the President and his advisers included, realize; and T. R.'s fertile brain is back of it. It is a brilliant and shrewd conception. The whole thing is well-timed and staged, and worthy of the masterful instigator, and the insurgents and many others—many of them unwittingly—are lending aid to the scheme.

"The Ballinger-Pinchot controversy will not down, any more than the third-term idea would, because it is every time revived in an interested quarter. Pinchot will not resign—that is the program undoubtedly; and if the President makes the mistake of demanding his resignation he gives the opposition party one of the strong clubs they want and plays into their hands. It may be that he can succeed in harmonizing the

differences, but that is not likely, because the matter will be agitated constantly, and he will be forced to show his hand and come out into the open and decide. What seems evident to me must surely be more than plain to the President and his advisers—the sacrifice of Secretary Ballinger. Failing to reach an amicable settlement, the President will be obliged regretfully to let out Ballinger and retain Pinchot. That is the only way the politics of it can be played with any safety. Drive Pinchot out, and Taft sits surrounded by whom? Corporation men, pure and simple. The dear people will be betrayed, the corporations will be in power again. Who is to reclaim, who is to give the dear people their rights again? Who but our Teddy? And it matters not a whit that the greatest corporation man of all was in Roosevelt's own Cabinet."

I have quoted that merely to show the state of mind into which some of President Taft's supporters have fallen. They are seeing things at night. Still, where there is so much smoke there is possibly some fire, and it is President Taft's job to turn on the water.

The insurgents of the House and Senate have their second wind. They are back and declare solemnly there is blood on the face of the moon. The Republican Senators who voted against the tariff bill have been home and have found that their constituents are with them. They were not quite sure when they did the voting, and took a chance, but now they know. It is the same in the House. There were some weak-kneed brethren among the Republicans who opposed the organization, and the adoption of the rules, and the election of Cannon. They were not certain how the folks back home would view their performances. Rural Republicans are generally strong for the organization. But they found that some of the people, especially in some Western districts, have arrived at a few set conclusions. One is that Speaker Cannon is an enemy to progress, a czar and a dictator, and that he should be curbed. The other is that Aldrich is a most dangerous man and that the rollers should be put under him. Hence they have patted the insurgents on their red brawn and told them to go back and "sick 'em."

Baiting Poor Old Uncle Joe

THE result is that the first regular gathering of the Sixty-first Congress, with all the soreness over the rules business in the House at the special session, with all the soreness over the fight in the Senate by the insurgents against Aldrich and his followers, with the conservation business to be threshed out, with the knowledge that the West is waiting for a chance at the 1910 elections, is a rasped and rasping affair. They all seem spoiling for a fight. The Cannon people are on the defensive for the first time, and they must be very shrewd or else they will lose on some important point. Aldrich has his tariff bill tucked away, but he has his financial proposition in abeyance and he will get a battle on it that will keep him busy for months.

Meantime, President Taft has put up a program of the remedial and reform legislation he wants that would keep Congress busy all the time during the remainder of his term. Congress listened respectfully and let it go at that. The leaders have their own troubles. They are not thinking of what Mr. Taft wants or what he does not want. He will not come up for renomination until 1912. Every man in the House must go for reëlection next fall, and a lot of Senators have terms that expire in 1911, and must be taken care of if they would continue to wear their togas.

If you stroll casually into the corridor of the House and say "Cannon!" to an insurgent you will get a rise that will remind you of a flight of skyrockets. If you say "insurgent" to a group of Cannon men they will turn to fight you. It is the same in the Senate. Speak the name of Beveridge, Bristow, Cummins or any of the other progressives to the regulars of the Republican organization and they begin to run around in circles and sputter like bottles of pop. The progressives will tell you, in language gnarled and knotty—not to say naughty—what enemies to progress, liberty and the good, the beautiful and the true the regulars are. Everybody is spoiling for a fight, while the Democrats are in the go-it-husband-go-it-bear position, and ought to have a lot of fun, if they have either a collective or an individual sense of humor, which is open to question.

The way they keep hurling the harpoon into Uncle Joe Cannon certainly is a caution. That meek and mild old man hardly gets one puncture in him plastered over before somebody else comes along and sticks him in another place. Uncle Joe skipped about the country for several weeks before Congress met, yowling defiance and shouting, "You lie, you villain, you lie!" to all comers. Now that he is back in Washington his vocabulary is working overtime. It is all the rage to take a swat at Cannon. He has dropped from being an idol to being a punching-bag. It begins to look as if Uncle Joe, to go again to the realms of sport for a term, has overstayed his game. It took a long time to get him going, but he is started now.

A curious fillip to all this rowdydow was given by Uncle Joe's statement that Herr Ridder, of New York, offered to get the support of the great newspapers of the country for Uncle Joe for President in 1908 if Uncle Joe would let the free wood-pulp item go through. Of course, Herr Ridder came right back and said such a statement was preposterous. Herr Ridder might have turned the Staats-Zeitung in for Uncle Joe, but he could have gone no farther.

What the ponderous Herr did say on one occasion was that he would see to it that one hundred thousand dollars was contributed to the Bryan campaign fund in certain contingencies. He made good on it, too, for the Ridder-bund put up thirty-seven thousand dollars, or thereabouts, for Bryan, as announced by National Chairman Mack after the close of the campaign. Still, that is beside the mark. The odd part of it is that so old and shrewd a campaigner as Cannon should have thought he would get anywhere or gain any strength by making such a claim. All he got was laughter, and that was all he deserved.

The Near-Cabinet set and the On-the-Fringe set are much perturbed over the announced social program for the White House season. It begins to look very much as if that historic edifice is to be a more exclusive place than it was during President Roosevelt's seven years there. The little matter of public receptions is worrying. There are four of these every year—Diplomatic, Congress, Supreme Court and Army and Navy. President Roosevelt had his on Thursday nights and received for two hours from nine to eleven. He invited the world and his wife. "Come on, everybody!" was his invitation; and the big cards, embossed with the golden eagle, were quite common. Likewise, the crowds were large and miscellaneous.

President Taft announces his reception days for the four big ones will be Tuesdays, and that his hours for receiving will be from nine to ten-thirty. The hundreds of climbing people to whom an invitation to a White House reception was a social patent for the rest of the year are nervous. They see in this restriction of time by half an hour an intention to prune the lists. Probably that is what will happen. Mrs. Taft has not yet regained her health, and she has different ideas about White House social functions from what Mrs. Roosevelt had. It certainly will be a sad affair if the lists are pruned.

Running the Gauntlet

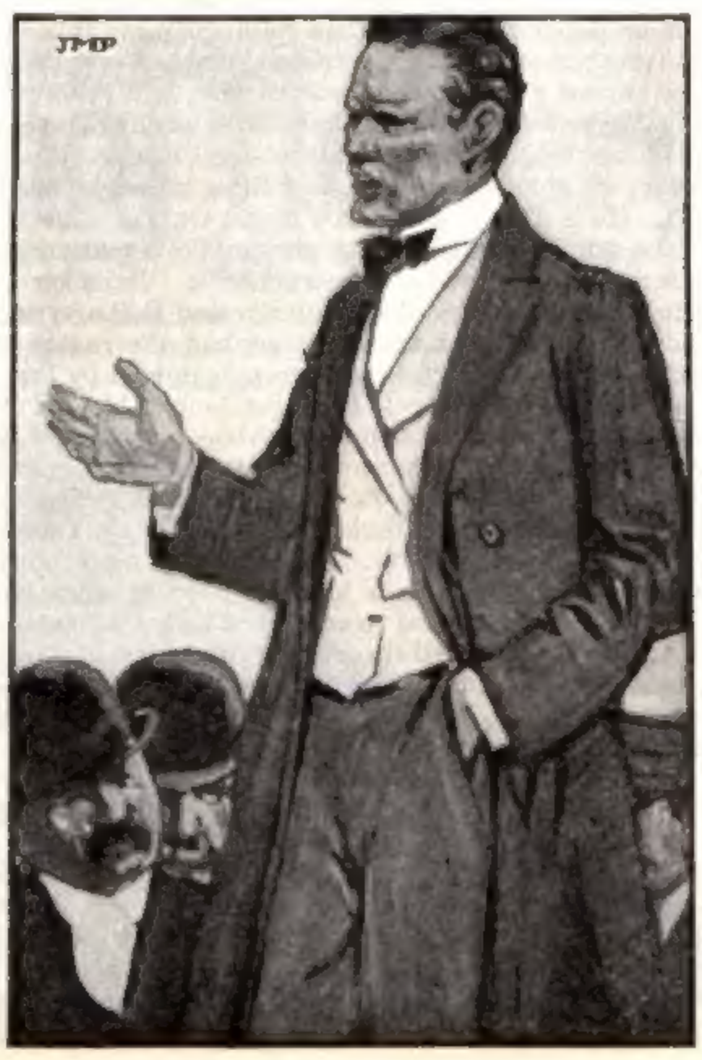
"TRAVEL," said Madame Récamier, "is the saddest of all pleasures." A remark which is proof conclusive that, even in those lusty days of taverns, stagecoaches and highwaymen, the tip was a power in the land. And it has remained so ever since. Tips, fees, gratuities, *pourboires*, *maccaronis*, *trinkgeld*, *cumshaws*, *backsheesh*, call them by what name you will, are provocative of more annoyance, exasperation, subterfuge, ingenuity and occasionally amusement on the part both of unwilling tipper and of ultra-willing tippee, than any other phase of foreign travel. Now and again there is even a touch of the dramatic, for twice, to my personal knowledge, the refusal to bestow gratuities has placed the lives of traveling Americans in gravest danger, while once in Upper Egypt a few shillings in *backsheesh*, judiciously bestowed, unquestionably saved me from the spears of fanatical tribesmen.

There have been, to be sure, a few hardy spirits who boast of having gone through Europe without having bestowed in tips a single centime or pfennig or kopeck, as the case might be. If, indeed, there be such men they deserve to rank in the very forefront of the pioneers of civilization, and their names should be inscribed on tablets of brass in every hotel and restaurant and railway station.

Now an American, as every European knows, is the most liberal tipper in the world. In the first place, he wouldn't for worlds have any one gain the impression that he was parsimonious or couldn't afford it; secondly, he usually goes abroad with a certain sum set aside for the purposes of the trip, and he would be rather disappointed than otherwise if any of it should be left over on his return; lastly, he can be bullied into giving tips more easily than any other nationality, for your American, despite his occasional self-assertiveness and his nothing-in-Europe-to-compare-with-what-we've-got-in-God's-country bombast, is thin-skinned and supersensitive, and nine times out of ten, as European servants know full well, he will pay liberally to avoid anything approaching a scene. This is from no natural timidity, I assure you, but because the American tourist seldom speaks any language but his own—restaurant French and beer-garden German excepted—and, therefore, is at a disadvantage in any argument. And he knows it. He is, moreover, usually on pleasure bent and prefers to tip extravagantly rather than have his pleasure interfered with. An Englishman or a German, on the other hand, will walk past a line of bowing servants as though they did not exist; a Frenchman or an Italian will bestow gratuities and be humbly thanked for what, if it came from an American, would be accepted, if at all, with unconcealed scorn and impudence.

The Favors of Royalty

AS A GENERAL thing, it might be remarked, royal personages are not particularly liberal where tips are concerned, though when King Edward goes a-traveling his tips, even for a single night, sometimes amount to three and even four hundred dollars, while during his prolonged sojourns at Biarritz and Marienbad they not infrequently come to several times that sum. The Tsar of Russia, on the rare occasions when he ventures outside his own dominions, is even more open-handed than his British relative, while the late Shah of Persia, so far as I am aware, was the last sovereign to keep up the good old custom of carelessly tossing gold-filled purses to those who served him. Liberal tipping was obligatory on the Shah, however, as will be vouched for by any one who ever saw the condition of any apartment which he occupied, for he not only carried his own butcher with him, that his meat might be killed on the premises in accordance with the forms of Sunnite law, but he insisted on having the greater portion of his meals prepared in the parlor. The majority of Continental royalties, however, make use of minor decorations to reward servants and petty officials, the bits of enamel and colored ribbon being far cheaper and quite as acceptable in the eyes of the recipients. Indeed, the servants at most of the royal palaces and shooting-boxes are rendered so imposing by the long rows of fifth and sixth grade decorations which span their chests that uninitiated tourists frequently take them for field-marshals or fleet commanders, the glittering baubles having been distributed, as a matter of fact, by royal visitors in lieu of *pourboires*.



THE EXQUISITE THUG

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

I LIKE my own sort and I love the poor, but I loathe the middle class," the younger Evertsen was saying to the young Duke of Marlchester at his club, when he noticed an old waiter limping past and hailed him.

"Oh, Frank, you're back again, I see. How's the wife? Better, I hope."

"Much better, Mr. Evertsen, thank you; it's a boy this time, sir."

"Good work!" laughed Evertsen, and the old waiter shuffled off, beaming.

"As I was saying," Evertsen resumed, and happened to glance at the clock —"Good Lord, I must be on my way. I've got to run up to Westchester to the Hunt Club and bid the hounds good-by. Tomorrow I'm off to college again and back to the training table. No more smokes, drinks or eats—just books and feetball. Good-by, old man."

He called everybody old man—dukes included. That was part of his aristocratic democracy. As he put it:

"I take nobody's gasoline or dust. Let those take mine who have to."

The young giant, heir to wealth and as much patrician blood as an American could possess, got along beautifully with princes, aristocrats, prize-fighters, longshoremen and stablemen. He was a hero to his valet, the boon chum of various sprigs of nobility, and on gossiping terms with the waiters and *commissionnaires* in many a restaurant at home and abroad.

But solid and respectable middle-class souls found the young fellow overbearing and insolent, and called him a snob and a cad. Precious little he cared for their resentment, but it broke his heart when he felt compelled to rebuke an underling. He had not been long in his car and had not yet left the city limits before he was at war with a truck driver. This was the cause, too, of his first real appearance in a police court—getting himself arrested for exceeding the speed limit being too common an experience, of course, to count.

He was scooting across the viaduct when a grimy Jehu perched on a beamy coal wagon blocked his way. His persuasive honking attracting no attention he hailed the driver cheerily:

"Give me a chance, old man, will you?"

The driver turned and cast one withering look over his sooty shoulder. His face was that of a nigger minstrel half made up, but his manner had all the contemptuous resentment the deposed kings of the road feel for the usurping automobilists. His withering glance gave him an incorrect idea of Evertsen's size, for as usual the twenty-two-year-old Titan was wrapped around his steering wheel and sitting on the back of his neck.

Evertsen patiently repeated his request and the teamster told him just where to go. Evertsen laughed and, poking the nose of the racer against the low stern of the truck, nudged it to one side, backed off and started ahead.

The driver, Gribble was his name, slewed his horses across the track and, having pocketed Evertsen, proceeded fairly to shovel upon him black diamonds of profanity and abuse, rich in carbon. He also volunteered to get down and knock Evertsen's block off if he said two words. Evertsen did better than that. He shut off the power of his chugging car, disengaged himself from the wheel and extended himself upward, joint by joint, like an enormous telescope. Then he put forth a well-gloved hand, like a traveling crane, dragged Gribble from his perch to his own car, bent him across the radiator and mauled him till his howls brought a bicycle policeman.

The pusillanimous bully accused Evertsen of felonious assault, habeas corpus, arson and everything else he could think of, and demanded his arrest forthwith. Evertsen blushed with remorse and stammered: "I'm sorry I forgot myself, old man. I apologize."

"Not on your life, you ——" howled Gribble, secure in the policeman's protection. Evertsen turned to the officer.

"I've got an awfully important engagement, old man. I'll come around tomorrow and settle it with the judge."

The policeman smiled regretfully and pointed to Gribble with helpless contempt:

"If he says arrest you I gotta do it."

Evertsen returned to Gribble and opened a bulging pocketbook significantly:

"Be a sport and call it square; I'll make it all right."

But Gribble would not forego the refreshing luxury of visiting the police station as the complainant instead of the delinquent.

"This is What I Hit Him With"

And so a procession was formed to the nearest sign of the green lampposts, Gribble ahead, driving his team with maddening deliberation, Evertsen following with his creeping racer, and the bicycle policeman tailing after on his wheel.

By the time they reached the station-house Gribble had convinced himself that he was the victim of a dastardly assault. He told the desk sergeant that he was dozing peaceably on his box when he was smashed into by the prisoner and knocked to the ground.

"When I got up to me feet kind of dazed like, and told him he had a right to be careful where he was going, he up and swats me wit' a bung-starter."

The desk sergeant, one Michael Slattery, looked serious at this. He glowered at Evertsen: "Young feller, did you swat this here deponent wit' a bung-starter?"

Evertsen blushed again:

"I really can't say. You see, I don't know just what a bung-starter is. But this is what I hit him with."

He removed a kid glove, stained with a mortar of coal dust and truck-driver's gore, and placed in evidence a fist as white, as elegant and as firm as marble, but of such proportions and dynamic power that the sergeant, who was no pigmy, was moved to admiration.

"That ain't no bung-starter; that's a meat-axe."

As Evertsen was telling his version of the encounter with much regret and with a dismal feeling that it would all appear in the newspapers, and that he would probably spend a month or two in solitary confinement, a voice broke in from a bystander:

"Excuse me for buttin' in, mister, but do you happen to be anny relation to Cornalius Evertsen, the Ford football player?"

Evertsen turned and, seeing that the stranger was well-dressed but evidently plebeian, answered coldly:

"Yes, I am Mr. Evertsen, and I am on the team. Why?"

The stranger brightened up and put out his hand cordially:

"I'm proud to meet you again."

Evertsen ignored the hand and curtly echoed: "Again?"

"Yes. I used to see you often. We've had manny's the talk together."

"Indeed?"

"Sure! Usedn't I to be a street-cleaner in front of your father's house on Fi'th Avenyeh, when you weren't yet out of short pants?"

A light illumined Evertsen's face faintly from within: "You aren't Mr.—Mr. Canavan, are you?"

"That's the name. May the devil admire me, but he remembers it!"

Evertsen's hand went out with belated cordiality.

"Of course I do. You were very good to me, and pulled me out from under wheels and horses' feet a dozen times. You've come up in the world—that is, you've changed your profession, I see."

"Well, I'm still in the muck, only it's politics now. And you've come up in the world, too. It's famous you are. Last fall wasn't I seeing your name in all the papers—and your pitcher like one of those matinée idols? I said to Honoria—my wife—it's little he'll be remembering the old street-cleaner that he used to pass the time of day with every morning. But you did. It will tickle Honoria to hear it. She reads your name in the society colyumes. She knows the big names that well that if Mrs. Asthor was to ask her to the Asthor House she'd reconize everybody that was there, on sight."

Canavan was chuckling and Evertsen was perfectly at his ease. Gribble glowered at the unseemly interruption to his revenge, and the desk sergeant was chewing his mustache over the *lèse-majesté* of the situation, but he did not dare interrupt the great Canavan, who could make or break a policeman with a nod.

Canavan seemed to realize the strain in the air. He turned to the desk sergeant:

"Mr. Evertsen, shake hands with Sergeant Slattery. It does no harm to be on good terms with a policeman in this town."

The sergeant put over a large, red hand. The answering pressure increased his respect. But Canavan was basking in reminiscence.

"Slattery, you should have seen Mr. Evertsen here on the gridiron—and a good name for it. The devil himself might take pointers there. Last fall the Fordses met up with some rah-rah boys from—wherever it was I don't know. I went up to see what it was like. I used to play a pretty stiff game myself of Gaelic football when I was a lad in the old country, though it was mostly batting and bunting.

"Well, it was a sight, I can tell you. I've seen prize-fights and riots and drunken sailors and a couple of murders. I was in a cyclone once, and I've seen Hibernians and Orangemen engaged in debate, but—well, I would rather than ten dollars you had seen that game, Slattery. Mr. Evertsen here would take the ball in the pit of his stummick and dive through at least forty-seven at'letes like they was the waters of Gowanus Bay."

"There were only eleven of them, old man," Evertsen amended modestly, but Canavan would have none of it.

"Eleven? Haven't I eyes in my head? And I hadn't a drink on me that day—not till after—when I needed it. Why, he went into gangs, Slattery, that you wouldn't have approached with a blackjack, a pair of knuckle-dusters, a night-stick and a gun on you."

Slattery grinned. "I've seen 'em at work. Wasn't I detailed to hold in the crowd at the games twice last year? The first time I had to turn my head away, it was that vi'lent."

Canavan raved on: "If you'd see a lot of it it would harden you. But till you've seen Mr. Evertsen in action you've never seen football. Why, time and again I saw fifty of them jump on him at once—so many arms and legs flying together never was. And when they got off his chest I was for telegraphing his mother to expect bad news, and may the devil roast me if he wouldn't come up smiling like a baby waking early on a Sunday morning."

Gribble had stood all he could. He broke in with wrath: "I'd like to know where I come in on this deal."

Canavan laughed. "Are you still there, Gribble? And are you the smoke-face that was going to wallop Mr. Evertsen? One felly going to manhandle the center rush of the Fordses?—just one lonely truck driver? The Teamsters' Union might have had a chance, but—say, Gribble, instead of comin' to the station-house you ought to go to the nearest chapel and give thanks that Mr. Evertsen didn't take you in the two hands of him and drop-kick you over the girders. He could do it and not sprain a shoe-lace.

"And was it that spindlin' bicycle cop there that arrested him? You ought to have a medal for it, Connelly; though it was well for you he come along so peaceful and quite. If he'd 'a' resisted you'd have had to call out the reserves."

Gribble grew uglier. "I want my rights. This man attackted me, and I'll have the law on him."

Canavan turned to Slattery.

"Sergeant, has Gribble ever been here before?"

The Sergeant laughed. "His name's all over the blotter. It's the first time, though, he come without resistance."

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"I would not. His name ain't worth the whisky breath he wastes on it."

"Mr. Evertsen says that Gribble began the trouble, and if I was you, Sarge, I'd take his word for it. If you don't he might reach over and wrap you round the chandelier. And as for you, Gribble, I know your boss. And I know that he sells short-weight coal to the city. What would you think, Sarge, of ordering Gribble's truck round to the scales to find out how much he's cheating some poor customer?"

"It's a good idea," said the Sergeant. "Besides, his ugly truck is blockin' the traffic. If he's here in five minutes I'll have him behind the grating."

Gribble was turning ashen under his soot. He was edging for the door with apologies choking in his throat. But Evertsen, who was having his first glimpse of Justice as she works with her blinders askew, was all sympathy now for Gribble.

"Don't be too hard on him, Captain," he pleaded, and he followed the fugitive Gribble back to his wagon, slipped a bill into his hand and an apology into his ear, and watched him drive off. Gribble afterward perfected an ingenious account of his adventure with the famous college pugilist; it seems that he whipped Evertsen unmercifully until the swell guy paid him handsomely to let him up. For a day or two Gribble kept the bill unliquidated as proof. But for weeks afterward, whenever he heard the honk of an automobile he turned out respectfully.

Evertsen went back to shake hands with Mr. Canavan, with the desk sergeant, the bicycle policeman and several other officers who came out to meet the football "champeen." It was his greater distinction to wear the approval of the powerful Canavan, whose secret strength was as intangible as it was irresistible.

Then Evertsen returned to his car and fled north to the resounding kennels, where the beagles leaped about him like football players, rapturous in his return and without foreboding of his long absence on the fields of undergraduate glory.

Evertsen, like numberless others of his class and breeding, was a living refutation of the ancient fallacy that easy life makes a weak man. Before he was born and always after he was the subject of expert care. His food was rich and varied, his bed was soft and clean, his clothes were warm and clean, his guardians were guarded, his doctors were learned and famous enough to be able to minimize medicines. Why should such nurture not produce better fruit than the privation and squalor and chill and monotony of poverty? It should and it does, with just enough exceptions on either side to buttress the rule.

In Evertsen was born a lofty pride of class. He was graciousness itself to his associates, whether friends or servants. But he could not help that "certain condescension" toward social strugglers. Pride of class was his chief trait, and it took various forms, such as pride of country, of fraternity and of college, as well as of family.

He had reason for this last; his lineage was old and had been honored of old. As far back as the great war between Holland and England, when Tromp and De Ruyter broomed the Channel of British sails, burned the British fleet at Chatham, and blockaded the sacred Thames, the Evertsen family loomed high. Lieutenant-Admiral Cornelis Evertsen died in those wars, and so did his father, his son and his four brothers, including Admiral Jan Evertsen and a son of his. And it was a nephew of his, also named Cornelis, who recaptured New York from the British in 1673 and took or sank sixty-five of their Newfoundland fleet.

Perhaps it was some of the old sea-dog strength of his namesake that came down to the football warrior and reverted to him past the feeble physique of his immediate parents. As he progressed upward from boyhood he gleaned athletic honors as with a sickle. In the classroom he was not brilliant, though he was nobody's fool. But football was his real vocation, and the very horizon of his ambition was the immortality of a place among the eleven gods on that imaginary Olympus, the All-America team.

"He's Not Killed, Praise Be"

When Evertsen entered Ford, Freshmen were not forbidden to play on the 'Varsity, though they rarely made it. But Evertsen's native endowments of height, weight, speed, grit and strategy got him his longed-for post at once and kept him in it. His place was never seriously threatened, though now and then the coaches "threw a scare into him," as a stimulant, or reduced him to the Scrub for discipline's sake because he had been discovered eating something forbidden, or stealing a puff of somebody else's cigarette, or because his window had been found alight late as he made a desperate effort to catch up with his classes.

But the coaches were only bluffing, and at every important game Evertsen was the portable Gibraltar of his team.

And those were golden years for Ford. The football eleven simply annihilated every rival. The student who had not gone to the game hailed the man who had:

"Hay, Garlow!"

"Hello, Pinder!"

"Been to the game?"

"Yep."

"How about it?"

"Punk."

"What was the score?"

"Twenty-two."

"Is that all?"

In those days it was not necessary to say "22 to 0," for it was almost always "0" for the other side.

. . . . . .

The next day after his encounter with Gribble, Evertsen was established in his old rooms in the old dormitory. There was a reunion of such members of the football team as had returned. They greeted one another like affectionate grizzlies.

Evertsen was glad to be a Junior at last. It had been a severe drain on his pride to be known as a Freshman, and to endure the contemptuous tolerance of upperclassmen whom he felt to be hopelessly his social inferiors. It was almost worse to be of the Sophomoric rating. But to be a Junior was to be in the very flush and prime of college life; not green and colicky, not hard and gaudy, nor yet, like the Seniors, about to fall from the tree.

He looked forward to a year of years—an *annus admirabilis*, as he would have Latinized it.

But he little knew ——

II

"WHAT'S ailing the Fordses this year I don't know," said Canavan to his wife. "It looks like a murrain was upon them."

As baseball war news waned in the newspapers he turned his battle-loving soul to football gazettes, and now especially since he had met young Evertsen grown to hero stature.

"A murrain" would have been Evertsen's explanation for the condition of his team if he had thought of the word. Everything went wrong. The old men were off their game. The new men could not get the stride. The Freshmen candidates were plentiful as berries, but light, light; or if they were heavy they were slow. And yet the 'Varsity was so little better that it could hardly hold the Scrub.

For discipline's sake Evertsen endured the almost unendurable abuse of the nagging coaches. He put away every shred of his native pride and took their profanity and ridicule as an ox accepts the objurgations of a peasant. The larger pride of team submerged the pride of self.

The first game of the season was played as usual with the Mineola Agricultural School, a minor institution employed as a sort of crude emery to whet the Ford edge upon. That evening the result was bruited about the campus:

"Hay, Garlow!"

"Hello, Pinder!"

"Go to the game?"

"Yep."

"How was it?"

"Theerilling."

"What was the score?"

"Fifteen to ten."

"Come again!"

"That's right. Our fullback kicked a field goal at the last minute or she'd have been a tie." In that day a field goal counted five.

"Mineola scored on Ford! What's come over the team?"

And there was gloom throughout the dormitories. Men spoke in awestruck tones, as citizens of a town where the plague has begun. The feeling was abroad that it was to be an off-year for Ford. Everybody wondered how far off.

The following week the Mineolas met Ford's fiercest rival, Lanox. The score would be a standard of measurement. The heavens were hung with black about the college when the result arrived. Nobody could resist the easy computation: "Last year Ford beat Mineola 22 to 0; Lanox beat Mineola 12 to 0; and Ford beat Lanox 10 to 0. This year Ford beat Mineola 15 to 10; Lanox beat Mineola 42 to 0. Query: How much will Ford beat Lanox this year?"

The problem involved algebra and the rule of three, and the answer led far down into the minus column.

It would be hard for an outsider to conceive how dear to Ford is her ancient and honorable supremacy in football; how sacrilegious a defeat appears; how each team abhors the thought of being the one to stain the calendar with decadence; how loathsome was the thought of being beaten by Lanox, of all teams.

For Lanox was devoid of even the aroma of classicism, which still hangs about the walls of Ford like lavender. Lanox was parvenu among the Eastern universities; her standards of admission to the classroom were low and to her athletic field lower.

This year her football captain was a notoriously fierce player named Hager. He was a firebrand of enthusiasm and had set his college on fire the season before with his brilliant feats. But there were doubts as to his right to play and whispers of financial assistance from secret subscriptions—for he was known to be the son of a poor man. There was open gossip that the Faculty of Lanox winked at his neglect of classwork, because the Faculty felt the advertising value of victory, the Faculty felt the thrill of success, and the Faculty was afraid to discipline the undergraduate demigod.

Ford had always ignored the usual scandals at Lanox, as an old lion might ignore the gossip about a prowling jackal. Ford did not protest against Lanox's loose ideals or her foul play; she just went forth and magnificently ground the team into the dust where a little extra dirt did not matter.

This contemptuous tolerance did not escape Lanox, and the whole institution writhed under it and prayed the god of football for revenge. Hager inspired ferocity and Hager led to success. His team played like savages. Every game was a massacre and Ford's turn was approaching.

The friends of Ford felt less at ease than ever when they read in their newspapers the account of Lanox's latest game with Carlisle:

"The Indians are much incensed over the unnecessarily rough playing of the Lanox eleven, and the continual use by the Lanox men of degrading and unprintable language throughout the game. The Indians are glad that, notwithstanding Lanox had two men ruled out of yesterday's battle for rough play by the lenient officials, they themselves withstood all aggravations and played cleanly. It is thought the school authorities will take steps to sever football relations with Lanox."

Things had come to a pretty pass when collegians played a game Cheyennes, Ojibways and Sioux found barbaric. For Ford to be slaughtered by such a team was bitter medicine to foresee, and panic spread, since Ford, like other high-throned rulers, is subject to wild alarms and feverish anxieties. She had so much to lose.

Effort was redoubled to strengthen the 'Varsity and to restore confidence by shutting out the minor colleges.

But somehow, time after time, a costly fumble or a careless tackle cleared the way for an alien touchdown, and the sacred goose egg provided for the other side was shattered.

Once only Ford kept a rival team from scoring—the Edgeware Polytechnics, whom they usually rather initiated than rivaled. But Ford narrowly escaped the same zero herself. The newspapers broke forth into open ridicule. And Canavan, who had been telling his wife what miraculous demons the Fordses were, shook his head in perplexity as he read to Honoria:

"It was more farce-comedy than footbahl. Not since the Muffers' Union played the Butterfingers' Association for the Spillum championship has there been such hilarious error-making. There were excruciatingly funny muffs and wild heaves, while the thumping thud of America's finest young athletes smiting their heads upon the sod furnished a delightful musical accompaniment to the *burletta*.

"Early in the game Evertsen was kicked in the face by Jones, whom he had tackled and thrown. Jones was ruled off the field and Evertsen was carried off. Nobody was killed, for the young men were elegantly upholstered. Still, there were nine knockouts, while the M. D.'s and the D. V. S.'s kept pirouetting up and down amid the groups of the mangled. There was about enough footbahl for an old ladies' home."

Canavan tried to justify his unfulfilled promises.

"It would have been different if Mr. Evertsen had not been kicked in the face. He should have bit the man's foot off for spite. But he's an awful clane—clean player. Just wait till he gets well. He'll go over the next team like a steamroller laundering the hot ashfelt."

The next game was with Ford's venerable rival, Brighton University, whom she loved and almost always chastised. But the best result she could bring off was a tie, and this only by a fluke. Brighton, crowded back to her ten-yard line and held for two downs, passed the ball to the fullback for a kick.

With a desperate leap Evertsen split the opposing center and guard apart, broke through, and, making a flying lunge into the air like a hooked tarpon, stopped the ball in full flight, brought it down, ravished it from a dozen clutching hands, and using one arm, both shoulders, his head, his knees and his elbows as weapons, pounded and twisted his way through and struggled forward with four Brighton braves clinging to various parts of his anatomy.

He would not break till he saw the last white line beneath him. Then he wrapped the drapery of tacklers about him and lay down to sweet repose.

It was not a spectacular run across an open field and the crowd could make little of it, but it saved the team from taking her own medicine, a shut-out.

The fiery achievements of the losing side, however, and the great moments of a tie game are lost in the gloom of defeat or the gray of inconclusion. They are forgotten almost before the cheers they provoke are hushed.

Canavan, watching his hero from afar through a newspaper telescope, found this brief comment on the labor of his Hercules:

"There was some good individual play. Evertsen broke through once, blocked a kick and scored Ford's only touchdown, almost duplicating a recent feat of the great Lanox captain, Hager. These two men are scheduled to face each other the next game. It will be worth the price of admission."

"It will be worth that and more," said Canavan. "Honoria, I think we'd better run down to the college to see that game. It will be the love of a battle—eleven prize-fights in one ring. The air and the exercise will do you good, too. It's monstrous fat you're getting since you stopped doing your own washing."

"I should dearly like to go, Danny," said Honoria, "and it will be nice to be able to say I've been through Ford college."

As the day approached for the game Canavan studied the bulletins as a broker clings to the ticker. His market went lower at every report, and the bottom fell out of his hopes completely when he read a final summing up of the situation. He explained to Honoria:

"So far as I can make out from here this game is going to look like a Cherry Hill gang going through a consumptives' retreat. Lanox has lost a couple of finger-nails and one man has a slight cold. But the Fordses is in a condition that is somethin' ahful. Blair, the fullback, and the best poonter in the squad, has unfortunately mislocated his right shoulder. Rudd, the left-tackle, has splinthered his collar-bone. In the game with the Brighton lads Leland, the right ind, and Shattuck, the halfback, had the ligaments tore off one knee apiece, and Milburn, the quartherback, broke his leg—or had it broken for um. Graham, the other ind, cracked a rib the other day while indulging in a little mild practice with the Scrubbers. Captain Niles is nursing a small matther of a broken nose, and—how's Mr. Evertsen? Ah, here he is. 'Evertsen's right eye is still badly inflamed, but he has not failed to appear for practice.'"

"Footbahl is a lively little game," said Canavan. "It reads almost as good as a railroad wreck."

"How can people stand to watch it whatever?" groaned Mrs. Canavan.

"Wait till you see them clash, Honoria, and if you've Irish blood in you—as I have long suspicioned—you'll understand. But take along a bottle of smelling salts, Honoria, for I notice you faint very aisy now that you can afford the time."

Canavan obtained seats, like most of his obtainments in life, by personal pull, and he and Honoria made the journey to the college in a train filled with Lanox fanatics. It was not easy for Mrs. Canavan to keep her husband from trying to knock their noisy heads together. She could not silence an occasional attempt to "hurroo" the Ford yell. He got a frog in his throat, but it was none of Aristophanes'.

A Lanox adherent, looking him over, said:

"You must be an alumnus."

"Alumnus is it?" said Canavan with rage. "Call me that again and I'll hand you a wallop across the jah."

But the Lanox men were too hilarious with counting their unhatched goals to be offensible. They invaded their opponents' town like roaring Goths, and the townspeople looked on them with appropriate dread and disdain. The athletic field was a grand sight to Honoria, with its walls of heads, its gaudy banners and its unmitigated, interminable yelling by the long-distance rooters.

The Lanox team had just finished warming up when the Canavans took their seats. The players returned to their blankets and sprawled about the ground trying to look as beefy and as rabid as possible.

"Is it buffaloes they think they are," demanded Honoria, "with every one of them squintin' at the sun and chewing a pepsin cud?"

"It's crow they'll be eating when Evertsen gets through with them," said Canavan. "Look! Here they come, the Fordses!"

But his bravery sickened within him as the team and its substitute satellites came trooping forth like blanketed Indians and ran here and there in trial formations.

"Would you look at them? Is it a roll-call after the battle?"

Indeed they made a pathetic Falstaff's army. Rudd, the big left tackle, had refused to be kept from the firing-line by so small a detail as a splintered collar-bone. He was cuirassed in thick-padded leather from his neck nearly to his elbow, and his left upper arm was strapped and buckled to his side. Captain Niles, who had dived once too often into the mêlée, wore over his broken nose a huge *ex post facto* shield. Evertsen's eye was half covered with a long plaster. Others had stiff knees with elastic kneecaps, wrenched ankles with ankle supporters, thigh pads of reed, elbow pads, shoulder pads and head harness.

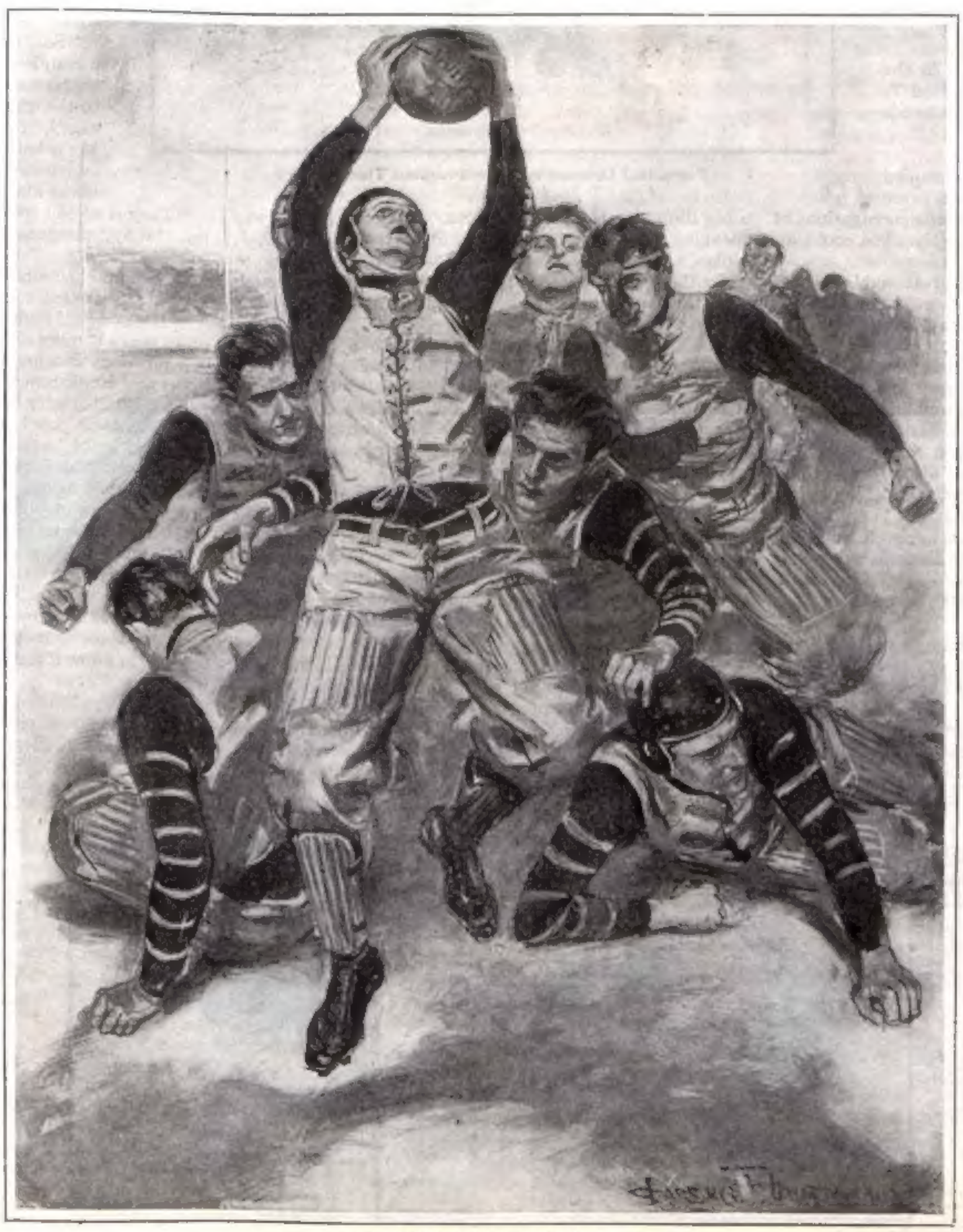
The spectators compared the two herds of buffaloes and asked impatiently when the butchery was to begin.

"I hope nobody gets shurted," said Honoria, but Canavan shook his head.

"It will be terrible disappointing to thousands of these high-browed Christians if there isn't some tall slaughterin' done."

There was no delay in getting the ill luck begun. Lanox won the toss and chose goal so that the strong wind was in

(Continued on Page 44)



Stopped the Ball in Full Flight

A SAD, SAD DOG

By Samuel G. Blythe
ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A Trip Across Canada With Percy, the Haw-Haw Boy

THERE were some Canadians, some Englishmen and a few Americans in the smoking-room, and Percy, also English to be sure, but more so. Percy wore a brown Norfolk jacket, a green waistcoat, wide-soled tan shoes, and a very flat cap about as big as an umbrella.

Percy had dawned on us at breakfast that morning at Fort William, escorting in a dear old lady and a chappie who was a sort of twelfth-carbon copy of Percy, and who never said a word but "Quite so" for the whole five days.

T. Waldemar had laughed when Percy, summoning the waiter, said: "Waitah, there's something in my porridge."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter gravely, "it's your monocle, sir."

You see, Percy in leaning over the table and studying carefully whether he would have his eggs boiled—or boiled—had wiggled his eye a bit, and the monocle found a sticky resting-place in the mush. I rebuked T. Waldemar sternly, for surely an Englishman has a right to put his monocle where he pleases. I told T. Waldemar it was no concern of his and could not be unless Percy had dropped his monocle into T. Waldemar's porridge, which he hadn't.

"My word," commented Percy, examining the monocle closely, "an odd place for a glass, isn't it?"

"Quite so," said Chappie.

"It would have been more æsthetic in the marmalade, don't you think?" suggested T. Waldemar, who was trying to make amends for his laughter.

"Quite so," said Chappie.

Percy said nothing. He was fully occupied in trying to puzzle out how the monocle came to be in the mush. We could see by the corrugations of his forehead that he was thinking deeply. We could almost hear his mind creak.

Finally, Percy leaned back with a great sigh of relief. "I must have dropped it there, you know," he announced.

"Quite so," said Chappie, deftly shaving off the top of an egg.

It was a good deal of a function, that breakfast. The waiter trotted back and forth bringing in fresh toast and new tea, for Percy was very particular and he didn't understand dining-cars. Presently he finished. The waiter brought the check. Percy extracted a roll of Canadian money from his green waistcoat and, after studying the check carefully, put down a couple of bills. The waiter brought the change, a little pile of silver. Percy spread the silver out on the plate, examined it minutely and then picked it all up but one of those tiny Canadian five-cent silver pieces.

"Do you intend all that for me, sir?" asked the waiter.

Percy nodded.

"You must think I am buying land out here, sir."

"Fancy," said Percy, as he led the way to the observation car, "a waiter buying land! Odd country, isn't it?"

"Quite so," commented Chappie.

But, as I was saying, there were some Canadians, some Englishmen and a few Americans in the smoking compartment, and Percy was there, too, with a pipe.

The Civil Engineer lad was telling a story, a fine boy who was coming back from his holidays to go up on the frontier and lay out townships for the railroad and wouldn't be back among his fellows again for a year.

"There's a man out in Calgary," he began, "named P. Burns, who is one of the cattle kings of the country. P. Burns started as a butcher, and now he has great ranches and meat markets everywhere and supplies meat to half the Dominion. He is worth millions.

"One time a few years back a party of English journalists came to Canada for an inspection trip and they were entertained at Calgary by P. Burns. They were very important personages and the people of Canada tried to do well by them. P. Burns gave them a big dinner at the Hotel Alberta. Naturally, there was speaking, and before the dinner P. Burns went to P. J. Nolan, a Calgary lawyer, and said: 'Nolan, I want you to make the principal speech for me tonight. I am not much of an orator, and after I bid my guests welcome I want you to do the honors.'

"P. J. Nolan is an Irishman, a graduate of Trinity College at Dublin and the wittiest man in western Canada, and he took hold. After P. Burns had fed the visiting journalists, P. Burns made his little address of welcome and turned things over to Nolan. The dean of the Londoners was a big, pompous London Times man, who was called on first.

"'We are glad to be here,' he said, 'glad to be among the citizens of Canada, the sons of England's mightiest daughter, and I desire to say that we marvel at what we have seen. I have traveled all over the world, I have gone through the vast wheatfields of Austria-Hungary, and I have never seen anything to equal the enormous wheatfields of your country'—and a lot more to the same general effect.

"When the London Times man had finished P. J. Nolan got up and, hoping to get a laugh to cheer things up a bit, said: 'I have listened with great interest to the remarks of the esteemed member of the staff of the London Times, and I am glad to say that, although he did travel through Austria-Hungary, he did not go through Canada hungry,' and so on.

"After the dinner was over the London Times man came around to P. J. Nolan. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'I fear you did not interpret my speech correctly. I meant Austria-Hungary, the country, my dear sir, not that I suffered from the pangs of hunger in that kingdom.'"

Well, there was a pretty fair laugh—Americans first, Canadians second and Englishmen a bad third, all but Percy. He didn't laugh. Instead, he bent on his monocle and looked earnestly at the Civil Engineer lad. "But, old chap," said Percy, "he did mean the country, you know."

"Quite so," added Chappie.

T. Waldemar kicked me violently on the shin and winked at me elaborately. He meant mischief. I could see that.

"Reminds me," he said, "of the Englishman who came to New York and was put up at the Lambs Club. He sat around the grillroom there for a few nights, listening to the stories and conundrums, and finally decided that he would have to think up something to tell or ask in order to get into the game."

"Heavens, Tommie!" I whispered, "that's an old one."

"Shut up!" put in T. Waldemar from the other side of his mouth, "you just keep out of this."

"So," he continued, "the Englishman gave a couple of days to contemplation and finally evolved a conundrum. That night he went to the club and sprung it. 'What is it,' he asked, 'that has feathers, stands on one leg, has a long bill, builds its nests on chimneys, is generally reputed to bring the babies, and barks like a dog?'

"They studied over it for a time and everybody gave it up. 'Why,' announced the Englishman gleefully, 'it's a stork.'

"'A stork?' shouted the listeners, 'why, you blooming idiot, a stork doesn't bark like a dog.'

"'Right—oh!' replied the Englishman, 'I put that part on to make it more difficult.'"

Everybody laughed again: Americans first, and Canadians and Englishmen tied for second—all but Percy.

Two minutes later Percy exploded decorously. "Haw!" he laughed. "Haw! Haw-haw-haw!"

"What is it?" asked T. Waldemar anxiously.

"A stork that barked like a dog would be a curiosity, wouldn't it?" asked Percy. "I dare say we haven't one in the aviaries at home, you know."

"Quite so," said Chappie.

"Haw!" exploded Percy again. "Haw-haw-haw!"

That night the Squash Sisters made their first appearance in that rôle. We called them the Squash Sisters because they ate nothing but baked squash. They confided to the conductor that they were vegetarians and wanted to know if they would be allowed to eat what they liked.

"Certainly," the conductor told them.

So they decided on squash. The waiter brought them two portions and they each took a bit of bread and dined.

Percy gazed at them in mild-eyed astonishment, looking up from his roast beef from time to time to regard them intently.

"My dear sir," he asked T. Waldemar, "may I inquire what it was those extraordinary women ate for dinner?"

"Squash," T. Waldemar replied.

"Squash? Oh, come now, you are spoofing me. I considered it to be vegetable marrow."

"Nope—squash."

"But, old chap, squash is a game at home, you know."

"Sure," said T. Waldemar vivaciously, "game here, too. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the road, has offered a silver loving-cup to the person who eats most squash between here and Vancouver. Wants to promote the squash-growing industry, you know."

Percy Had Dawned on Us at Breakfast That Morning

"My Word, An Odd Place for a Glass, Isn't It?"

"Jolly Place for a Chap to Fall Off, Isn't It?"

"Indeed?" inquired Percy suspiciously. "But you didn't take any, you know."

"I can't," said Tommie, "I'm a professional. I won the prize at Quebec once and I'm barred."

That night at dinner Percy studied the bill carefully. There was no squash on it. He asked T. Waldemar why.

"Oh," said Tommie glibly, "they just discovered that this is the closed season for squash and had to declare the competition off—against the law to eat it now, just as it is against the law to sell a prairie chicken."

"Fancy Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's not knowing that!"

"Forgot it, probably. Busy man, you know. Did you ever hear the story of the man who met a traveling photographer in England and asked him his name?"

"'Awkins, sir,' the photographer replied.

"'Not 'Enery 'Awkins, is it?'

"'No, sir, Hedward.'"

"Common name, Hawkins," said Percy; "very common at home."

Presently the Man from Minneapolis came to bat. He was a genius with his verbs, that man, a regular genius. He would take a handful of "ises" and "ares" and sow them through his speech, letting them fall where they might.

"Them fellows down at Washington," he said, "is getting too bold. Watch what they done to that tariff bill. Why everybody knows what kind of a man Senator Aldrich are and he and Old Joe Cannon is in cahoots on the hull affair. I tell you things has come to a pretty pass when the President of the United States gets up and lets on that Aldrich and Cannon is all right, and comes out to my state of Minnesota and says they done the best they could with the tariff. What was it they done, I am askin' you? What was it? There's Aldrich and Cannon runnin' things the way the system wants it, and the common people is gettin' it in the neck.

"Take them rules in the House of Representatives. Them is fine rules, them is. Elect a man to Congress and he goes down there and what does he get? I ask you, what does he get? Nothin'. They pass a lot of rules and he are all balled up every time he tries to make a speech. Talk about free speech! Why, they ain't no such thing, with the newspapers all bought up by the capitalistic classes and the poor man ain't got no show. This grindin' down of the poor by the rich has got to stop. What chance is a man got who works for wages? Them captains of finance has got this country by the throat and is puttin' the boots to the plain people by hook or by crook.

"Root 'em out, is what I say. They ain't no such thing as honesty in public service any more, no such thing. All them Senators and Congressmen is on the make. You kin buy 'em like a lot of sheep. I stand for decent and honorable treatment of the wageearner. I am a friend of the common people, the men what is earnin' their bread by the sweat of their brow. That's my motto. This grindin' down a man what is strivin' to keep body and soul together on small wages is puttin' this country on the rocks."

Percy listened with rapt attention. "What is your business, sir, may I ask?" he inquired.

"I conduct the biggest money-advanced-to-salaried-people establishment in the Northwest," he replied pompously. "Rates reasonable and strict privacy guaranteed."

The symposium was well attended that night. Nearly everybody had a yarn to tell and T. Waldemar sang his celebrated ballad:

They left the baby lying on the shore—
A thing that they had never done before.
Go tell the baby's mother—if you see her—
They left the baby lying on the shore.

"My word," said Percy, "I have a ripping one. May I sing it?"

"Go ahead," shouted the entire company. "Please do."

Percy shifted a little in his chair and looked steadily at his shoes. "You understand," he said, "this is one I heard Wilkie Bard sing. Ripping chap, Wilkie Bard. He's been singing this one for years and years and we all shout for it, you know. Ripping thing, too."

"Sing it," suggested T. Waldemar.

"It's the right sort, this one," continued Percy. "When you are spoofing one to sing this makes it quite the right sort of spoofing, you know. We all sing it with Wilkie Bard, you know, but it is very hard to get the words just exactly right. Ripping thing, though; awfully comic and all that. It's something about sea shells, you know. A little bit of all right, I take it. Wilkie Bard gets quite the most comic turn to it. Sea shells, you know. Fancy sea shells being comic! But they are, you know. Awfully comic. I never imagined sea shells could be so comic until I heard Wilkie Bard sing about them. Split with laughing, I did, first off. Sea shells, you know. Frightfully funny."

"Aw, get a move on and sing it," suggested the Man from Minneapolis.

Percy was still regarding his shoes. "Sea shells, you know, and all about a young woman who dealt in them. She was in trade, you know, and was selling sea shells. Fancy anybody buying sea shells when you can pick them up almost anywhere; that is, my dear chaps, anywhere along the sea, you know! You can't pick up sea shells in a meadow, don't understand me to say that; but this young woman sold or was selling sea shells on the sea shore. That's the comic part of it, you know. Sea shells on the sea shore and the young woman selling them. Frightfully hard thing to say, you know, especially if you have been dining a bit—I mean frightfully hard thing to sing. You ought to hear dear old Wilkie Bard do it. Wilkie's been singing it for more than twenty years now, and we all sing it with him, you know."

"Well, sing it," insisted T. Waldemar. "We didn't put you on for a monologue."

"I'm coming to that," continued Percy. "I merely wanted to explain about it, you know. Frightfully comic and all that. Sea shells, you know, and she sells and sea shore. Comic, isn't it? The young woman, you understand, is selling sea shells on the sea shore and the song is about that. Good, isn't it? Ripping, I call it. Then, after you have sung the first line there's a bally lot of rot about her selling sea shells on the sea shore, but comic; frightfully comic. I crack my sides with lawfter every time I hear it. Sea shells, you know. Fancy!"

Percy stopped.

"Sing it!" thundered the chorus.

"Oh," said Percy, "I find I cawn't remember it. But it's frightfully comic, isn't it?"

"Quite so," confirmed Chappie.

"I'm darned if I see anything comic about it," said the Scoffer from Winnipeg.

Percy put up his monocle, adjusted it carefully and looked at the Scoffer calmly. "It's frightfully comic," he said.

"Wow!" snorted the Man with the Blue Shirt, and he began a long and thrilling story about an experience he had hunting moose up North. He had just reached the exciting part: "Well, gentlemen, I found I had only wounded that moose, and when I went to take a second shot at it my gun jammed. The moose was a big bull and he was maddened by the pain. He bellowed so loud you could hear him a mile, and turned and charged straight at me with his head down. The earth fairly shook with the thunder of his hoofs. I gave one frightened glance and started to run. I ran as no man ever ran before, but I could feel his breath on my neck, I could feel his horns brushing against me. I prayed for deliverance and, just as he was about to toss me and trample me, I heard——"

"Pardon me," Percy broke in. "Wait a moment, please. I have it now," and he began to chant:

She sells sea shells by the sea shore.
The shells she sells are sea shells, I'm sure.
Sea shells she sells by the sea shore ——

Then he stopped. "I regret very much I can remember only those lines," he said. "But it's frightfully comic,

(Concluded on Page 39)

"She Was in Trade, You Know, and Was Selling Sea Shells"

"I Might Have Said to Us All Here, You Know: 'Go Out and Gorge Yourself With It'"

Easy Remedies for Knotty Sales

By
A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

The Most Gorgeous, Luscious, Whopping Big Muskmelons

FOR the third time within six weeks a green salesman for a rubber-shoe house called on a retail shoeman, and for the third time he was turned down without even a chance of showing his samples. But instead of picking up his grip and departing he sank wearily on to a bench and his eyes roved about the walls.

The store was unlike any other shoestore he ever had seen. Instead of a monotonous array of boxes, staring from three sides, the shelving had been interrupted here and there for bare wall space, papered with green cartridge paper and hung with framed half-tone engravings. Instead of the regulation store clock there was a mission library clock. The effect throughout was artistic, tasteful and original, and the proprietor seemed to the salesman just the sort of wide-awake business man who sets a pace and lets others follow. Perhaps it was this that gave the young man confidence.

"Mr. Blank," he said, "if I ask you a question will you answer me honestly?" For the first time the salesman saw in the eyes of the dealer a gleam of interest. The younger man continued: "I know it's a nervy thing to ask a stranger for an honest personal criticism. Of most men I would not ask such a favor. But I think you have both the nerve and the ability to tell me what I want to know.

"The situation is this: I am a green man on trial to make good within a certain time. I'm showing up several points worse than rotten. I know that my house, my goods and my prices are right. Even if they were not I'd know that I and not my goods am at fault, for in seven stores out of ten I fare as I did with you—I don't get even the chance to show my samples. And now I want to know why you refused to look at them—I want to ask as a favor that you tell me where I am mistaken."

The Passing of the Pump-Handle

THE shoe dealer folded his arms, leaned against a counter, inserted a lozenge and gazed through plate glass across the street. Not ten minutes before he had claimed that he had no time to look over this same man's samples. But here was a different, a human, proposition.

"For me," he began, "there are only two kinds of salesmen. One enters my place in the manner of a customer who wants to buy a pair of shoes. He introduces himself and his firm and asks whether I can spare him five minutes to look over his samples. 'I may have exactly what you have been looking for, and I may not; but in either case I'll detain you just as short a time as possible,' he says. If I have not the time to look over that salesman's samples I take time.

"Then there is the other fellow. He comes into the store with a smile, as if he were delighted to see me, grasps my hand and pump-handles it. Why? No one knows! Then he introduces himself and his firm, and, as he talks, he unsnaps his grip and spreads his samples. That fellow has about as much chance of having me look over his stuff as a snowball in hades on the Fourth of July. Why? From start to finish he has been presumptuous. Where he hasn't been presumptuous he has insulted my intelligence by imagining I am to be bamboozled into buying, not because my sober judgment prompts me to look over his goods, to give them a square deal so far as I think they will benefit me, but because I am to be interested in what he takes to be his engaging personality.

"Now ——" Much more the shoe dealer told the salesman. He gave him fits for an hour until he felt cemented to him like a brother, and when at last the salesman arose it was the dealer who extended a hand.

A month later the salesman bobbed up again. It would have been difficult to recognize in him the young man of before. He had the balance, the confidence that comes to the man with whom the world is prospering and who has rubbed up against people.

"It worked—it worked like a charm," he said to the shoeman, as if continuing the conversation where it had been interrupted. That noon the two lunched together, while the salesman told incidents showing how he had made good after having corrected an unconsciously offensive mannerism together with a mortal sin against tact. Today that salesman is sales manager for his company.

The story of the green shoe salesman is typical of how the up-to-date salesman turns failure into success. He works on the principle that, taking the average of his work, there is no such thing as luck or chance. He realizes that selling goods is not a haphazard jumble into which men leap blindly into success. He knows that salesmanship is a science with an underlying philosophy and that, sure as the sun rises and sets, if his line is right and he fails to sell, somewhere in his manner or in his method there is friction. And just as a machinist, who has assembled a new engine and located trouble, tightens a nut here and loosens a screw there until the engine is in apple-pie working order, so the modern salesman studies and analyzes himself and his methods to locate and to correct his mistakes.

If he discovers he is not getting a proper reception upon meeting customers, like the rubber-shoe man, he concludes there must be a flaw in his approach which prevents him from appealing to the average business man. If he finds he is properly received, but that he fails to arouse interest in his samples, he decides, perhaps, that he needs a broadside of proper talking points; or, maybe, that he is putting selling instead of buying arguments to the front. And if he succeeds up to this point, but is weak on clinching sales, he may find he has arranged his arguments backward, firing his big guns first and obscuring the effect with smoke from his secondary batteries.

How the common, ordinary man on the firing line scientifically hunts his mistakes, and how he applies remedies until he snatches success out of failure—this is an interesting chapter. For in this greatest of all games played with living figures chock-full of human nature there is no general formula for success.

Perhaps the shortest-cut method that a salesman uses to correct his mistakes is to accompany a competent brother salesman in order to learn by observation how an expert puts through a sale. Or else he reverses this, the expert accompanying the salesman so that he may stand by and see and listen and give subsequent criticism.

Not only the green man uses this method to break himself in. Often as not the veteran who has taken up a line strange to him needs this sort of coaching before he can succeed. The crackerjack man who has been handling staples, for instance, would have to learn all over again until he mastered the intricacies surrounding the selling of such a line as luxuries, for which he must first create a demand. Similarly, the man who sells fifty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policies to bank presidents would have to serve an apprenticeship before he could make his salt canvassing weekly-installment insurance from house to house. It makes a difference, even, whether a man is used to selling to the little retail storekeepers or whether he sells to the men behind the leviathan shops.

This was the case with a Chicago wholesale dress-silks salesman who found that he had to learn to sell all over again and who, finally, was put on the right track by a brother salesman. This dress-silks salesman had worked his way up from a stockboy and had built up a good local trade for himself among small shopkeepers. But when he was promoted and given a trade which included the buyers of several department stores he found himself up against a class of customers almost diametrically opposite to his old ones, and he failed utterly. Instead of selling to these men as his predecessor had done, his sales fell off so that he was called into the office of the head of the firm to be talked to. That made him desperate, and he went to the head salesman with his tale of woe.

"I want to ask you if you won't stand by and watch me try to put through a sale and tell me where I'm wrong," he concluded.

Next day, when the two reached the sidewalk after a buyer had turned the salesman down, the head salesman took his junior in hand.

"Let others tell you a salesman is a good talker," he said. "I tell you the best salesman is the man who knows when to keep still. You can talk and joke and autosuggest just as much as you see fit to the retail man. He's on a more or less intimate footing with his customers and is apt to like to do business that way. But when you come to a buyer who knows his business, whose time is money, whose job depends upon his own cold judgment and whose head is full of responsibilities, you're an automaton—a slot machine in breeches."

When Silence Means Sales

"HAVE your samples all ready. Have only good numbers—the best on top. Then hold your tongue until you're asked questions. Let him do the talking. He wants to see, not to listen. It's what he thinks, and he doesn't care a rap what you think. In the end, if you can't help it, say 'Thank you,' gather up your samples and leave tying them up until you get into an outer office; and, take my word for it, before you know it he'll have you down for a mighty shrewd salesman, for you'll show him more real meat in five minutes than ten ordinary men will in ten."

That salesman caught the idea of his adviser exactly. In time, to emphasize his invariable brevity, he developed a personal sales method, none other than that used by the big stores throughout the land. "Leaders" he uses, consisting only of the cream of his samples. As a rule, he shows these only. Now and then, however, he brings numbers that are "general possibilities," and he works in a sight more than his share of these. On his list now he has no one but the buyers of the big department stores.

She Will Cry Like a Robbed Baby if You Try to Take Them From Her

It is not only the salesman who is trying to get the hang of things who finds it necessary to call in outside aid. Now and then, the seasoned veteran who unaccountably loses his hold and goes to pieces has to call on a colleague to diagnose his case and prescribe for him.

There are dozens of reasons why the veteran of the grip loses his usefulness. As a general thing, when a breakdown comes it is merely

a matter of growing stale; change of environment or mental stimulus being all that is necessary to put a man back on his feet. Sometimes the reason is of a more serious nature, as when a personal habit, like the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, crops out in pouches under eyes and envelops a victim in an atmosphere instinctively disliked by men. But occasionally the trouble is due to a trait or a manner which, unconsciously or otherwise, the salesman has permitted to creep into his work.

Here is an instance of this sort taken from the experience of a veteran wholesale drug salesman who introduced an annoying feature into his work and then had to call in an expert to find what was ailing him.

For several years this salesman had covered certain territory, calling on druggists and chemists, when, without apparent reason, he found himself losing his hold. His sales fell off and he lost several of his best customers. Then he realized that in a number of instances the relations existing between himself and his trade had for some time become strained. He searched for a reason for this by studying himself and his methods, but without result. Disgusted with himself he saw the junior partner of his firm, laid his case bare and asked the young man to observe him interview a number of his customers with a view to criticising him.

"Do you always pester a man after he has given you an order?" asked the junior after the first visit

"Pester? What do you mean by pester?" the salesman asked.

"Well, after a customer has given you all he says he wants to order, do you think it policy to corner him and rattle off a string of a hundred dopes which it is safe to say he does not need? I think that sort of thing would annoy and irritate me extremely. I think, Mr. ——, I'd cut that out. If that does not help we'll take another trip together."

But the junior was not asked to take any more trips. Never again, unless it was clear a customer wished him to do so, did the salesman run off his string of drugs, and within three months after he ceased his pestering he was doing as well as ever before. But never did he quite get over the mortification of thinking that not long before he, an expert, had deliberately added this objectionable feature to his sales method without giving thought to its unavoidable effect

Making Goods Sell Themselves

FREQUENTLY, when a salesman applies the probe to his methods he finds that all he needs is a little higher-pressure steam. This is especially true when his field is among men like department-store buyers who, throughout the daily buying session, are besieged by scores of salesmen all offering the same line. Generally, buyers of this sort limit themselves to doing business with ten or, maybe, twenty salesmen representing houses with which, as experience has shown, the buyer is able to deal satisfactorily. Among the hundreds of other salesmen who call on the buyer throughout a week the buyer realizes there may be one or another that has exactly what he is looking for. But time and energy are lacking to sift this one man out of the common flock. And so most of the salesmen are left in the anteroom to sit and toast their shins and to swear softly while the card of a late-arriving favorite son gives him preference over first comers. In time, it is assumed, these salesmen will conclude to warm benches up the street. But it is in a case like this that the wide-awake salesman decides that all he needs for admission to the front row is to prove to a buyer by demonstration that he himself believes his goods worth an extraordinary effort.

A year or more ago, when on top of the hard times a change of style to one-piece dresses sent the women's shirtwaist line into limbo, the New York City salesman for a Philadelphia shirtwaist manufacturer solved the problem of how to butt out of the anteroom into the buyer's sanctum. For several months after the bottom fell out of the shirtwaist market this salesman had not begun to sell enough to cover his salary, and he needed no sixth sense to see his finish unless he managed to pick up.

On his list he had several buyers for big stores to whom in better times he had not been able to sell five cents' worth, among these the buyer for a big department store. Time and again he had sent his card into this man's office, but the nearest he ever got to him was when an attendant carried his samples into the buyer's den and carried them out again two hours later with the word, "Nothing doing," which is a moss-covered trick known as "Breaking the back of a salesman."

How to get at this man fortified behind milk-glass partitions was the problem. For a week the salesman planned and rejected, going over every scheme from fainting in the outer office down to claiming the buyer for his long-lost father; then light dawned on him.

"If I can't do business with him during business hours perhaps I can reach him while he is at play," he thought It was a simple matter to learn at what hour the buyer usually quit the store and then to follow him uptown to his apartments. A few evenings later the salesman knocked at the door of the apartment. The buyer himself, in smoking-jacket, pipe in hand, admitted him.

"You must pardon me for intruding," the salesman said after introducing himself, "but I have come to ask for no more than is my right." He stated his grievance in few words. "I do not ask for an inside track," he finished. "I ask for nothing except a fair chance to show what I've got in the fewest possible moments when I call on you at your office. All I want to ask for is a square deal, so far as our interests seem to you to lie in parallel lines."

"And That's the Kind of a Chimney I Sell"

The buyer listened with interest to the end. "Have you a card with you?" he asked. He tore the card in halves without looking at it, thrust one half into an upper vest pocket and handed the other half back to the salesman. "I'm a little weak on names, but tomorrow when you come send in your half of the card, and I'll remember," he said.

Five other buyers this salesman converted in exactly this same way. The sixth fanned him, three strikes and out, but he did not need the hit, however, for, between salesmen of other firms being laid off and the remaining ones working half-heartedly, he was selling as many shirtwaists as he did in the palmiest days of the fashion.

To the salesman willing to keep his eyes open it need make little difference whether or not he is gifted in diagnosing himself or his methods, or whether or not he is capable of inventing a sales method of his own. If only he will observe closely sooner or later he will run across the sales method of some other fellow which he can lift bodily, or which he can adapt in part to suit his own purposes.

In Newark, New Jersey, where a lot of good cutlery is made, a manufacturer of high-grade shears, scissors and pocketknives sent one of his sons on the road to learn the business from the ground up. At the end of a year the salesman did not notice that he was a particularly howling success; but he kept plugging steadily on. Of a late afternoon he found himself preceded in a New England hardware shop by the salesman of a lamp-chimney manufacturer

The chimney man nodded to the proprietor, opened his grip, took out a lamp-globe and rolled it gently down the store, where it met a barrel and shivered to smithereens.

"That's the kind of a chimney you sell," he announced

Then he reached into his grip, took out a lamp-globe and rolled it similarly. Instead of smashing it caromed from the barrel like a billiard-ball. "And that's the kind of a chimney I sell," he said.

The lamp-chimney man left with a fat order, but the cutlery man did not get a chance to show his samples, for the hardware man said he was stocked up.

That night, in his room at the hotel, the cutlery salesman sat trying to devise a scheme whereby he could train his goods to sell themselves. Nothing was simpler, considering that on the American continent no better knives and shears were turned out than those made by his company. Before he went to bed that night he finished his plan, stage-setting and all.

Next morning he walked into the very shop where he had met defeat. "I know you're stocked up," he said, "but while I'm in the neighborhood I want to show you something. Choose one," he said when he had opened his grip of sample pocketknives. He opened a blade of the knife selected, picked a ten-penny wire nail out of a keg, cut a sliver out of it and handed the blade to the merchant for inspection. The hardware man passed a thumb nail along the edge and his face brightened. "Well, I'll be blowed," he said, with an expert's delight. "Choose another and test it for yourself," said the salesman; meanwhile, he took a piece of piano wire out of his pocket, snipped off an inch of it with a pair of scissors picked out of a grip at random and passed the scissors over for inspection. The hardware man, however, had seen enough. "That's the sort of cutlery I have been hunting for ever since I've been in business, but I never knew where to get it," he said enthusiastically.

Why Women Cry

DURING the remaining week of the salesman's trip he used his new sales method and sold more than he had during twenty days preceding. Today, when drumming up new trade, the entire sales force of this cutlery house slivers wire nails and snips piano wire. Three times since the new sales method was put into general practice the factory of this manufacturer has been enlarged.

The method used by one of the big cutlery concerns to canvass shears from house to house was invented by a humble agent, now one of the officers of the company. This agent figured that if you give a woman a pair of sharp, shiny shears to use for one day she will cry like a robbed baby if you try to take them from her. His method was to strike a likely street and distribute shears from house to house, either to be returned or to be paid for when he called on his rounds next morning. His sales jumped from six to almost eighty per cent of his visits.

The sales manager of one of the big typewriter companies is even now worrying himself bald trying to devise means to bring his sales force up to the standard set by a common, ordinary solicitor.

"The typewriter salesman who is not himself an expert operator is like the singing teacher who teaches singing but cannot sing," the solicitor argued. "There are good typewriter salesmen who cannot play on a machine with more than two fingers at a time. But the fellow who can sit down in front of a standard keyboard and rattle sparks out of it is apt to be regarded as an authority who knows what he is talking about from A to Z."

Evenings, in his room, this salesman practiced writing on a typewriter until, asleep or awake, he could rat-tat-tat it like the sputter of machine guns. Ten days after he began to put his theories into practice he was promoted from an unpromising territory among little real-estate and insurance men. His territory now is among the skyscrapers in New York, where he is selling four machines to the next best salesman's three, while the sales manager is trying to devise ways and means to turn his staff of veteran salesmen into experts of the keys.

In Brooklyn, New York, is a branch office of a well-known piano company. In charge of this office at this

(Concluded on Page 40)

The Agent at Lost Station

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"That Is a Foine Hole Yez Have in the Ground"

WIRRA! it was a night like this," sighed the Old Switchman, as the yard crew finished their midnight lunch and lounged against the end of the switch shanty in the summer moon—"it was a night like this that made a widower av me."

"How was that, Dinny?" asked young Hogan, who sat with cigarette forgotten and hands sprawled listlessly beside him.

"Wasn't it by moonlight that I asked Kate Maloney to marry me? She said 'Yis,' and thin daynied it afther thinkin' it over by daylight. So I was won and lost by wan fickle gurrul, and have raymained a widower iver since.

"It is a treacherous moon, Hogan; do not stare into it, though ye may walk safely in the shade av it. Do not blush; I was not thinkin' av little Bridget Finnegan, who waves ould Finnegan's shirt to you whin ye rowl by on a box car av a wash-Monday. I was minded entirely av Barney Hoolan."

"Let's have it," demanded the night yardmaster. But the Old Switchman only stared reproachfully around the circle, in which every man was smoking but himself.

"Have a cigarette," urged Hogan reluctantly.

"A pipe—a new pipe—wud strengthen the memory betther," mused the other. "I can only get a foggy imprission with cigarettes."

"Ye saw me buy this pipe today," said the yardmaster fiercely. "Take it, ye ould grafter, and may ye choke on the exhaust."

The Old Switchman, rapt into ancient days, did not reply as he filled the pipe and lit it. Then absently he dropped Hogan's box of cigarettes into his pocket.

"Barney Hoolan," he began hurriedly—as if there had been no interruption from the very first word—"Barney Hoolan was the nephew av Sooperintindint Flynn, av the P. D. Q., by a distant marriage."

. . . . . .

Now, the Sooperintindint said whiniver he considered Barney: "My sister's marriage in Lumerick was a great mistake." Thin he tuk pride in the fact that the marriage had been too distant for him to have laid a ban upon it.

"Ye are a crust av an ould bachelor," Barney wud answer; for he permitted himsilf great freedom av speech.

"And ye are a leech who will suck the life blood av my repitation. Two years ye have lived with me and officiated as chief stoodint in the telygraph office and as gineral adviser to the railroad coompany. People think I am a fool to be kin to ye, but blood is thicker than wather and I have not yet disowned ye."

"Yours is too thick for a leech to draw more than a drop at a time," interrupted Barney bittherly. "Here I am, an orphan, needin' a new embroidered vest and spats. And the bulldog av me is in the pound ——"

"Glory be," said the Sooperintindint; "I will go down and congratulate him on being rid av ye at the price av life." He laughed in the cold-blooded glee av him, and Barney wint into his private office, where he asked his uncle's stenygrapher, Miss Katherine Du-Gan, to marry him. Her father, the ould flagman, had been continted with Dugan in his ignorance, but was as proud as a peacock that Katherine had become betther informed at a business college.

"Du-Gan it is now," he told iverybody he met. "Ye must say it to my face, for it's a poor man who wudn't protict his good name. But call me what ye please behint my back, which I will turn on ye as often as possible from this day."

"Katie," says Barney, "I have called in again to see if ye will marry me."

"I have so many chances to marry," she answered with a toss av her head.

"This is not a chance; it is a sure thing," said Barney; "and ye had betther take advantage av it. Ye have two gray hairs and I belave a catharact is falling over yez left eye ——"

"Mr. Hoolan!"

"Hoo-Lan, plase," correcthed Barney. "I know these things, for I am a beauty docthor by instinct."

"Hoo-Lan," she raypated softly; it was a name to stir all France with invy. "But ye are not a man av salary," she said. "What'll the Sooperintindint say?"

"Wud ye marry me only for money, woman?" asked Barney with scorn. "Consider the clothes I have. And the Sooperintindint, bad cess to him, says all that raymains is for me to get married. Ye have accipted me three times by moonlight and rayjected me only twice by day. I have the majority with me and I will not trust ye to answer again. Put on yez hat."

Whin the Sooperintindint heard of it he was surprised.

"We accipt yez congratulations," said Barney, before the Sooperintindint could find speech. "Now I must have the job we have referred to incidintilly for two years. I will be a thrain dispatcher."

"Ye wud despatch passingers instead av thrains," hissed the other, woild at the thought.

"Ye will give me a job," insisted Barney, "or I will pawn my embroidered vest and disgrace ye. I have the stuff in me to draw pay for any job I may get."

Whin Katherine brought her husband home to live till he became a salaried man the ould flagman listened to thim rayspectfully.

"So this is Mr. and Mrs. Hoo-Lan?" he asked.

"It is Hoo-Lan," they rayplied proudly.

"Thin I will go back to Dugan," he said. "It will not do to make the Frinch common in this counthry. And now ye are welcome to such as I have till ye can get something betther for me."

But he blackguarded Barney behint his back; the Sooperintindint did likewise whin Barney was faced the other way, and afther a month av close attintion to the two av thim Katherine, who was still wurking in the office, said plainly:

"I had betther taken a chance than a sure thing," which was gall and wurmwood to Barney

It was on this same day that the Sooperintindint allowed Barney to come in ten fate av him. "Ye are no hobby av mine, Mr. Hoo-Lan," he said.

Barney kept his eye on the fist av his uncle and did not answer, for the Hoolans are full av craft.

"The schedule for the new line through the mountains has been made up," he went on; "I will give ye a station there"

"What are the dooties?" asked Barney.

"To stay in it," said the Sooperintindint.

"I will have the wrecking thrain run out whiniver ye rayceive an order," he added.

Barney spent tin days laving instrooctions how to run the road in his absince and thin started for the iron frontier as he called the new line through the mountains—on the first passinger thrain that was run over it.

"I will come back with a record," he tould his wife.

"Ye will come back on account av it," she said sourly, and Barney cursed the moonlight which had bethrayed him into asking a Dugan to marry a Hoo-Lan.

He had the name av his station by heart. Whin he got to the first station this side av it he made ready to get off; afther a time the thrain stopped again and he did get off.

"Bad luck to the conducthor, I have been carried by," he said, reading the sign on the depot. The telygraph office at this place had been opened, but Barney was that ashamed av having it tould up and down the line that he had missed his own station that he seized his valise and sthruck down the thrack.

"I will not give my relytives the satisfaction they crave," he said, thinking av the crool grin av the Sooperintindint; "I will cover the eight miles back ——"

He stopped; there, close to the thrack, was a handcar with a coil av telygraph wire on it, which had been left by a construction gang.

"I will ride this down," he said, "and sind it back by freight," and dragging it on to the rails he started, kaypng

"So This Is Mr. and Mrs. Hoo-Lan?" He Asked

tight hould av the handles. "If my hand slips I will wind up back at headquarthers," he rayflicted. "'Tis like a cat dayscinding a fire-escape." Thin he let himsilf down the mountain for eight miles, whin according to the milepost he was in his own station.

"I fail to see the depot," says Barney; "perhaps it has fallen off," he says, "for this counthry is like a map hung on a wall. If there was a depot I wud have to be chained to it to hould the job."

He sprawled the handcar over on its back, so it could not have the use av its wheels, and took out the official time-card. "There is no mistake," he thinks. "I have seen the station below and the wan above. I am betwane thim half-way, where I belong."

Thin, houlding on to the mountain, he began to consider well the circumstances av the case.

"They have appointed an agent and overlooked the station," he raysoned; "but I am not the man to lose a good job on account av it. I will assume the dooties av an imployee at wance," and he put a separate curse on iverybody connected with the coompany, bein' particular about the Sooperintindint, who he suspected av a low thrick to deport him from headquarthers.

"I have now adopted a station platform," he concluded, and with a lightened heart began to luk over the mountainside. Afther a time he saw smoke rising from behint some boulders.

"There is too much for a pipe and too little for a stogy; it is a campfire," he thought, and worked his way in the right direction till he saw two men frying bacon near a cabin on the edge av a deep hole.

"That is a foine hole yez have in the ground," he said. "With no offinse to the bacon," he went on by way of apology to it.

There was suspicion in the glance they gave him, but Barney said: "Whist! not so loud," as wan opened his mouth to spake. "I am the Agent at Lost Station."

"Where is that?" asked wan av the men.

"It is a station that no wan must iver find. It is as movable as a balloon in the wind. I investigate; I make raypoorts in secret by telygraph and thin the station is lost agin."

Wan av the men scratched his head. "Ye are a fool," said his comrade to him. "It is secret service the gintleman is engaged in. Robberies, wrecks and mystheries! Am I right?"

Barney frowned and peered suspiciously into the hole.

"I am always right," said the man to his comrade. "Ye are a fool to scratch yez head over a thrifle."

"We will have a good mine," said the companion.

"I will drame on it tonight, for I am lucky in that way and have frayquently seen gold in my sleep," says Barney. "I will tell ye my ixperience in this line afther supper."

They ate the bacon and praties together and Barney made arrangements to stay some time.

"I have a great deal av secresy to obsarve in this neighborhood and it may take a month to get through with it all," he tould thim. "If ye bethray me I will become lost with the station. But if ye are thrue blue I will grease your palm on pay-day."

"It is a bargain," said the man to his comrade; "for in a month we will not have enough bacon to grease it."

"Thin I will see ye through till ye get to the bottom av the hole," rayplied Barney, who had tould thim his name was Hoo-Lan; bein' Frinch on his father's side—av the Channel. Afther that he gave thim some ixperience from a dramebook relatin' to the discovery av mines, and thin rowled up in his blanket to get out another edition.

The next morning with the help av the miners he hid the handcar, and with the end av the coil av wire he had brought with him climbed the telygraph pole. Scraping off the insoolation, he tied his wire to the main line and aftherward drew it down tight behint the pole, so it could not be seen from the thrack. Thin, taking out his stoodint's telygraph kit which he'd put into his valise to kape the wind from blowin' it away, he ran the wire along the ground to a clump av bushes and opened a telygraph office.

The sounder clicked out a missage which was goin' down the line.

"All is well—as cud be ixpected in my absence," says Barney, with his head on wan side.

The miners were much pleased with the mysthery av it, and in the avening they all wint back to Lost Station in the clump av bushes. Whin the wire was idle for a spell Barney sint wan brief missage to the Sooperintindint.

"All does not lose that is lost," he telygraphed without date or signatoor.

Whin the Sooperintindint rayceived this and cud make nothing av it he issued a bulletin against sthrong drink and hastened over to Flaherty's saloon.

"I am worrited about that dom nephew," the Sooperintindint tould Flaherty. "I think ye know him, Flaherty?"

"I know him well," says Flaherty with a groan. "I bailed his bullpup out av the pound and he has bit me three times already. If ye have given him a job I will garnishee him for the price av a madstone."

"I appointed him agent at a station on the new line," ixplained the Sooperintindint, "and thin visited the city for a few days. On coming back I find a circular stating that such a station will not be opened at all. But Barney had gone to take his job and has not been seen or heard of since."

"Ye will niver hear av him agin," says Flaherty, who had the toothache. "He will belave ye have ridiculed him and is that sensitive that he will desthroy himsilf with a rope. I wud have the telygraph poles searched for him."

"It is the Rale Boy," He Says

"Bad cess to ye, Flaherty," answers the Sooperintindint. "I come to ye for good cheer in a time av throuble. Barney's wife ——"

"His widow," corrected Flaherty, suffering with the dogbites.

"Mrs. Du-Gan-Hoo-Lan," says the Sooperintindint desperately. "If she iver hears av it she will pretind that her husband was a favorite with her and accuse me av crime. I wud as well seek out a telygraph pole and a rope av my own. See what a humor ye have got me into, ye heartless divil! Why don't ye show some spirit whin a friend seeks ye in disthress—ye kill all the joy av whisky."

And so he rayturned to his office and discharged a callboy in revenge against Flaherty.

For nearly a wake afther these ivints the agent at Lost Station laid low. "There is much in the wind," he tould the miners in confidince; "prisintly it will come on to blow."

During the day Barney encouraged his friends at wurruk by rayciting passages from the dramebook. "I am not sooperstitious," he says, "so whativer omens I wurruk out is not the raysult av witchcraft, but science."

Nivertheless, during all this time he walked carefully in the shade av the moon, whose light wud have caused him to raygrit Katherine Hoo-Lan. And he rayflicted to himsilf:

"Sure, my ould ancesthor was parlor magician to Brian Boru and I have sorcerer's blud in my braina. I will give the Sooperintindint a presintimint."

That avening, whin there was a lull along the line, he called headquarthers with a quare, nervous touch, and sint the missage:

"A red lamp is swinging beyant ye."

That was all; but the Sooperintindint knew it smelt av danger and wint over to Flaherty's.

"I do not understand this," he said. "Perhaps there is a joke connicted with it," he wint on hopefully.

"It is a missage from Over Yonder," ixplained Flaherty, afther reading it. "I have a wife whose cousin takes thim down on a slate. But the spirit av a telygraph operator," he adds significantly, "wud use a wire. Rist his sowl, we will drink to him," he kapes on, for he had a date with a dentist the nixt morning.

"Rist his sowl," raypeated the Sooperintindint. "I wud not have it distoorb itsilf on my account." Thin he cursed Flaherty under his breath and cautiously set out to find where the missage had come from. But no wan cud tell him; it had sprung on to the wire from space.

"I am a fool for listening to Flaherty," said the Sooperintindint; "but aven the man who is not a fool will listen to many things."

Barney, the promoter av presintimints, bided his time during the bright days and moonlight nights which followed.

"I wud not mind the hard wurruk av the job," he says to himsilf, "if I cud only walk in the open. 'Tis a cold, dreary land in the shade av the moon, but afther the parting wurruds of Katherine Hoo-Lan I will not be timpted into thinking av her agin."

And so the miners, whin visiting Lost Station afther digging all day for the bottom av the hole, wud take notice av Barney skulking under the ledges from shadow to shadow, and marvel still more at the secresy av the service he was ingaged in.

They wud sit smoking in the clump av bushes, listening to the thrain orders and to the operators calling aich other hams in electhric language. Thin Barney wud interpret for his guests under the pledge av secresy, and ixplain how the Sooperintindints were all criminals who sint cipher missages to wan another while arranging robberies and the short-changing av passingers.

"I am an honest imployee who must raymain in hiding," he tould thim wan avening whin no telygrams were going past; "but the time is coming whin I must take a hand. Now is a slack time and I am a slack wire performer," he says, and sinds the Sooperintindint a missage.

"Beware; ye are a marked man," he sinds him, and the Sooperintindint, who was flat on his back aslape at the hour, stood up on his toes to take notice.

He was that nervous he forgot to put on his dignity with his clothes whin going down to consoolt Flaherty.

"It is another missage from Over Beyant," Flaherty tells him. "I have a wife who has a cousin ——"

"A thousand divils make it hot fer yez wife and her cousin," says the Sooperintindint. "It is not a saloon ye kape, but a haunted house."

"I have given ye counsel and will not be conthradicted," says Flaherty with dignity. "Beware av exciting me, Sooperintindint, for I have had another disturbance with the bullpup. I am already frothing at the brain and will stop growling and bite ye prisintly."

The Sooperintindint wint over to the office in a fearsome state av mind and there he found another missage waiting him.

"Have the wrecker run out, and be ready," it warned. "Ye will soon be in the ditch."

"I prasume these are cipher missages," raymarked the operator.

"They are," answered the Sooperintindint.

"They are not signed or dated and I do not know where they come from," wint on the operator.

"If ye aven guess I will discharge ye."

All that night the Sooperintindint walked in wakefulness.

"Twice today Katherine Hoo-Lan asked for her husband," he rayflicted; "tomorrow I will hear nothing else. A curse on Barney, who is not contint to rest; whin alive it was all he did. Tomorrow I will inspect the line for a trace av him. Aven if I do not find the raymains av him a little courthesy might quiet his spirit."

And so the next morning he had his private car coupled on to the passinger thrain and started over his division.

"It is a wild ghost chase," he says to himsilf, "but I will do my best." And though he was unaisy at the warnings he wud not order out the wrecker.

He looked carefully over all the telygraph poles and studied the spot where Barney's station shud have been. He asked at all stations for his nephew, but no wan had seen a glimmer av him. Niver was a disappearance so successful, and whin he started back on the night passinger from the far ind av his division the Sooperintindint sat alone in his car, throubled with the mysthery av the occasion, and his mind on the wrecking thrain.

(Continued on Page 37)

What the New Tariff Does to the Consumer

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

ON LUMBER, it will be recalled, the Dingley rate was $2 a thousand feet. The House cut this to $1. The Senate Finance Committee put it at $1.50, and the Conference Committee, after President Taft had intervened, fixed it at $1.25—a net reduction of 75 cents and quite a victory for the consumer.

The Increased Cost of Men's and Boys' Clothing Will be One Hundred and Twenty Million Dollars for the Year 1910

Canada, of course, is the only place from which we could expect to import much lumber. Consulting the trade reports I find that, immediately upon the passage of the new tariff bill, there was "quite a spurt"—as the American Lumberman has it—in offerings of Canadian lumber. But it was short-lived, because both Canadian sellers and American buyers began to suspect that the maximum tariff might be applied to all imports from Canada after March 31 next, resulting in duties much higher than those levied by the Dingley law. "Until that point is settled next April," says the trade journal, "the disposition on both sides will be to go slow."

This requires a little explanation which ought to prove really illuminating as to how, in fact, the tariff was revised.

Two or three years ago the newspapers of this country began complaining loudly that the Paper Trust was charging them unreasonably-high prices for print paper. Newspapers, especially when pretty generally united, as they were in this case, form a body of consumers whose protests are bound to receive some attention. Indeed, President Roosevelt recommended that the duty on wood pulp—from which print paper is made—be reduced without waiting for a general tariff revision. Congress was not willing to go that far, but the House appointed a committee, of which Congressman Mann—Republican—of Illinois, was chairman, to investigate the subject. The committee spent eight months in investigating, and reported.

The available supply in the United States of spruce wood, from which wood pulp is made, is limited. But Canada has a great supply. "The print-paper industry of the United States cannot continue without obtaining spruce pulp wood from Canada," said Congressman Mann in the House. "There is not sufficient pulp wood in our forests, and it cannot be obtained anywhere except in Canada"—this after eight months' investigation.

Down an Inch and Up an Ell

THE spruce wood in Canada is mostly on public lands—owned by the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Both these provinces place restrictions on the exportation of pulp wood. They don't care to hand their raw material over to the United States, to be manufactured here, while our high duties on paper shut them out of our market for the manufactured article. They have protective ideas of their own, and as they control the raw material which ultimately we must have, they think they are in a position to force a fair trade.

Congressman Mann's committee thought so, too. The Dingley rate on print paper was $6 a ton—practically prohibitive. The committee proposed to reduce this to $2 a ton on Canadian paper, provided Canada would remove the restrictions on the exportation of pulp wood.

There is not the least doubt in any unbiased mind that this duty of $2 a ton would cover every possible difference in cost of production here and in Canada, giving our manufacturers an ample but not entirely prohibitive protection. This arrangement the committee was led to believe would be entirely acceptable to Canada, and the House embodied it in its bill—reducing the print-paper duty to $2 a ton, provided Canada placed no restrictions on the exportation of pulp wood.

But the Senate promptly advanced this duty to $4 a ton, provided Canada removed all restrictions on the exportation of pulp wood, with an additional duty of $2 a ton if Canada places any restriction whatsoever upon exportation of pulp wood or the pulp itself. The Conference Committee obligingly knocked off 25 cents a ton from this duty. The House rate was $2; the Senate rate was $4; and in the compromise the Senate yielded 25 cents and made the House yield $1.75. But the provision making the duty $2 higher unless Canada gives us free pulp wood was left in. Canada owns the free raw material which eventually we must have. Her only possible object in removing restrictions upon its exportation would be to get a material reduction in our paper duty. Mr. Mann, who conducted the negotiations, declared earnestly that the Conference arrangement would be unacceptable to Canada. Yet that arrangement stands.

The House's proposal to Canada was: "Let's trade. Give us free pulp wood, and we will give you materially lower duties on print paper."

The Senate's proposal to Canada is: "Let's trade. Give us free pulp wood, or we'll give you a good kick."

This is not the whole of the proposal, however. The new law provides for a maximum and a minimum tariff. It says that, after March 31 next, there shall be collected the rates of duty prescribed in the act, and in addition thereto 25 per cent *ad valorem;* but whenever the President shall find and declare, in respect of any foreign country, that such country treats the United States in its tariffs as well as it treats any nation, and "imposes no export duty or prohibition upon the exportation of any article to the United States which unduly discriminates against the United States," then, as to that country, the twenty-five-per-cent penalty shall be removed and only the rates named in the act shall apply.

Now this "no export duty" provision was put into the bill by the Conference Committee. It seems to be aimed straight at Canada, for that, I believe, is the only country with which we have important dealings that does put what amounts to an export duty, or prohibition, upon the exportation of any article to the United States, and pulp wood is the only Canadian article to which it applies.

That Canada will remove her restrictions on the exportation of pulp wood when we have so pointedly refused to give her a fair trade in the matter of lower paper duties seems improbable. Unless, therefore, by March 31 next President Taft finds that this clause does not apply to Canada's restrictions upon pulp-wood exports, the maximum tariff will go into effect automatically, and every Canadian article will be charged with a duty of 25 per cent *ad valorem* over and above the rate named in the bill. In that case the duty on Canadian wood pulp will not be $1.67, as named in the bill, but about $6.67 a ton. The duty on Canadian paper will not be $3.75 or $5.75 a ton, but about $14 a ton. And the duty on Canadian lumber will not be $1.25 a thousand feet, but about $5.75 a thousand feet—in view of which contingency both Canadian sellers and American buyers are disposed to go slow.

Of the thirty-five billion feet of standing spruce in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains about twenty-one billion are in the state of Maine—where, also, the print-paper trade flourishes. Senator Hale, of Maine, is a member of the Senate Finance Committee and represented the Upper House on the Conference Committee. Probably he was second in power only to Aldrich in shaping the new tariff. How much of the standing spruce in Maine is owned by the Paper Trust I do not find stated. With a maximum tariff of $6.67 on Canadian pulp the value of that spruce would be vastly enhanced—about 50 per cent, Congressman Mann calculated—while a maximum duty on paper would, of course, absolutely shut out the Canadian article.

"Under all the provisions of the Conference report," declared Congressman Mann, with more passion than grace, just before the bill passed, "the maximum tariff is as sure to go into effect between Canada and this country as that God made little apples." We can only hope he is mistaken.

Before leaving the lumber schedule, glance at one of its minor provisions—because it is typical of many others to be found in the bill. The Dingley law levied a duty of one cent a cubic foot on squared timbers. The new law reduces this to half a cent a cubic foot—on timbers squared "otherwise than by sawing." Comparatively little timber is squared for market with a hand-axe, nowadays. The effect of this little proviso is to make timber squared by sawing dutiable as boards and to increase the duty on such timber about 50 per cent above the Dingley rate. Insurgent Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, objected to this so loudly that the proviso was stricken out in the Senate. But the Conference Committee put it back and there it stands. The duty on shingles was raised from 30 cents a thousand to 50 cents—because some vigilant Senator discovered that a number of pauper-labor Japanese or Hindus were employed in Canadian shingle mills.

"With regard to the wool schedule," said Taft at Winona, "I agree that it is too high and that it ought to have been reduced. . . . Mr. Payne and Mr. Aldrich found that in the Republican party the interests of the wool growers of the Far West and of the woolen manufacturer of the East and other states, reflected through their representatives in Congress, were sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the woolen schedule, and that, had it been attempted, it would have beaten the bill."

Why Our Winter Clothes are Lighter

WOOLEN goods bear a compensatory duty of 33 or 44 cents a pound, depending upon value—which is supposed merely to compensate the manufacturer for the duty on raw wool, but which actually does much more—plus 50 or 55 per cent *ad valorem*. On last year's imports the duty averaged 91 per cent; but, as usual throughout our tariff, the duties bear heaviest on the cheapest goods. On those costing 36½ cents a pound it was 140 per cent; on those costing over 70 cents a pound it was 79 per cent. Here is a cotton-warp cloth weighing over 4 ounces to the yard. The total duty is 123.7 per cent. The manufacturer required only 19.9 per cent to compensate him for the duty on the raw wool entering into that cloth; hence his actual protection is 103.8 per cent. Here is a piece of cotton worsted, consisting chiefly of cotton yarn, yet brought into the wool schedule because it contains a little of that material. The total duty is 127 per cent. The manufacturer needed only 6.8 per cent to compensate him for the duty on the raw wool used in the cloth; so his protection is 120.2 per cent.

"It has," said Mr. Dale, of the Textile World-Record—a protectionist, from whom I quoted in a former article—"deprived the people of an adequate supply of clothing, blankets and other articles of wool. It has compelled the use of inferior substitutes for wool and forced manufacturers to reduce the weight of all-wool cloths, so those goods fail to give proper protection against dampness and cold to the wearer."

Senator La Follette presented a protest of the National Association of Clothiers, comprising 97 per cent of the leading manufacturers of clothing in the United States—an industry whose output amounts to six hundred million dollars a year. This protest says:

"The result of the Dingley wool schedule—absolutely unchanged in the new law except for the worse, as hereafter noted—has been to reduce the quality and diminish the weight per yard, especially in the cloths out of which popular-priced clothing is made, thereby making that clothing less durable.

Many People Think Prices Will Go Still Higher

"Standard winter worsteds, which ranged twelve years ago from 21 to 24 ounces in weight per yard, have gradually been decreased in weight so that they now range from 14 to 16 ounces per yard. Standard spring worsteds, which ranged from 14 to 16 ounces per yard, have gradually been decreased so that they now range from 9 to 12 ounces per yard. A deterioration of 33⅓ per cent in weight has taken place in addition to the establishment of a much higher range of prices for the same qualities of goods.

"Competition has to a great extent been eliminated by large and powerful combinations of woolen and worsted

manufacturers and spinners, who practically fix their own prices and dominate the market. This has been evidenced recently by the fact that when the so-called 'combination' advanced their prices for the spring of 1910 the mills not in the combination, which had previously quoted prices considerably lower, immediately advanced them to a parity with the combination. That these advances in the United States, ranging up to 35 per cent, are not due entirely to the increase in the price of the raw material—wool—is shown by the fact that in England the advances for the same season on similar cloths ranged only from 10 to 12 per cent.

"These advanced prices on worsteds which have been announced, following the steady deterioration of fabrics in weight and quality resulting from the operations of the Dingley bill, will add to the retail prices approximately $2.50 on a $10 suit of clothes, $3 on a $15 suit and $5 on a $20 suit, or from 20 to 25 per cent to the cost of the clothing to the wearer thereof. The aggregate burden of the increased cost of men's and boys' clothing to the American people, under the present advance alone, will be one hundred and twenty million dollars for the year 1910, which is twice the value of the domestic wool clip.

"While the Dingley rates will nominally remain the same, the provision of the pending bill substituting domestic market prices for those in foreign countries, in determining the basis of valuation for customs purposes, will undoubtedly result in a material increase of the present duties."

A Joke Without a Smile

ABOUT the same time a New England journal solemnly informed the country that the trouble with the domestic wool industry did not at all arise from the tariff. The trouble, it asseverated, arose from the fact that so many dogs were running at large. These dogs killed the sheep and so prevented the American people from getting an ample and cheap supply of wool. If we would only muzzle our dogs, said this estimable protectionist organ without cracking a smile, we wouldn't need to bother about getting lower duties.

On the cheapest wool blankets the duty is 107 per cent. We raise no carpet wool, but import a hundred million pounds of it yearly. The new law taxes carpet wool 4 cents a pound if valued at 12 cents a pound or under, and 7 cents a pound if valued over 12 cents. This superfluous duty, raising the price of all carpets, is put on simply because the wool men fear a little clothing or combing wool might be sneaked in as carpet wool, although that shocking contingency is strictly provided against elsewhere in the bill.

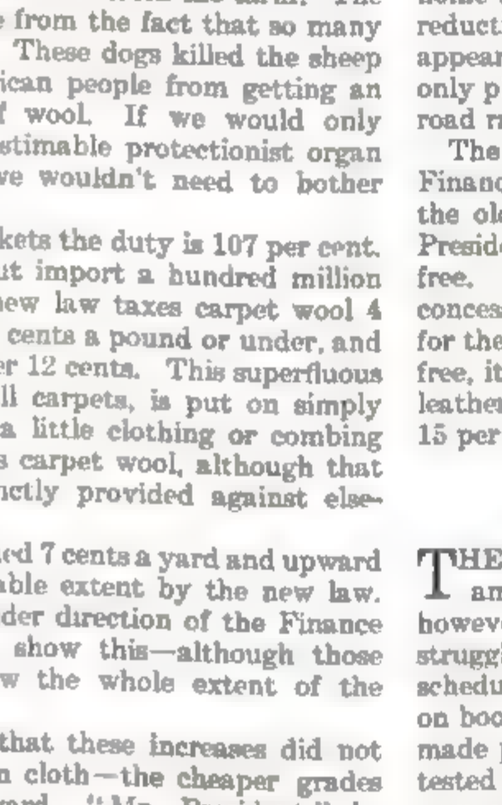
Duties on cotton cloth valued 7 cents a yard and upward were increased to a considerable extent by the new law. The estimates "prepared under direction of the Finance Committee of the Senate" show this—although those estimates by no means show the whole extent of the rise.

Senator Aldrich asserted that these increases did not affect the big bulk of cotton cloth—the cheaper grades valued under 7 cents a yard. "Mr. President," he declared (June 5), "there will never be a time when the great mass of cloths will come under that paragraph. The great mass of cloths do not come into this country at all. They are kept out, if you please, by the specific provisions of paragraph 313, which takes care of all goods at 7 cents a yard or below."

In short, the duty being already prohibitive, why bother to change it?

A table prepared by the Treasury Department at the request of the insurgents and read in the Senate the day the bill was passed shows more than two hundred descriptions and valuations of cotton cloth, ranging from 8 to 34 cents a yard in value, on all but thirty of which the duties have been increased even without regard to the new provision which levies an additional tax of a cent a yard on cloth that has been mercerized in whole or in part.

When this extra duty for mercerization is added the increases frequently amount to 30 and 40 per cent, and in a few cases they run above 100 per cent.



He Would Have to Eat an Even Ton of Sugar to Save a Dollar

This Little Improvement Throws Structural Steel Into the "Basket Clause"

On 8-cent figured unbleached cotton cloth not exceeding 6 yards to the pound the Senate raised the duty a cent a yard, or from 40 to 53 per cent *ad valorem*, and, in its estimates, marked it "Luxury."

Cotton stockings valued at not more than $1 a dozen pairs were raised from 50 cents a dozen, plus 15 per cent *ad valorem*, to 70 cents a dozen, plus 15 per cent. Those valued from $1 to $1.50 a dozen pairs were raised from 60 cents and 15 per cent to 85 cents and 15 per cent. These increases amount to nearly 30 per cent. Stockings valued from $1.50 to $2 a dozen pairs were increased from 70 cents a dozen and 15 per cent to 90 cents and 15 per cent. The increase here is decidedly less than on the cheapest grades, yet they are marked "Luxuries."

Soft coal, under the Dingley law, bore 67 cents a ton duty. The House put it on the free list. The Senate Finance Committee laid a duty of 60 cents a ton, and the Conference Committee fixed it at 45 cents a ton.

The Engineering and Mining Journal, after carefully reviewing the situation, is of opinion that "the only part of the country where the reduction in duty is liable to make any important difference is in Montana and Idaho," where some near-by Canadian coal of very good quality may come in under the lower duty. Possibly, this trade authority thinks, there may be a "slight increase" in imports of coal from Nova Scotia to the New England seacoast, where it can be delivered by water; but as for any haul inland, railroad freight rates will protect the home industry. The same authority points out that the reduction in duty on iron ore to 15 cents a ton "does not appear likely to injure our mines." Cuba is about the only place from which we can get much iron ore, and railroad rates will prevent that from moving very far inland.

The House put hides on the free list. The Senate Finance Committee restored them to the dutiable list at the old Dingley rate of 15 per cent; but finally, after President Taft's powerful intervention, they were made free. This is the Finance Committee's most important concession to anybody and the only substantial victory for the consumer in the whole bill. Hides being admitted free, it was logically necessary to reduce the duty on sole leather from 20 to 5 per cent, on upper leather from 20 to 15 per cent, and on shoes from 25 to 10 or 15 per cent.

Uppers Made of Sole Leather

THESE leather duties, it will be observed, were already among the lowest in the whole tariff. The concessions, however, appear not to have been made without a valiant struggle. The Conference Committee adorned the leather schedule with a proviso which seemed to mean that duties on boots and shoes should be reduced if their uppers were made principally of sole leather. Western Senators protested so passionately that this was changed. The clause now says: "Boots and shoes made wholly or in chief value of leather made from cattle-hides and cattle-skins of whatever weight, of cattle of the bovine species, including calfskins, shall pay a duty of 10 per cent *ad valorem*." And in the next paragraph: "Boots and shoes made of leather"—meaning other than cowhide, no doubt—"15 per cent *ad valorem*." This should ultimately benefit the consumer, at least by protecting him against unreasonable advances. But these duties were already among the lowest.

Return for a moment to building material. Duties on iron and steel were generally reduced—being by far the heaviest reductions made. But in an evil hour a New York building contractor had imported some structural steel because he was in a hurry and couldn't get it in time at home. The Dingley law put a duty of $11.20 a long ton on structural steel, "whether plain or punched or fitted for use." The Senate Finance Committee fixed the duty at $8.96 on that valued above $19 a ton and, instead of "plain or punched or fitted for use," said, "not assembled, or manufactured, or advanced beyond hammering, rolling or casting"—in other words, not in a condition in which anybody could use it without rehandling and punching. This little improvement throws structural steel in a condition to be used into the "basket clause," where it takes a duty of 45 per cent *ad valorem*, which is higher than the Dingley rate.

Since spring, it may be mentioned in passing, some grades of steel have advanced at least $4 a ton, others, $6. Tin plate advanced 10 cents a box in October.

The new tariff law fills a pamphlet of one hundred and twenty closely-printed pages and enumerates several thousand articles. Opportunities for effective criticism in the House were limited. The really effective critics of the bill, in fact, consisted of a handful of insurgent Senators. In the nature of the case they were obliged to confine themselves closely to the big items. This gave an inviting opening for the touching up of a good many comparatively small items. The duty on cheap razors, for example, was marked up in the Senate from 50 cents a dozen and 15 per cent to 72 cents a dozen and 35 per cent; on those worth $1.50 to $3 a dozen it was advanced from $1 a dozen and 15 per cent to $1.08 a dozen and 35 per cent.

The Linoleum Men Not Forgotten

LINOLEUM is a comparatively small affair. The Dingley rate on that under 12 feet wide was 8 cents a yard and 15 per cent *ad valorem*. The House did not advance the minimum rate, but merely cut down the width to 11 feet, all wider than that taking a higher duty—which amounted to the same thing as advancing the rate. The Senate Finance Committee went this one better, cutting down the minimum width to 9 feet. Objection was raised to this, and as there seemed absolutely no reason for higher duties it was amended in the Senate. But when the bill emerged from the Conference Committee the minimum width was again cut down to 9 feet. On all over that width the duty is 12 cents a yard and 15 per cent *ad valorem*. And any linoleum of whatever width that is made in a pattern—as much of it is—must pay 20 cents a yard and 20 per cent *ad valorem*.

The entire silk schedule, of course, is marked "Luxuries." It was extensively changed. The Senate estimates show that these changes resulted in a small net increase after allowing for some decrease and a good many increases. How the experts arrived at these results I do not pretend to say, and I find an expert trade journal observing: "It is doubtful if the framers of the new silk schedule know exactly what the effect of their work will be."

Comparatively Little Timber Is Squared With an Axe, Nowadays

Defending the new law at Winona as a substantial revision downward, President Taft said that duties had been decreased on necessary articles that were consumed in this country to the amount of five billion dollars a year, and increased on necessary articles that were used to the amount of less than three hundred millions a year, while on luxuries used to the amount of nearly six hundred millions a year duties had been increased, also. He was relying on the estimates and summaries made under direction of the Committee of Finance of the Senate.

Having those estimates and summaries in detail we might spend a moment examining them.

In the very first schedule—"A, Chemicals, Oils and Paints"—petroleum figures to the extent of two hundred and sixty million dollars as a necessary article on which duties have been reduced. Petroleum pretended to be on the free list under the Dingley law, but quietly enjoyed a sort of anchor to the windward in the shape of a countervailing duty, which is now removed. But we are the great exporters of petroleum and it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee that the benefit to the consumer of this reduction will be exceedingly small.

In the next schedule we find that duties have been reduced on necessary articles which are used to the extent of a hundred and twenty-eight million dollars a year. But eighty-four millions of this is marble. Now, marble, on which duties have been reduced, is put down as a necessary article, while in the very same schedule the smaller sizes of plate glass, on which duties have been increased from 8 and 10 to 10 and 12½ cents a foot, are put down as luxuries.

Schedule C—metals and manufactures of—yields a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of necessary articles on which duties have been reduced. The price of most of those articles has advanced since the bill was passed. That the consumer will get no benefit from the reductions seems clear as daylight. Watch movements, used to the extent of eleven millions yearly, come under this schedule. Duties were raised and the price to the consumer has been raised But all except the cheapest movements are put down as luxuries.

(Continued on Page 41)

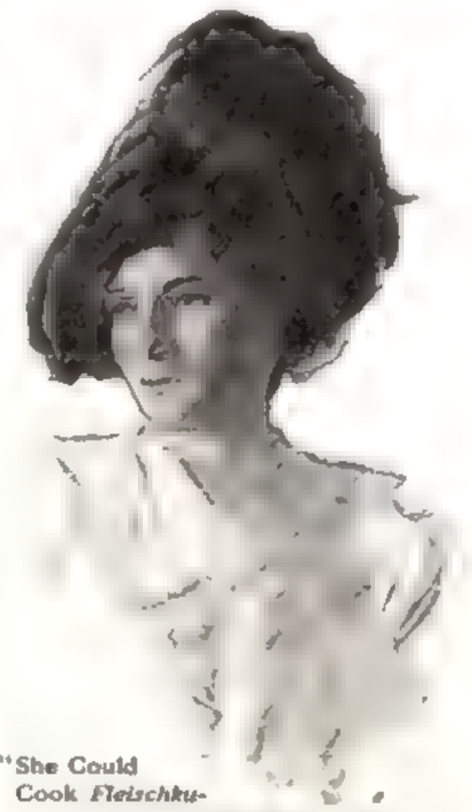
OBJECT: MATRIMONY

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I

"REAL estate!" Philip Margolius cried bitterly; "that's a business for a business man! If a feller's in the clothing business and it comes bad times, Mr. Feldman, he can sell it his goods at cost and live anyhow; but if a feller's in the real-estate business, Mr. Feldman, and it comes bad times, he can't not only sell his houses, but he couldn't give 'em away yet, and when the second mortgage forecloses he gets deficiency judgments against him."



"She Could Cook *Fleischkugeln* Better as Delmonico's Already"

"Why don't you do this?" Mr. Feldman suggested. "Why don't you go to the second mortgagee and tell him you'll convey the houses to him in satisfaction of the mortgage? Those houses will never bring even the amount of the first mortgage in these times, and surely he would rather have the houses than a deficiency judgment against you."

"That's what I told him a hundred times. Believe me, Mr. Feldman, I used hours and hours of the best salesmanship on that feller," Margolius answered, "and all he says is that he wouldn't have to pay no interest, insurance and taxes on a deficiency judgment, while a house what stands vacant you got to all the time be paying out money."

"But as soon as they put the subway through," Mr. Feldman continued, "that property around Two Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street and Heidenfeld Avenue will go up tremendously."

"Sure I know," Margolius agreed; "but when a feller's got four double flat-houses and every flat yet vacant, futures don't cut no ice. Them tenants couldn't ride on futures, Mr. Feldman; and so, with the nearest trolley car ten blocks away, I am up against a dead proposition."

"Wouldn't he give you a year's extension?" Mr. Feldman asked.

"He wouldn't give me positively nothing," Margolius replied hopelessly. "That feller's a regular Skylark. He wants his pound of meat every time, Mr. Feldman. So I guess you got to think up some scheme for me that I should beat him out. Them mortgages falls due in ten days, Mr. Feldman, and we got to act quick."

Mr. Feldman frowned judicially. In New York, if an attorney for a realty owner knows his business and neglects his professional ethics he can so obstruct an action to foreclose a mortgage as to make Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce look like a summary proceeding. But Henry D. Feldman was a conscientious practitioner, and never did anything that might bring him before the grievance committee of the Bar Association. Moreover, he was a power in the Democratic organization and right in line for a Supreme Court judgeship, and so it behooved him to be careful if not ethical.

"Why don't you go and see Goldblatt again, and then if you can't move him I'll see what I can do for you?" Feldman suggested.

"But, Mr. Feldman," Margolius protested, "I told it you it ain't no use. Goldblatt hates me worse as poison."

Feldman leaned back in his low chair with one arm thrown over the back, after the fashion of Judge Blatchford's portrait in the United States District Courtroom.

"See here, Margolius: what's the real trouble between you and Goldblatt?" he said. "If you're going to get my advice in this matter you will have to tell me the whole truth. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, you know."

"You make a big mistake, Mr. Feldman," Margolius replied. "It ain't nothing like that, and whoever told it you is got another think coming. The trouble was about his daughter Fannie. You could bring a horse a pail of water, Mr. Feldman, but no one could make the horse drink it if he don't want to, and that's the way it was with me. Friedman, the Schatchen, took me up to see Goldblatt's daughter Fannie, and I assure you I ain't exaggeration a bit when I tell you she's got a mustache what wouldn't go bad with a dago barber yet."

"Why, I thought Goldblatt's daughter was a pretty good looker," Feldman exclaimed.

"That's Birdie Goldblatt," Margolius replied, blushing. "But Fannie—that's a different proposition, Mr. Feldman. Well, Goldblatt gives me all kinds of inducements; but I ain't that kind, Mr. Feldman. If I would marry I would marry for love, and it wouldn't make no difference to me if the girl would have it, say, for example, only two thousand dollars. I would marry her anyway."

"Very commendable," Mr. Feldman murmured.

"But Fannie Goldblatt—that is somebody a young feller wouldn't consider, not if her hair hung with diamonds, Mr. Feldman," Margolius continued. "Although I got to admit I did go up to Goldblatt's house a great many times, because, supposing she does got a mustache, she could cook *gefüllte Fische* and *Fleischkugeln* better as Delmonico's already. And then Miss Birdie Goldblatt——"

He faltered and blushed again, while Feldman nodded sympathetically.

"Anyhow, what's the use talking?" Margolius concluded. "The old man gets sore on me, and when Marks Henochstein offers him the second mortgages on them Heidenfeld Avenue houses it was yet boomtime in the Bronix, and it looked good to Goldblatt; so he made Henochstein give him a big allowance, and he bought 'em. And now when he's got me where he wants me I can kiss myself good-by with them houses."

He rose to his feet and put on his gloves, for Philip was what is popularly known as a swell dresser. Indeed, there was no smarter-appearing salesman in the entire cloak and suit trade, nor was there a salesman more ingratiating in manner and hence more successful with lady buyers.

"If the worser comes to the worst," he said, "I will go through bankruptcy. I ain't got nothing but them houses, anyway." He fingered the two-and-a-half-carat solitaire in his scarf to find out if it were still there. "And they couldn't get my salary in advance, so that's what I'll do."

He shook hands with Mr. Feldman.

"You could send me a bill for your advice, Mr. Feldman," he said.

"That's all right," Feldman replied as he ushered his client out of the office. "I'll add it to my fee in the bankruptcy matter."

II

ABOUT Miss Birdie Goldblatt's appearance there was something of Maxine Elliot with just a dash of Anna Held, and she wore her clothes so well that she could make a blended-Kamchatka near-mink scarf look like Imperial Russian sable. Thus, when Philip Margolius encountered her on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street his heart fairly jumped in admiration. Nevertheless, he raised his hat with all his accustomed grace, and Miss Goldblatt bowed and smiled in return.

"How d'ye do, Miss Goldblatt," he said. "Ain't it a fine weather?"

"Sure it's fine weather," Miss Goldblatt agreed. "Is that all you stopped me for to tell me it was fine weather?"

"No," Philip said lamely.

"Well, then, I guess I'll be moving on," Miss Goldblatt announced; "because I got a date with Fannie up on Twenty-third Street."

"One minute," Philip cried. "It was about your sister what I wanted to speak to you about."

"What have you got to do with my sister Fannie?" Miss Goldblatt demanded, glaring indignantly at Margolius.

"Why," Philip replied on the spur of the moment, "I got a friend what wants to be introduced to her, a—now—feller in the—now—cloak business."

Miss Goldblatt regarded Philip for one suspicious moment.

"What's his name?" she asked abruptly.

A gentle perspiration broke out on Philip's forehead. He searched his mind for the name of some matrimonially-eligible man of his acquaintance, but none suggested itself. Hence, he sparred for time.

"Never mind his name," he said jocularly. "When the time comes I'll tell you his name. He's got it a good business, too, I bet yer."

Miss Goldblatt grew somewhat mollified.

"Why don't you bring him down to the house some night?" she suggested, whereat Philip could not forbear an ironical laugh.

"I suppose your father would be delighted to see me, I suppose. Ain't it?" he said.

"What's he got to do with it?" Miss Goldblatt asked. "Do you think because he's called in them second mortgages that me and Fannie would stand for his being fresh to you if you was to come round to the house?"

"No, I don't," Philip replied; "but just the same, anyhow, he feels sore at me"

"He's got a right to feel sore at you," Miss Goldblatt interrupted. "You come a dozen times to see my sister, and then——"

"That's where you are mistaken," Philip cried; "I come once, the first time, to see your sister, and the other times I come to see *you*."

"Ain't you got a nerve?" Miss Goldblatt exclaimed.

"Why do I got a nerve?" Philip asked. "Miss Goldblatt—Birdie, what's the matter with me, anyway? I'm young yet—I ain't only thirty-two—and I got a good name in the cloak and suit business as a salesman. Ask anybody. I can make it my five thousand a year easy. And supposing I am a foreigner? There's lots of up-to-date American young fellers what couldn't keep you in hairpins, Birdie."

He paused and looked pleadingly at Birdie, who tossed her head in reply.

"Them houses up in the Bronix," he said, "that's a misfortune what could happen anybody. If I got to let 'em go I'll do it. But pshaw! I could make it up what I lost in them houses with my commissions for one good season already."

"Well, my sister Fannie——" Birdie commenced.

"Never mind your sister Fannie," Philip said. "I will look out for her. If you and me can fix it up, Birdie, I give you my word and honor as a gentleman I will fix it up for Fannie a respectable feller with a good business."

He paused for an expression of opinion from Birdie, but none was forthcoming.

"What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Fannie and me was——" she began.

"Not Fannie—*you*," he broke in. "Because I was going to suggest if you ain't doing nothing might we would go to theayter?"

"Well, sure," Birdie continued. "Fannie and me could go and we wouldn't say nothing to the old man about it."

"Looky here," Philip pleaded, "must Fannie go?"

"Sure she must go," Birdie answered. "Otherwise, if she don't go I won't go."

Philip pondered for a moment.

"Well——" he commenced

"And why wouldn't it be a good scheme," Birdie went on, "if you was to ring in this other young feller?"

"Them Dollar-a-Day American-Plan Hotels is Nothing but Poison to a Feller"

"What young feller?" Philip innocently asked her.

"What young feller!" Birdie exclaimed. "Why, ain't you just told me ——"

"Oh, that's right!" Philip cried. "That's a good idee. I'll see if I can fix it."

He stopped short and looked at his watch. "I'll meet you both in front of the Casino at eight o'clock," he declared.

It was five o'clock and he only had a trifle over three hours to discover a man—young if possible, but, in any event, prosperous, who would be willing to conduct to the theater a lady of uncertain age with a dark mustache—object: matrimony.

"You must excuse me," he said fervently as he shook Birdie's hand in farewell. "I got a lot of work to do this afternoon."

III

ON HIS way to the office of Schindler & Baum, his employers, he was a prey to misgivings of the gloomiest kind

"I got such a chance of getting a feller for that Fannie like I would never try at all," he murmured to himself; but, as he turned the corner of Nineteenth Street, Fortune, which occasionally favors the brave, brought him into violent contact with a short, stout person proceeding in the opposite direction

"Why don't you hire it a whole sidewalk for yourself?" Philip began, and then he recognized the stout gentleman.

"Why, hallo, Mr. Feigenbaum!" he cried.

"Hallo yourself, Margolius!" Feigenbaum grunted. "It's a wonder you wouldn't murder me yet, the way you go like a steam engine already."

"Excuse me," Philip said. "Excuse *me*, Mr. Feigenbaum. I didn't see you coming. I got to wear glasses, too."

Mr. Feigenbaum glared at Philip with his left eye, the glare in his right eye being entirely beyond control, since it was fixed and constant as the day it was made.

"What are you trying to do, Margolius?" he asked. "Kid me?"

"Kid you!" Philip repeated. "Why should I want to kid you?"

And then for the first time it occurred to him that not only was One-eye Feigenbaum proprietor of the H. F. Cloak Company and its six stores in the northern-tier counties of Pennsylvania, but that he was also a bachelor. Moreover, a bachelor with one eye and the singularly unprepossessing appearance of Henry Feigenbaum would be just the kind of person to present to Fannie Goldblatt, for Feigenbaum, by reason of his own infirmity, could not cavil at Fannie's black mustache, and as for Fannie—well, Fannie would be glad to take what she could get.

"Come over to Hammersmith's and take a little something, Mr. Feigenbaum," he said. "You and me hasn't had a talk together in a long time."

Feigenbaum followed him across the street and a minute later sat down at a table in Hammersmith's rear café.

"What will you take, Mr. Feigenbaum?" Philip asked as the waiter bent over them solicitously.

"Give me a package of all-tobacco cigarettes," Feigenbaum ordered, "and a rye-bread tongue sandwich."

Philip asked for a cup of coffee.

"Looky here, Feigenbaum," Philip commenced after they had been served, "you and me is known each other now since way before the Spanish War already, when I made my first trip by Sol Unterberg. Why is it I ain't never sold you a dollar's worth of goods?"

"No, and you never will, Margolius," Feigenbaum said as he licked the crumbs from his fingers; "and I ain't got a thing against you, because I think you're a decent, respectable young feller."

Having thus indorsed the character of his host, Feigenbaum lit a cigarette and grinned amiably.

"But Schindler & Baum got it a good line, Feigenbaum," Philip protested.

"Sure I know they got it a good line," Feigenbaum agreed; "but I ain't much on going to theayters or eating a bunch of expensive feed. No, Margolius, I like to deal with people what gives their line the benefit of the theayters and the dinners."

"What you mean?" Philip cried.

"I mean Elken Block, from Sarahcuse, New York, shows me a line of capes he bought it from you, Margolius," Feigenbaum continued, "which the precisely same thing I got it down on Division Street at a dollar less apiece from a feller what never was inside of so much as a moving pictures, with or without a customer, Margolius, and so he don't got to add the tickets to the price of the garments."

Philip washed down a tart rejoinder with a huge gulp.

"Not that I don't go to theayter once in a while," Feigenbaum went on; "but when I go I pay for it myself."

Philip nodded.

"Supposing I should tell you, Mr. Feigenbaum," he said, "that I didn't want to sell you no goods."

"Well, if you didn't want to sell me no goods," Feigenbaum replied with a twinkle in his eye, "the best thing to do would be to take me to a show, because then I sure wouldn't buy no goods from you."

"All right," Philip replied; "come and take dinner with me and we'll go and see the Lily of Constantinople."

"I wouldn't take dinner with you because I got to see a feller on East Broadway at six o'clock," Feigenbaum said; "but if you are willing I will meet you in front of the Casino at eight o'clock."

"Sure I'm willing," Philip said; "otherwise, I wouldn't of asked you."

"All right," Feigenbaum said, rising from his chair. "Eight o'clock, look for me in front of the Casino."

"I Hiked Over to Jersey City and, Sure Enough, I Spotted You"

At seven o'clock Philip alighted from a Forty-second Street car. He strode into a fashionable hotel and handed ten dollars to the clerk in the theater-ticket office.

"Give me four orchestra seats for the Casino for tonight," he said.

Thence he proceeded to the grillroom and consumed a tenderloin steak, hashed-brown potatoes, a mixed salad, pastry and coffee, and washed down the whole with a pint of ebullient refreshment.

Finally, he lit a fine cigar and paid the check, after which he took a small morocco-bound book from his waistcoat pocket. He turned to the last page of a series headed, "Schindler & Baum, Expense Account," and made the following entry:

"To entertainment of Henry Feigenbaum, $15.00."

IV

THE acquaintance of Henry Feigenbaum with Miss Fannie Goldblatt could hardly be called love at first sight.

"Mr. Feigenbaum," Philip said when they all met in front of the Casino, "this is a friend of mine by the name Miss Fannie Goldblatt; also, her sister Birdie."

The two ladies bowed, but Feigenbaum only blinked at them with unaffected astonishment.

"All right," he stammered at last. "All right, Margolius. Let's go inside."

During the short period before the rising of the curtain Birdie and Philip conversed in undertones, while Fannie did her best to interest her companion.

"Ain't it a pretty theayter?" she said by way of prelude.

Feigenbaum glanced around him and grunted: "Huh, huh!"

"You're in the same line as Mr. Margolius, ain't you?" Fannie continued

"Cloaks and suits, retail," Feigenbaum replied. "I got six stores in the northern-tier counties of Pennsylvania."

"Then you don't live in New York?" Fannie hazarded.

"No, I live in Pennsylvania," said Feigenbaum. "But I used to live in New York when I was a young feller."

"Why, you're a young feller yet," Fannie suggested coyly.

"Me, I ain't so young no longer," Feigenbaum answered. "At my age I could have it already grandchildren old enough to bring in a couple dollars a week selling papers."

"I believe you should bring up children sensible, too," Miss Goldblatt agreed heartily. "If I had children I would teach 'em they should earn and save money young."

"So?" Feigenbaum said.

"Sure," Miss Goldblatt continued. "I always say that if you make children to be economical when they're young they're economical when they grow up. My poor mother, *selig*, always impressed it on me I should be economical, and so I am economical."

"Is that so?" Feigenbaum gasped. He felt that he was a drowning man and looked around him for floating straws.

"I ain't so helpless like some other ladies that I know," Miss Goldblatt went on. "My poor mother, *selig*, was a good housekeeper, and she taught me everything what she knew. She used to say: 'The feller what gets my Fannie won't never die of the indigestion.'"

Feigenbaum nodded gloomily.

"Did you ever suffer from stummick trouble, Mr. Feigenbaum?" she asked.

The composer of the Lily of Constantinople came to Feigenbaum's assistance by scoring the opening measure of the overture for brass and woodwind with heavy passages for the *cassa grande* and cymbals, and when the uproar gave way to a simple rendition of the song hit of the show, My Bosphorus Queen, Fannie surrendered herself to the spell of its marked rhythm and forgot to press Feigenbaum for an answer.

During the entire first act Feigenbaum fixed his eyes on the stage, and as soon as the curtain fell for the first *entr'acte* he uttered no word of apology, but made a hurried exit to the smoking-room. There Philip found him a moment later.

"Well, Feigenbaum," Philip cried, "how do you like the show?"

"The show is all right, Margolius," Feigenbaum replied, "but the next time you are going to steer me up against something like that Miss Fannie Goldblatt, Margolius, let me know. That's all."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" Philip asked.

"There's nothing the matter with her," Feigenbaum said, "only, she reminds me of a feller what used to work by me up in Sylvania by the name Pincus Lurie. I had to get rid of him because trade fell off on account the children complained he made it snoots at 'em to scare 'em. He didn't make it snoots, Margolius; that was his natural face what he got it, the same like Miss Goldblatt."

"You don't know that girl, Feigenbaum," Philip replied. "That girl's got a heart. Oi! what a heart that girl got—like a watermelon."

"I know, Margolius," Feigenbaum replied; "but she also got it a mustache like a dago. Why don't she shave herself, Margolius?"

"Why don't you ask her yourself?" Philip said coldly.

"I don't know her good enough yet," Feigenbaum retorted, "and how it looks now I ain't never going to."

But the way to Feigenbaum's heart lay through his stomach just as accurately as it avoided his pocketbook, so that when Miss Fannie Goldblatt suggested, after the final curtain, that they all go up to One Hundred and Eighteenth Street and have a supper at home instead of at a restaurant, she made a dent in Feigenbaum's affections.

"Looky here, Birdie," Philip whispered, "how about the old man?"

"Don't you worry about him," she said. "He went to Brownsville to play auction pinocle, and I bet yer he don't get home till five o'clock."

Half an hour afterward they sat around the dining-room table and Fannie helped Feigenbaum to a piece of *gefullte Fische*, a delicacy which never appears on the menus of rural hotels in Pennsylvania. At the first mouthful Feigenbaum looked at Fannie Goldblatt, and while, to be sure, she did have some hair on her upper lip, it was only a slight down which at the second mouthful became still slighter. Indeed, after the third slice of fish Feigenbaum was ready to declare it to be a most becoming down, very bewitching and Spanish in appearance.

Following the *gefullte Fische* came a species of *tripe farcie*, the whole being washed down with coffee and topped off with delicious cake—cake which could be adequately described only by kissing the tips of one's fingers.

"After all, Margolius," Feigenbaum commented as he lit an all-tobacco cigarette on their way down the front stoop of the Goldblatt residence—"after all, she ain't such a bad-looking woman. I seen it lots worser, Margolius."

"That's nothing what we got it this evening," Philip said as they started off for the subway; "you should taste it the *Kreploch* what that girl makes it."

"I'm going to," Feigenbaum said; "they asked me I should come to dinner tomorrow night."

But Philip knew from his own experience that the glamour engendered of Fannie's *gefullte Fische* would soon be dispelled, and then Henry Feigenbaum would hie him to the northern-tier counties of Pennsylvania, leaving Philip's love affair in worse condition than before.

"I got to cinch it," he murmured to himself as he went downtown next morning, "before that one-eyed feller skips out on me."

As soon as he reached Schindler & Baum's office he rang up the Goldblatt house, assuming for that purpose a high tenor voice lest Goldblatt himself answer the 'phone; but again fortune favored him, and it was Birdie who responded.

"Birdie," he said, "do me the favor and come to lunch with me at the Park Row Building."

"Why so far downtown?" Birdie asked.

"Reasons I got it," Philip replied. "Come at twelve o'clock at the Park Row Building, sure."

Thus it happened at quarter past twelve Philip and Birdie sat at a table in the Park Row Building in such earnest conversation that a tureenful of soup remained unserved before them at a temperature of seventy degrees.

"An engagement party ain't nothing to me," Philip cried. "What do I care for such things?"

"But it's something to me, Philip," Birdie declared. "Think of the presents, Philip."

"Presents!" Philip repeated. "What for presents would we get it? Bargains in cut glass what would make our flat look like a five-and-ten-cent store."

"But Popper would be crazy if I did a thing like that," Birdie protested. "And, besides, I ain't got no clothes."

"Why, you look like a—like a—now—queen," Philip exclaimed. "And, anyhow, what would you want new clothes for when you got this?"

He dug his hand into his trousers pocket and produced a ring containing a solitaire diamond as big as a hazelnut.

"I took a chance on the size already," he said, "but I bet yer it will fit like it was tailor-made."

He seized her left hand in both of his and passed the ring on to the third finger, while Birdie's cheeks were aglow and her eyes rivaled the brilliancy of the ring itself.

"But ——" she began.

"But nothing," Philip interrupted. He rose from his seat and helped Birdie on with her coat. "Waiter," he called, "we come right back here. We are just going over to Jersey for a couple of hours."

He pressed a bill into the waiter's hand.

"Send that soup to the kitchen," he said, "and tell 'em to serve it hot when we come back."

Two hours later they reappeared at the same table, and the grinning waiter immediately went off to the kitchen. When he returned he bore a glass bowl containing a napkin elaborately folded in the shape of a flower, and inside the napkin was a little heap of rice.

V

THERE was something about Mr. Elkan Goldblatt's face that would make the most hardy real-estater pause before entering into a business deal with him. He had an eye like a poll-parrot with its concomitant beak, and his closely-cropped beard and mustache accentuated rather than mollified his harsh appearance.

Would Not Have Missed a Word of It for All the Telephones in the World

"Such fellers I wouldn't have no more mercy on than a dawg," he said to his attorney, Eleazer Levy. "Oncet already I practically kicked him out from my house, and then he's got the nerve to come back, and two weeks ago he brings yet a feller with him and makes bluffs that the feller wants to marry my daughter Fannie."

"He was just trying to get you to extend those second mortgages, I suppose," Levy said.

"Sure he was, because this here feller—a homely-looking feller with one eye, mind you—says he got to go back to Pennsylvania where his stores is, and we ain't seen nor heard a word from him since," Goldblatt concluded. "And him eating two meals a day by us for ten days yet!"

Eleazer Levy clucked with his tongue in sympathy.

"But, anyhow, now I want we should go right straight ahead and foreclose on Margolius," Goldblatt continued. "Don't lose no time, Levy, and get out the papers today. How long would it be before we can sell the property?"

"Six weeks," said Levy, "if I serve the summons tomorrow. I put in a search some days ago, and the feller ain't got a judgment against him."

"So much the better," Goldblatt commented. "The property won't bring the amount of the first mortgage and I suppose I got to buy it in. Then I will get deficiency judgments against that feller, and I'll make him sorry he ever tried any monkey business with me and my daughters. Why, that feller actually turned my own children against me, Levy."

"Is that so?" Levy murmured

"My Birdie abused me, I assure you, like I was a pickpocket when I says I would foreclose on him," Goldblatt replied. "And even my Fannie, although she is all broke up about that one-eyed feller, she says I should give the young feller a show. What d'ye think of that, hey?"

"Terrible!" Levy replied. "A feller like that deserves all he gets, and you can bet yer sweet life he won't have any let-up from me, Mr. Goldblatt."

Levy was as good as his word, for that very afternoon he filed a notice of pendency of action against the Heidenfeld Avenue property, and the next morning, as Philip left his house, a clerk from Levy's office served him with four copies of the summons and complaint in the foreclosure suit of Goldblatt vs. Margolius, actions numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. But Philip stuffed them into his pocket unread; he had other and more poignant woes than foreclosure suits. Only ten days wed, and he was denied even the sight of his wife longer than five minutes; for she was not endangering future prospects in favor of present happiness.

"We could, anyway, get the furniture out of him," she argued when she saw Philip that day, "and, maybe, a couple of thousand dollars."

"I don't care a pinch of snuff for his furniture," Philip cried. "I will buy the furniture myself."

"But I can't leave Fannie just now," she declared; "she's all broke up about that feller."

"What about me?" Philip protested. "Ain't I broke up, too?"

"So long you waited, you could wait yet longer," she replied; "but poor Fannie, you got no idea how that girl takes on."

"She shouldn't worry," Philip cried. "I promised I would fix her up, and I will fix her up."

Daily the same scene was enacted at the Goldblatt residence on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, and daily Birdie refused to forsake her sister, until six weeks had elapsed.

"But, Birdie," Philip announced for the hundredth time, "so sure as you stand there I couldn't keep this up no longer. I will either go crazy or either I will jump in the river."

Birdie patted him on the back.

"Don't think about it," she said. "Take your mind off it. Today your property gets sold and Popper says he will be down at the salesroom at twelve o'clock."

"Let 'em sell it," Philip cried; "I don't care."

He turned away after a hurried embrace, and was proceeding down Lenox Avenue toward the subway when Marks Henochstein, the real-estate broker, encountered him. Marks clutched him by the shoulder.

"Well, Philip," Henochstein cried, "you are in luck at last."

"In luck!" Philip exclaimed bitterly. "A dawg shouldn't have the luck what I got it."

"Well, if you don't call it lucky," Henochstein continued, "what would you call it lucky?"

"Excuse me, Henochstein," said Philip; "I ain't good at guessing puzzles. What am I lucky for?"

"Why, ain't you heard it yet?"

"I ain't heard nothing," Philip replied. "Do me the favor and don't keep me on suspension."

"Why, the city is going to widen Two Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street in front of them houses of yours, and you will get damages. Oi! what damages you will get!"

Philip stared blankly at his informant for one hesitating moment; then he dashed off for the nearest subway station.

Half an hour later he sat in the office of Henry D. Feldman and gasped out his story.

"In three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Feldman," he cried, "that property will be sold, and, if it is, the feller what buys it will get damages for the street opening and I will get nix."

"This is a fine time to tell me about it, Margolius," Feldman said. "You came in here six weeks ago and asked me to help you out, and I haven't seen you since. The time to do something was six weeks ago. Why didn't you come back to see me before the suit was started?"

"Because I was busy, Mr. Feldman," Margolius

(Continued on Page 29)

"Did You Ever Suffer From Stummuck Trouble, Mr. Feigenbaum?" She Asked

WHITE MAGIC

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

V

AT A QUARTER past eight the following night Roger drove up to the vast entrance to Red Hill in the buggy he had hired from Burke, the Deer Spring liveryman. Five lackeys in gorgeous livery, with powdered hair and white silk stockings—five strapping fellows with the dumb faces and the stalwart figures the rich select as menial showpieces—appeared in the huge doorway. Three of them advanced to assist Roger. A fourth disappeared—to telephone the stables about this unexpected, humble equipage. The fifth stood upon the threshold, ready to take the hat and coat of the evening's one guest from without. The moon was high, almost directly above the towers of the great, gray château. By the soft, abundant light Roger surveyed the splendid, broad terraces that broke the long and steep descent to Lake Wauchong; the enormous panorama of untouched wilderness covering little mountain, big hill and valley far as the eye could reach—all of it the property of Daniel Richmond Nearer, in the immediate neighborhood of the house were the elaborations of the skilled landscape gardener. It was indeed a scene of beauty—beauty as well as magnificence—an interesting exhibit of the grandiose style of living wherein the rich sacrifice practically all the joys of life and most of its comforts for the sake of tickling their own vanity and stimulating the envy of their fellow-beings.

As Roger advanced into the lofty, gloomily-paneled entrance hall—its carvings had cost a fortune—he drew off his overcoat, disclosing evening dress that would have passed muster on a figure far less in need of ornamentation than his massive yet admirably-proportioned frame with its climax of godlike head. And the most impressive feature of that head was the frank simplicity of the expression of the face—that expression which marks the man who is something and lifts him high above the flocks and herds of men who are trying—not too successfully—to seem to be something. The modern evening dress for men is one of the few conventions—perhaps the only one—not designed to bolster up insignificance by reducing all to the same level of smooth elegance. It is one of the curiosities of the history of manners how such a blunder came to be firmly established as a propriety. In evening dress, as in no other kind of costume or lack of costume, the personality, the individuality, of the wearer obtrudes itself to every eye. At a glance one may classify any number of men by their qualities and quantities of head and heart. Beatrice Richmond, coming along the corridor leading into the entrance hall from the east, stopped short at sight of her artist.

She herself, in an evening gown of pale silver, with lovely shoulders bare and graceful head looking exquisite under its crown of simply-arranged yellow hair, was quite a different person from the rather hoydenish elf of wood and stream whom Roger had been painting. But she had lost, instead of gaining, in the transformation. She was more beautiful, but much less fascinating. She had been leveled down toward the conventional. She merely looked what the newspapers call "a beautiful young society girl." Roger, on the other hand, had gained. He was retaining all his charm of the large, the free, the sincere, the natural; he now had in addition a certain refinement that yet had nothing of conventionality's cheapness. It was somewhat like the difference between a thoroughbred uncurried and curried. His natural proportions showed to better advantage in this sleekness than they had in the rough.

"What's the matter?" demanded Roger, as he took her hand. "Am I late, or is it the wrong evening?"

"Neither," she assured him, and it delighted her to note that he did not dream of taking to himself her pale and trembling joy in his splendor of manhood. "Nothing much. Just—I was thinking this is the first time we've seen each other in civilized dress."

"Oh!" Roger evidently thought this not worth pursuing. "This is a wonderful place you've got here. It'd be hard to blame anybody for making any sort of sacrifice to keep it." He glanced round with the expression of a man used to such surroundings. In fact, there was nothing about him which in the remotest degree suggested the ill-at-easeness she had anticipated and had feared. She felt humbled. He was again—and where she had least expected it—rebuking her nervousness over and exaggeration of trifles. As they stood in the corridor, talking, she could discover not a trace of the awe she had confidently expected and hoped for. He treated her precisely as he had in the woods. But she was not discouraged. She felt that he must be deeply impressed, that he must be understanding now why she had taken the proposing upon herself—and must be appreciating what a fine thing that proposal was. He was concealing his feelings, reasoned she—was perhaps unconscious of them; later on they would show in results.

"I'll take you to mother," said she.

They turned in at one of the several doors, were facing a roomful of the sort of people one always finds in houses of that kind—carefully-dressed, carefully-patterned people, leading the monotonous life fashion imposes upon the upper class throughout the world. Beatrice looked round, then looked proudly up at the huge young man whose expression made him seem to tower and loom, even among those physically his equals. "Father isn't here," she explained. "He hates this sort of thing for himself, though he tolerates it for us."

Roger found himself being welcomed by a youngish, shrewd-looking woman with a cold, discontented face. Beatrice's mother was merely a type—one of the kind the development of great fortunes is turning out by the score in every city and large town from New York to San Francisco: an indefatigable and not unintelligent seeker after the correct aristocratic pose. She was in simple black velvet. Her graying hair made her too-sharp face softer and more youthful. Her figure was as slim and straight as her daughter's, though not without evidences of toil and corset-manipulation to give it that girlish appearance. Peter Vanderkief—Hanky—was beside her.

"So, you are really here?" she said cordially to Roger, as she gave him a warm handclasp and the smile of an old friend. "I can hardly believe my own eyes."

"Impossible to resist," said Roger. "It's indeed a pleasure to see you again. How d'ye do, Mr. Vanderkief?"

Vanderkief forced a smile to his lips and extended a tardy hand. But his brow remained sullen—not the sullenness of suspicion now, but of jealousy.

"How is the picture coming on?" asked Mrs. Richmond of Roger.

"Oh, you know how those things go with me," was Roger's subtly non-committal reply.

"I remember," laughed Mrs. Richmond. "You are the true artist. You're to take in Beatrice. She tells me you still have your old horror of strangers."

"Not horror—shyness," protested Roger, with no more shyness or suggestion of it than a well-brought-up child.

Then a small, slim, dark man—obviously a Continental foreigner—joined the group. In dress and bearing he was a most elegant-looking person—or, rather, personage. His fine, sensitive face was exceedingly handsome. "Ah, my dear Wade!" cried he, pronouncing the name as if it were spelled Vahd.

Roger's face lighted up. "D'Artois!" exclaimed he, and they shook hands with enthusiasm.

"How are you in this country without my hearing of it?" said Count d'Artois. "I'd not have believed one so famous could move about quietly."

Mrs. Richmond and Beatrice—and Hank—were intensely interested spectators and listeners. D'Artois turned to Mrs. Richmond. "Vahd must be extremely fond of you, that you are able to get him. In Paris they run after him in vain. He keeps himself hidden."

Mrs. Richmond smiled nervously. Peter stared despondently at the big man thus suddenly disclosed as a great man. As for Beatrice, her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed proudly. Roger's expression was good-natured tolerance, perhaps touched with annoyance. Dinner was announced and Beatrice took his arm. "I might have known!" she exclaimed, gazing up at him.

He reddened and frowned. "Known what?" said he.

"That you were famous."

"Trash!" observed Roger carelessly. "D'Artois is polite. Also, he is my friend."

"Oh, I know," said the girl. "At lunch he was talking about you—what a great painter you are—how rapidly you, though an American, were making yourself famous in Europe. We didn't dream he was talking of you. He pronounces your name so peculiarly."

"I'm enormously hungry," said Roger. "Where do these people come from? I had no idea this was such a fashionable neighborhood."

"Oh, they're all stopping in the house. Most of them came last night and today."

Roger ate and listened to the girl on his left—Alicia Kinnear, the tennis player. Mrs. Richmond had Count d'Artois on her right, and he talked steadily of "Vahd." She listened sourly and from time to time shot a glance down the table at him—the glance of the alarmed and angry mother of a rather unmanageable heiress. Peter—directly opposite Roger—was as silent as he, but instead of covering his silence with appreciation of the Richmond chef he stared at the lace insertion of the tablecloth and crumbled and messed his roll. Beatrice was the happiest of the thirty-two at that table. She was radiant, ecstatic.

"Aren't you going to say a single word to me?" she said to Roger when he had finished the game course. "You can't still be ravenously hungry."

"I've eaten too much," replied he. "I'm stupid."

"It really doesn't matter, as I'll see you tomorrow morning."

"I'm not working tomorrow. I've got to go to town."

"Then the day after?"

"I may stay in town several days."

Her expression was so hurt, so depressed, that he felt guilty, mean.

"It's terribly hard to be friends with you, isn't it?" said she.

"Because I refuse to spend my time idling about? You must choose your friends in your own class. No good ever comes of going out of it."

"I'm surprised at your talking about classes in this country."

"There are classes everywhere—and always will be. A class simply means a group of people of similar sympathies, tastes, habits and means."

"Means!" said she. "I was under the impression you despised money!"

"I?" He laughed. "No more than I despise food. Money is a kind of food. I want—and I try to get—all of it I need. My appetite is larger than some, smaller than others. I take—or try to take—in proportion to my appetite."

She nodded thoughtfully. It was in a queer, hesitating voice that she went on to ask: "And you really don't care to be rich?"

"No more than I want to be fat. And I want to be poor no more than I want to be emaciated."

Again she reflected. Suddenly she asked: "Do you like this house?"

"Certainly. It is beautiful of its kind."

"I mean, wouldn't you like to have such a house?"

"God forbid!" said he, and she knew he was speaking sincerely. "I've other things to do in my brief life than take care of property."

"But one can hire those things done."

"Yes, I suppose so," said he to close the subject; but unconsciously his glance traveled round the room, rested here and there for an instant on the evidences of slovenly housekeeping which always disfigure any great house for a critical observer. Her glance followed his.

Presently she colored, for she understood. "You are a terrible man," said she. "You see everything."

"I wish I did," replied he, not realizing what she had in mind. "Then I'd paint the picture I dream about."

"Do you like these people?" asked she.

"Certainly. They seem very nice. They're most attractive to look at."

"But you wouldn't be friends with them?"

"Couldn't be," said he. "We have too little in common."

"Don't you want *any* friends?" she said wistfully.

"I have friends. I shall have more. People of my own sort—people who can give me what I want and who want what I have to give."

"You despise us—don't you?" cried she.

"Haven't I told you," protested he, "that I don't despise anybody? Why should I think people despicable because they are different?"

"You'd despise my sister Rhoda, who married the Earl of Broadstairs for his title."

"Not at all. I approve of her for taking what she wanted. Why should she have been a hypocrite and married for love when she didn't want love, but splurge?"

"Do you know why I was so anxious to have you come here?"

"How you do jump about!" laughed he. "Well—why? To smooth down ——"

"No," she interrupted, coloring furiously. "I *must* be truthful with you. I wanted it because I thought you'd be impressed."

"And I am," he assured her, a friendly, amused smile in his eyes. "I had no idea you were such a grand person."

"Don't jeer at me," she pleaded. "I'm in earnest. It isn't fair to mock at any one who's in earnest—is it?"

"No. It's contemptible," said he. "But I understand you better than you understand yourself."

In defiance of conventionality she looked at him with eyes whose meaning no observer could have mistaken. He glanced hastily round. "Don't do silly, sensational things," said he. "You're making us both ridiculous."

"I don't in the least care," she declared.

He said sternly: "Now, my friend, I'm getting just a little tired of this. You've always had your own way. You are piqued because you can't make a fool of me. So, you are willing to go to any lengths. I understand you perfectly."

Her gaze was steady and earnest—not at all proper for a public place. "Do you think I'm simply coquetting? Don't you realize that I'm in earnest?"

"Perhaps you think you are," admitted he. "You're so wrought up by your game of make-believe that you have partly convinced yourself. Luckily, *I* remain cool."

"If I were a poor girl you wouldn't act like this!"

"How did I act when I thought you were a poor girl?"

That silenced her for the moment. He went on: "You and I are going to be as good friends as our separate lots permit. And you are going to marry in your own class—are going to do your duty. I'll admit I did think it strange that a girl like you should be deliberately marrying for money. But at that time I thought you were poor. Now that I have seen what your life is, I don't blame you. I can see how you simply couldn't give up all this magnificence that has become necessity to you. It'd be like asking me to give up my painting."

She looked at him with a puzzled expression. "But I'm not marrying to keep it. My father's much richer than Hank. Hank's not so very rich."

Over his dark features slowly crept a look like the fall of a winter evening. "Oh," said he coldly. "I thought —— No matter."

"What did you think?"

"Naturally, I assumed—from your saying so much about your duty—I assumed your father had lost, or was about to lose, his money."

"Mercy, no!" exclaimed she, brightening hopefully. "I meant my family—my social—duty."

His expression was quizzical. "To be sure—to be sure. I never thought of that."

"You see, we're newcomers among fashionable people, while the Vanderkiefs—they're right at the top of the heap."

He nodded smilingly. "Of course—of course. A very sensible marriage."

"But I'm not going to marry him," cried she. "I never intended to."

He forgot where he was for a moment in his astonishment. "Then why did you engage yourself to him?"

"It isn't that kind of engagement," she explained sweetly. "I did it because *you* acted so. But I was square with Peter. I warned him I didn't love him and couldn't. Our engagement is simply that he is having a chance to make me care for him if he can."

"You'll be married within six months," said he lightly; and he lifted a glass of champagne to his lips.

"Not to him," replied she. "If to anybody, to the man I love—the man who loves me."

Her words, so direct, and her tone, so simple, disconcerted him to such an extent that he choked upon the champagne. While he was still coughing Mrs. Richmond rose, and the men were left alone. Roger went with the first man who rejoined the women. He made straight for Mrs. Richmond, bade her good-night and got himself out of the house before Beatrice, hemmed in by several people, could extricate herself and intercept him.

He did the homeward drive slowly, preyed upon by swarms of disagreeable thoughts. His experience of women had taught him to be more than suspicious of any feminine show of enthusiasm for a man; women were too self-centered, too prudent by nature and training, to give themselves out freely, even when encouraged—unless there were some strong, sordid motive. In this case sordid motive simply could not be. Nor could he conceive any practical reason why Beatrice should pretend to care for him—any practical reason why she should wish to marry him. He felt like a fool—as a normal man not swollen with conceit is bound to feel in circumstances such as Beatrice had made for him. And what vanity she had!—to fancy herself so fascinating that it simply could not be that he did not love her. And how poor an opinion she had of him! How little respect for him!—to believe that his reason for hiding his love was awe of her wealth and social position. "What can I have said or done to give her such an impression of me?" He could recall nothing that might have been twisted by her into a suggestion of that sort. No, the mystery was without a clue. "Am I crazy, or is she?" he demanded of the moonlit night. . . . And when was this thing to stop? Could Fate have dealt more irritatingly with him? He had come back home to make the grand effort of his life—to concentrate his whole being, every power of mind and body, every thought and feeling, upon the realization of his lifelong dream. And here was this girl, a nice enough girl, no doubt, an unusually attractive girl, as girls go, but still a mere idle, time-wasting woman with no real seriousness—here she was, harassing him, retarding his work, distracting his thoughts, involving him with a lot of people who had neither importance nor interest for him. In spite of himself he was being dragged into her life, whirled about by her caprices. He felt not only like a fool, but like a weak fool. "And what the devil can I do about it? How can I be insulting to a sweet, friendly girl who doesn't realize what she's doing and has been so brought up that she can't be made to realize?"

The only hopeful course that suggested itself was flight. "Yes—if she keeps this up I'll have to take to my heels." There his sense of humor came to the rescue and he jeered at himself. "A delightful person I'm becoming!—discussing what to do to escape from a girl who is madly in love with me!"

. . . . . .

About the time that Burke, the liveryman, was once more in possession of his "rig," Beatrice, undressing for bed with the aid of her maid Valentine, received a peremptory summons from her mother by way of her mother's maid, Marthe.

Mrs. Richmond was established in splendor in five big rooms on the second floor of the east wing. She received her daughter in her office—a luxurious, library-like room with few signs that it was the seat of the administration of a household of forty-two servants. Indeed, Mrs. Richmond was little of an administrator. She nagged at and criticised Pinney, the superintendent, and Mrs. Lambert, the housekeeper. She picked flaws in accounts, usually in the wrong places. She delivered sharp talks on economy and extravagance. But things were run sloppily, as is bound to happen where the underlings learn that there is no such thing as justice, that criticism is as likely to fall upon good work as upon bad. The stealing and the waste grew apace; and though Richmond, each year, largely increased his wife's allowance for the maintenance of their various establishments she was never able to put by more than twenty-five thousand or thereabouts for her own secret, privy purse.

Yet she was a most industrious woman, up early, to bed late. How did she occupy her time? Chiefly in taking care of her person. She was not highly intelligent about this. She wasted a great deal of the time and the money she invested in the tragi-comic struggle for youth. Still, she got some results. Perhaps, however, most of her success in keeping down fat and wrinkles, and holding in her hair and her teeth in spite of self-indulgence as to both food and drink, was due to the superb constitution she had inherited. Mrs. Richmond came originally from Indiana; and out there they grow a variety of the human species comparable to an oak knot—tough of fiber beyond belief, capable of resisting both fire and steel, both food and drink.

There was small resemblance between mother and daughter save in the matter of figure. Beatrice's sweet and pretty face was an inheritance from the Richmonds, though not from her father direct. Her shrewdness and persistence were from her father direct. The older woman in the pale-blue dressing-gown looked up sharply as the younger, in pink and white, entered. But the sharp, angry glance wavered at sight of the resolute little face wearing an expression of faintly-amused indifference. She had long since taken her daughter's measure—and she knew that her daughter had taken hers.

"What did you send for me about?" Beatrice asked.

"You know very well."

"Chang?"

"Chang! What does *that* mean?"

"It's my pet name for my dear old friend Roger—Roger Wade. He calls me Rix. I call him Chang."

Mrs. Richmond seemed stupefied for the moment by this cool and candid shamelessness.

"I hate beating about the bush," pursued Beatrice. "So, I might as well tell you at the outset that I intend to marry him."

"Beatrice!" exclaimed her mother, electrified into panic.

"You know *me*, mother. You know I always do what I say I'll do. Didn't I cut off my hair close to my head when I was eight because you insisted on those foolish curls? Didn't I ——"

"You have always been obstinate and troublesome," interrupted her mother. "I've warned your father you would make a wreck of your life. But he wouldn't heed me."

"Father and I understand each other," said Beatrice.

"You think he will consent to your marrying that common, poor artist?" demanded her mother excitedly. "Well, for once you are mistaken. In some ways I know your father better than you do. And when it comes to any such insanity as that ——"

"Don't agitate yourself, mother."

"He'll cut you off if you do it. I shouldn't be surprised if he should turn against you as soon as he hears you have thought of such a thing."

Beatrice listened calmly. "That remains to be seen," said she.

"I think you've lost your mind, Beatrice," cried her mother, between railing and wailing.

"I think so, too," replied Beatrice, dreamy-eyed. "Yes, I'm sure I have."

"This isn't a bit like you."

"No, not a bit. I thought I was hard as—as you've brought me up to be. I thought I cared only for the material things."

"What is the matter with you?"

"I want *him*," said the girl, lips compressing resolutely. Presently she added, "And I'm going to get him—at any cost."

"Trapped by an adventurer! You!"

Beatrice laughed. "You ought to hear Chang on that subject."

Her mother started up. "You don't mean it's gone as far as that?"

"As what?"

"You haven't talked about such things to him?"

"Long ago," said the daughter coolly. "Long ago."

Mrs. Richmond, all a-quiver with fright and fury, moved toward the door. "I shall telephone for your father at once!"

"Do."

"We will have you put away somewhere."

"I'm of age."

Mrs. Richmond could not altogether conceal how this terse reminder had discomfited her. "Your father will know how to deal with this," said she, trying to cover the essential weakness of the remark by a savagely threatening tone.

"I hope so," said the girl, unmoved. "You see—the fact is—Chang has turned me down. I've got to get father to bring him round—someway."

Her mother, at the door into the anteroom where the telephones were, halted and whirled round. "What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"I asked Mr. Wade to marry me. He refused. He is still refusing."

Mrs. Richmond, hand on the knob, seemed to give careful thought to each of these three highly-significant little sentences. Her comment was even more compressed; she laughed harshly.

"I saw that he was an unusually clever, experienced man."

Beatrice looked quickly at her mother with shrewd, inquiring eyes. "You think he's afraid father will cut me off?"

"Of course that's it."

"I wonder?" said the girl thoughtfully. "I hope so—yet I'm afraid."

Mrs. Richmond's mouth dropped open and her eyes widened with horror. At last she said witheringly: "You—*hope*—so!"

Her mother sat down near the door. "You *know* so. I see you are more sensible than I thought. You know he's simply looking for money."

"You don't understand me at all, mother." Beatrice leaned toward her mother across the arm of the sofa. "Haven't you ever wanted anything—wanted it so intensely, so—so fiercely—that you would take it on any terms—would do anything to get it?"

"Beatrice—that is—shocking!" As the word shocking had lost its force in the general emancipation from the

narrow moralities that is part of fashionable life, Mrs. Richmond decided to bolster it up with something having real strength. "Also, it is ridiculous," she added.

"Father would understand," said the girl pensively "He has that sort of nature. I inherit it from him. You know, they've almost ruined and jailed him several times because he got one of those cravings that simply have to be satisfied "

No loyal wife could have taken a better air and tone than did Daniel Richmond's wife as she rebuked: "You are talking of your father, Beatrice!"

"Yes—and I love him—adore him—just because he does things. He's good—good as gold. But he isn't afraid to be bad. He doesn't hesitate to take what he wants because he hasn't the nerve "

"Your father has been lied about—maligned—enviously slandered by his enemies "

"Don't talk rot, mother," interrupted the girl. "You know him as well as I. You're afraid of him. I'm not. He knows he can rule you through your love of luxury -just as he makes Rhoda and her earl crawl and fawn and lick his boots—and the boys—even Conny, who's only fourteen. Oh, I don't blame him for making people cringe, when he can. I like to do that, myself."

The mother regarded this daughter, so mysterious to her, with mingled admiration and terror. "You are frightful frightful frightful!"

Beatrice seemed to accept this as a rare, agreeable compliment. "I've got the courage to say what I think. And —really, I'm not so frightful. I used to think I was. But"—she paused, laughed softly, a delightful change sweeping over her face—"just ask Chang!"

To Mrs. Richmond the words and the manner of them were like an impudent defiance. They drove her almost beside herself with alarm and anger "Your father'll soon bring you to terms! You'll see, miss! You'll see." And she nodded her head, laughing viciously, an insane glitter in her bright brown eyes. "Yes, you'll find out!"

Beatrice was not in the least impressed.

"All father can do is to cut me off. I've got five thousand a year in my own right—enough to keep body and soul together. So, he knows he's powerless with me."

"What a fool he was," cried her mother, "to give you that money."

"It isn't altogether the money," pursued Beatrice. "You've got nearly half a million put by out of the household allowances. And your jewels make as much more. Yet you're afraid of him "

Instead of becoming furious, Mrs. Richmond sank weakly back in her chair. "He's my husband," she said appealingly. "You don't understand how much that means—not yet."

Beatrice laughed softly. "No, but I'm beginning to," said she. However, she did not pursue that branch of the subject—did not force her mother into the corner of admission that the real source of Richmond's power over her was not wifely duty nor yet motherly feeling, but love of the vast and costly luxury that being Richmond's indulged wife got for her. All the girl wished to accomplish was to reduce her mother to that pliable state of mind in which she would cease to be the active enemy of her projects. Mrs. Richmond was now down to that meek weakness; through the rest of their talk her manner toward her daughter was friendly, sisterly, remonstrant rather than denunciatory

"You will never get father to consent—never!"

"That's the least of my troubles," said Beatrice confidently. "The only question is: How could he help me to bring over Roger?"

"How can you be so silly, child!" exclaimed the mother. "That fellow would jump at you just as soon as he found your father consenting." Mrs. Richmond smiled. "And when he did jump at you—— Oh, I know you so well! You'd laugh at him and turn your back on him then."

"I wonder," said Beatrice absently. "I wonder."

He Treated Her Precisely as He Had in the Woods

"I'm sure of it," cried her mother with energy.

"I—don't—know," replied the girl. "It isn't a bit like me to marry out of my own class. At first I laughed at myself for even imagining I'd really marry Chang. I was fascinated by him—everything he said and did—and the way he said or did it—the way his hair grew—the way his clothes fit—the way he blew smoke out of his mouth—the way he held his palette—and his long brushes —— You see, mother, I was infatuated with him. Isn't he *splendid* to look at?"

"He certainly is strikingly handsome," admitted Mrs. Richmond. "But hardly more so than Peter."

"Oh, mother!" laughed out Beatrice. "You are not that undiscriminating. There's all the difference between them that there is between—between a god and a mere mortal." Contrasting the two men seemed to fire the girl afresh. "Yes, I do want Chang," she cried. "I'd be so proud to have such a man to exhibit as my husband."

"But think, my dear! He's nobody!"

"You heard D'Artois ——"

"Yes—but if he were to try to marry D'Artois' sister —— '

"I know. I understand," said Beatrice impatiently. "I wish he were a *real* somebody. Still, he probably comes of as good a family as we do." She rose and faced her mother. "When I'm with him I'm ashamed of being so—so cheap. When I see him beside Peter I'd laugh at anybody who talked such snobbishness But —— Oh, I've been so rottenly brought up! No wonder he won't have me! If he knew me as I am he'd spurn me." Her expression softened to loving tenderness. "No, he wouldn't. He's big and broad. He'd understand and sympathize and try to help me to be worthy of him. And I will be!"

Her mother looked at her with the uncertain expression one sees on the faces of the deaf when they are trying to pretend to have heard and understood. "You're very queer, Beatrice," said she.

"Ain't I, though!" exclaimed the girl. "I guess you were right a while ago. I guess I'm crazy."

"Don't you think we'd better go abroad right away, instead of waiting till June?"

"I've thought of that. But the idea of getting out of reach of him sets me wild. I'd not be able to stand it to Sandy Hook. I'd spring overboard and swim back to see what he was about. . . . Were you ever in love, mother?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Richmond. "But I didn't fall in love with a nobody with nothing."

"Then you don't know what *love* is! Oh, it was delicious—caring about him—crazy about him—trembling all over if he spoke—shivering if he happened to look at me in that calm, big way of his—and that when I felt he might be little more than a tramp, for all I knew."

There was no sympathy in the mother's face, nothing but plain aversion and dismay. Yet she dared not speak her opinion. She knew Beatrice. "I'm afraid he's very artful, dear," she ventured to say. "He seems to understand exactly how to lead you on."

"I don't think so," replied Beatrice. "I may be wrong. I often doubt. I'm like father—very suspicious by nature. Of course, it's possible he is playing with me. If he is, why, it's the most daring, splendid game a man ever played, and he deserves to win. . . . No, mother. He's not playing with me. I tried to win him when he thought I was a poor nobody. It didn't go. Then I thought he was holding back because he was poor; and I tried to win him by showing him what he would be getting. I'm still trying that. But it doesn't seem to be working any better than the other."

"Beatrice, I'm amazed. What *must* he think of you?"

"Now, you know very well, mother, that a girl in my position has got to do the courting if the man's poor and has any self-respect. In fact, I've got a notion that the women, in any circumstances, do a great deal more courting than is generally supposed."

"I don't know how it is in this day," said her mother stiffly. "But in *my* day——"

(Continued on Page 33)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1909

The Gold-Brick Game Reversed

THE Department of Agriculture takes note of the interesting fact that selling gold bricks to farmers is a decaying industry, and the balance of trade between city and country in that line has been reversed. The farmer who would pay a hundred dollars cash to an engaging stranger for a warranty deed to the Flatiron Building has become so rare that it is not worth J. Rufus Wallingford's time to hunt for him. The suckers are more plentiful in the opposite direction—namely, among those to the Flatiron Building born. If you wish to swindle, nowadays, don't look for hayseeds, but insert in the Sunday edition of your favorite yellow newspaper something like this:

"Back to the Land! Raise Gooseberries! Gooseberries are sure to bring you a hundred dollars an acre, net, with only light, healthful labor. Choice gooseberry land, with the crop all ready to pick, may be had at ten dollars an acre, two dollars down, balance in a hundred years. Live close to Nature; avoid flats, street cars and taxes. Send your application with initial payment to Fake & Co., 18 Gull Street."

Vast tracts of bare sand; innumerable "choice locations" in the midst of marshes; lands incapable of producing anything except weeds and malaria are offered to the innocent city clerk who yearns for the simple life.

It is really crueler than the original gold-brick game, for it takes base advantage of a natural, wholesome and poetic desire. But out in the country the farmers can't help grinning a little over it.

The World's Tax Troubles

SIX leading European Governments and the United States spend about five thousand million dollars a year. More than a fourth of it goes for military purposes by land and sea. Except here and in England military service is universal and compulsory. Practically every adult male must give two or three years of his life to training for national defense. About three million men, in five nations, are thus withdrawn from productive occupations and supported by the remainder of the population.

Taxes are a fairly crucial subject among important countries all over the world. England's present throes over the budget—forced primarily by increased military expenditures—are simply typical. Germany's ministry, not long ago, was wrecked on the same rock. In Italy, France and Russia the problem is most troublesome. There is abroad the standing and very troublesome problem of unemployment; and of late money has been growing scarcer while interest rates rise, threatening some curtailment of industry. Meanwhile, the larger European Governments, except Great Britain, go on borrowing.

Everybody agrees that the situation is unpleasant; here and there it seems almost menacing. A few agree that the annual waste, among the Great Powers alone, of a billion and a half of dollars for ships, guns and powder, and the maintenance of three million men practically in idleness, cause a not inconsiderable part of the unpleasantness.

The Science of Numbers

CAN you tell offhand what these marks mean: MCMIX, CXLVI, CLIX, LXXVII? They are still used to a considerable extent for the ostensible purpose of conveying information. You will find them on public buildings and the title pages of some books. Hundreds of pages of the last census report are designated by them. Looking in the index for the item you want, you will find yourself referred to page CCCXXVII; then you will painfully thumb over one page after another until you come to that one.

The only reason we use them is that the Romans did, having no numbers. The same reason would be exactly as valid for going without trousers or window-panes.

If a man buys a piece of ground twenty rods long and twelve furlongs wide, at the rate of a hundred dollars an acre, can you tell how much it costs him? You cannot, because you do not know how many feet there are in a rod, in a furlong or an acre; and you don't wish to know. You have no more use for that knowledge than for knowing how many gills there are in a gallon, or how many grains in a scruple, or how to find the contents of a cone.

Your small son must know all those things, however, and many others like them, of not the slightest use or interest to him. He is taught his arithmetic that way. Whether this is because the ancient Britons taught it that way, or only the Normans, we have forgotten. Usually, to enter a college he must learn some Latin also—not enough to interest him or do him any particular good, but just enough to exercise him at intellectual stump pulling. The learned world seems to run considerably to stumps.

The Rule for Truth-Telling

A DISTINGUISHED British statesman, of the Liberal party, said in several speeches that if the Conservatives came into power they might repeal the act giving pensions to the aged. The Conservative leader publicly characterized this statement as a "frigid and calculated lie." In American statesmanship, not long since, the "shorter and uglier word" was employed with considerable freedom and denoted merely a passing annoyance; but in English politics such extreme language results only from the highest state of indignation. Mr. Balfour was furious because Mr. Ure imputed to the Conservatives an unpopular intention which they did not harbor.

Not long before that a still more distinguished statesman, Lord Rosebery, spoke upon Socialism, which he described as follows: "The end of all things, the negation of faith, family, property, the monarchy and the empire." So far as we have seen, no one has questioned his lordship's veracity on account of this statement. If he had said that the Liberals proposed to build fewer battleships Mr. Asquith would have pilloried him, and he would have lost his reputation. If he had said that the Socialists proposed to rob the banks it would have passed unnoticed as the permissible hyperbole of a public speaker.

The rule seems to be that your obligation to speak the truth about a political movement is in inverse ratio to the degree in which you differ from it.

One Kind of Prosperity

THE South African gold mines, which now produce nearly as much of the precious metal annually as the whole world produced fifteen years ago, have long been especially afflicted by labor troubles. The native Kafir labor is, of course, cheap; but it is of a rather undisciplined and "trifling" character. Several years ago, to relieve the mine owners of their burdens in this respect, the British Government authorized them to import many thousand Chinese coolies under conditions that savored disagreeably of chattel slavery. This authorization was so unpopular in England that it was revoked. All but about three thousand of the coolies have been sent home, leaving the mine owners again at the mercy of native labor.

In October, we read, the output of the mines fell off fourteen thousand ounces, owing to a shortage of labor, "which was due largely to the prosperity of the natives through the excellent harvest." "It is confidently asserted, however," the report gravely adds, "that with the passing of the inclement weather . . . and with the results of the harvest squandered, reducing many to a state of poverty, the position will gradually improve and the situation become normal."

Are there any others, besides British owners of South African gold mines, who adopt the view that a state of poverty for the many—insuring a cheap, tractable and abundant labor supply—really represents an improved and normal condition? We seem to remember, even in this country, hearing an increase in wages spoken of as though it were a public calamity.

Another Lost Customer

"OUR imports from Brazil exceed our exports to that country nearly four to one," writes a correspondent. "What is the matter with our trade to Brazil?"

The same thing that is the matter with our trade to all other countries. We bought from Brazil last year seventy-five million dollars' worth of goods, practically all coffee and crude rubber. We take, roughly, a third of Brazil's coffee crop and twenty to thirty million dollars' worth of rubber—her great trade staples. But we could sell her in 1908 only nineteen million dollars' worth of our goods, compared with thirteen millions ten years before. Much the largest item in our sales is illuminating and lubricating oil—about a fifth of the total. Next come wheat flour, lumber and rosin. A million and a half dollars' worth of electrical apparatus and machinery is much the biggest item among highly-finished products, although sewing machines amount to nearly half a million. Brazil buys thirteen to fourteen million dollars' worth of cotton goods—her largest importation of manufactures—but of such goods last year we sold her less than two hundred thousand dollars' worth. We buy twice as much from Brazil as England does, but England sells her twice as much as we do. Germany also beats us in sales to Brazil, though buying much less.

Consular reports say our merchants defeat themselves by refusing to give as long credit as their European rivals and by failing to study the especial needs and predilections of South American buyers. But what really defeats us is our high-tariff system. How can we expect to compete with anybody in a free market when our industries are organized on the theory that we can't compete with anybody, even at home? Some petroleum, wheat flour, electrical devices and sewing machines we can sell to Brazil—articles as to which we have a great advantage either because of our command of the raw material or because of our superior mechanical genius. But we are organized industrially on the principle that we can't get along without an advantage, and Brazil isn't going to tax England and Germany to foster us.

Where Our Money Goes

IF EVERY hundred dollars of property in the United States were made to pay about one dollar and seventy cents a year in taxes the revenue so derived would meet all expenses of government—Federal, state and local. There would be no need of customs duties or of internal revenue taxes to support the Federal Government or of the great sums which states and cities raise by license fees, franchise taxes and the like. This statement is based upon the latest figures of governmental disbursements supplied by the Statistical Bureau of the Treasury.

According to the same authority, each hundred dollars of property that is directly taxed at all pays two dollars and five cents a year, and that doesn't half meet the bills. It produces only seven hundred and twenty-five millions, while the governments—Federal, state and local—spend seventeen hundred millions. The farmer or small householder pays his two dollars and five cents on each hundred, and then has to chip in his share of the additional billion dollars—made up of customs duties, internal revenue taxes, license fees—which the governments spend.

Total cost of running the governments—Federal, state and local—amounts to about twenty dollars a head a year, or a hundred dollars for a family of five. A totally thriftless person may escape his share, and an exceedingly thrifty person may escape his. But we surmise that a great body of reasonably thrifty heads of families pay more than their share. Except as regards the tariff very little is heard of this subject in politics, and yet it is obviously a big subject. Said an experienced member of an Illinois taxing body the other day: "Under the laws now on our statute books it is absolutely impossible to make an equitable assessment."

Shall We Become Unmanly?

IT IS a bit disconcerting in this year of our Lord to notice the number of people who incline pretty strongly to Nietzsche's view that pity is the corroding vice that threatens to destroy the modern world. The season's fatalities on the football field, it it true, have brought vigorous protests from a number of college presidents; yet we hear that we mustn't go too far in the way of making the game safe. Some element of danger and a youthful corpse now and then tend to preserve the precious element of manliness.

Just how much manlier does it make a youth when he takes the risk of cracking somebody's ribs and having his own cracked in his pastime? Are the Spartan virtues so decadent that we need take special pains to cultivate them? Or are the virtues that we ought especially to cultivate of a different and less manly order? The matter-of-course way in which we accept ten thousand deaths yearly on railroads and the annual toll of killed and maimed in mines and mills rather suggests a firmness of mind that Lycurgus would not have found contemptible. News dispatches say that some clergymen of Cairo, Illinois, approved of the recent lynchings there—presumably as a salutary expression of Christian sentiment.

Are the teachings from which we date our calendar really rather dangerous to civilization—well enough as objects of speculative thinking, but essentially unmanly, and, therefore, to be brushed aside in the actual conduct of life? Where is the evidence to support a theory that the world is in danger of growing too soft? It seems to us that any impartial view will still discover grit in sufficiency.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Full-Dress Diplomacy

THEY have railed at us for years, those perfumed, powdered and pompous diplomatists of the Old World, railed at our shirt-sleeve diplomacy, our lack of polish and our excess of the plebeian, our crude, not to say crass, manner of conducting negotiations between nations, our rude and peevish statesmen who know nothing of the finer graces of the Great Game, but go after results with an axe.

They have stood and regarded us through monocles, eyeglasses, glass eyes—in the case of some of the more battered ambassadors—and, at times, lorgnettes, and have said: "How very coarse these Americans are. They apparently know and appreciate nothing of those cultured qualities that go to make up that indefinable something called distinction in the *pourparlers* between the older countries where the higher civilization obtains."

Now, that has made us sore; but it has been impossible to do anything so long as Presidents want Senators to do things for them, and Senators have rough-necked and robust young patriots on their staffs who desire to be diplomatists and, at the same time, can influence a few legislators, in case said Senators should need to be reëlected. You see, the Senators put the rough-necks over on the President, and the President puts them over on the diplomatic corps, and the country at large gets the worst of it—in the eyes of the older and more effete nations with whom our diplomatists deal and to whom they are accredited.

We are held up to ridicule, not to say scorn. It happens almost every day. To be sure, we have been more refined of late; but when we had Gresham and Kenesaw Mountain Landis over in the State Department, for example, we got a shirt-sleeves reputation that remains. You may Hay, you may Root, you may Knox if you will, as the poet says, but the stigma of shirt-sleeves clings to us still. Hence, it has been high time that something was done, high time for a considerable period that we had at least one diplomatist who would enable any American citizen to hold up his head when percolating through the chancelleries of Europe and assert, proudly, that "whatever you gents may have in that line you have nothing on us, by heck!"

The question is here: Can the American Nation afford not to have diplomatists as nifty as the diplomatists of the Old World? Answer: It cannot. Of course, we cannot expect to grow as many of them, with our comparatively few years' experience, as they have grown over there; but I announce with much gratification that we have snared one who will take the blue ribbons for class, distinction, grace and correctness at any show of them that may be held. President Taft, aided and abetted ably by Secretary Knox, has laid one in.

Huntington Wilson! Does the name mean aught to you, Annabel? I trow not; but to us, to us who see him day by day, it means the emancipation from the yoke of that shirt-sleeves thing that has lain heavy upon us for so many years. Huntington Wilson! First Assistant Secretary of State, you know, our pride and joy, our earliest diplomatist to realize the real difference between a *pourparler* and a *lapsus linguæ*.

The Next Best Thing

WHEN Senator Knox decided to become Secretary of State, which was thirty seconds after Mr. Taft asked him, he formulated a plan for the future government of his department. He announced that it was his intention to have an Under Secretary of State, who should be a permanent addition to the department. The idea was that the Submerged Sec should do all the work for ten thousand dollars a year, thus leaving the Secretary of State free to discuss hefty Pennsylvania projects and play golf, as fancy dictated. He put the scheme up to Congress while he remained in that body, and Congress gave him the hoarse and heartless hoot. "Nay, nay, Phil, old top!" said Congress, "no under secretaries for this Government. We got rid of that sort of truck when we chased the English off our map some hundred and thirty or more years ago. You are not to be boss of the Foreign Office, you know, Philander, but Secretary of the State Department; and there is positively nothing doing in this undersecretary business."

Well, that riled Mr. Knox; but it was too English for Congress, and that settled it. However, he got his appropriation; and as it worked out, though he did not get his under secretary, he accumulated a First Assistant Secretary of State who takes tea every afternoon at a hawf awfter four; so, what's the odds? It's a ceremony of much moment, too. Of course, it doesn't last very long; but for the pleasant time when Huntington is eating his wafers and brewing his tea the clerks all become clerks and it really seems like dear old Downing Street. Thus is Mr. Knox partially avenged.

Since Huntington became First Assistant Secretary of State the proposition of seeing the said first assistant has become one of the tasks of magnitude.

But when you are admitted to the presence you are amply repaid. He is immaculate, is Wilson, immaculate, artistic, graceful, studiously repressed and refined. And he comes from Illinois.

Uncle Shelby Cullom found him and put him into the service. He was for several years at Tokio, acting as *chargé* between ambassadorships and adding to our Far Eastern policy that dainty touch needed with that artistic people, the Japanese. They brought him to Washington and made him Third Assistant Secretary of State. Then they started him off to Argentina as minister, but Mr. Knox recalled him when he found he wouldn't get his under secretary, and made him first assistant; and there he is today, adding that distinction that our State Department has so long needed.

He is serious, as serious as Chief Justice Fuller upholding the Constitution, and that is the most serious thing in the world. The weighty affairs of the State Department are upon him. He must not, to be sure he must not, allow our foreign relations to get without the purview of his gaze for half a minute, else we should go skittering to the bowwows in a jiffy. Billy, the Emp, will never catch him napping; nor will the Honorable Michael Mikado find him elsewhere than on guard.

Avaunt, you dudish diplomatists who have been fain—oh, very, very fain—to sneer at our shirt-sleeve diplomacy and make cutting remarks about the same. Back to your musty chancelleries! Away! Shirt-sleeve diplomacy? Not on your gold lace and decorations. Our diplomacy now is full evening dress. Why, Huntington Wilson never appeared anywhere in his shirt-sleeves in his life, not even when going to bed.

He Never Appeared Anywhere in His Shirt-sleeves in His Life

Coming and Going

SEATED at one end of the car was a traveler who had had several highballs. As the train left Wilmington the conductor came through on his way to the baggage car.

"Conductor," said the highball artist, "how far is it from Wilmington to Philadelphia?"

"Twenty-seven miles," said the conductor, going into the baggage car.

A few minutes later the conductor came out. As he passed the bibulous passenger, the passenger said: "Conductor, will you kindly tell me how far it is from Philadelphia to Wilmington?"

"Why, my friend," said the conductor, "I just told you it is twenty-seven miles from Wilmington to Philadelphia, and necessarily it is twenty-seven miles from Philadelphia to Wilmington."

"Not nesh-sharily; not nesh-sharily."

"Not necessarily? What do you mean?"

"Why, it's seven days from Christmas to New Year's, but it's much longer than that from New Year's to Christmas."

Left at the Post

JOHN E. WILKIE, chief of the Secret Service, was in New Orleans before President Taft got there, looking over the arrangements made for the reception of the President.

He attended a committee meeting. It was called for ten A. M. sharp. A creole, who was a member, came hurrying in all out of breath at ten minutes to eleven.

He took off his high hat, wiped his moist brow and said: "Gentlemen, I hope you excuse me. I would have been here at ten o'clock only I did not start."

Lincoln, Grant and Jimmie Hagan

IT IS contended by some experts that the speech delivered by a negro orator in the New York mayoralty campaign that ended recently, in what is known as the San Juan Hill district, was the best of the entire campaign. The orator was supporting Jimmie Hagan, Tammany's candidate for county clerk.

He said: "I dunno nothin' 'bout dis yere white-slave 'legation they's bringin' 'gainst our man fer mayah. I dunno nothin' 'bout it. I know sumpin 'bout black slaves, 'cause my gran'daddy wuz a slave. I suppose I ought to be a Republican, 'cause they tells us Mr. Linkum and Mr. Grant set all us black men free, but I ain't a Republican. I's a Democrat and I'll tell you why. When a pooh culled man is sick in baid, with no coal and nuffin t' eat in d' house, is it Mr. Linkum or Mr. Grant what sends in a li'l' coal, and some meat and braid and sich? Is it Mr. Linkum or Mr. Grant? No, suh! It's Jimmie Hagan."

Strong on Recollection

THE Senator was making a speech. After he had finished there was a reception at one of the hotels. A little man pushed eagerly forward.

"Hello, Senator!" he shouted.

"How do you do, sir?"

"Say, Senator, you remember me? I'm Jones—Jones, of Springfield, you know. I met you down there. Remember how full we got together?"

"I do not," replied the Senator icily.

They pushed Jones away, but soon he was back.

"Hello, Senator!" he shouted. "Don't you remember that time down in St. Louis we went out and made a night of it? Jones, of Springfield, you know."

They shoved Jones away again, and somebody standing near the Senator asked: "Who's your friend?"

"I don't know who he is, but he seems to be hell on reminiscences."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Herbert G. Squiers, our Minister to Panama, used to be a lieutenant in the army.

℄ Representative James Thomas McDermott, of Chicago, began life as a messenger boy.

℄ H. Pauleus Sannon, the new minister from Haiti to this country, wears a Vandyke beard.

℄ Brand Whitlock, twice mayor of Toledo, used to be a Chicago reporter, and a good one.

℄ Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, the great defender of the horse, has bought an automobile.

℄ Representative Sperry, of Connecticut, was a member of the convention that renominated Abraham Lincoln in 1864.

℄ Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, Illinois, former minister to Denmark and author of The Illini and other books, is probably the only man living who has attended every inauguration of a Republican President from Lincoln to Taft.

℄ Former Representative J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who was chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee for many years, and who had the finest set of paintbrush whiskers that ever came out of Wisconsin, has surprised and shocked everybody by shaving them off.

$25,000,000
For
Harbor Improvements

To render unassailable her position as the leading port on the Pacific Coast, Oakland has planned a number of Harbor Improvements which will involve an expenditure of fully $25,000,000.00 Of this amount over $2,000,000.00 is now being spent in enlarging and extending her wharves and docks. When these improvements are completed Oakland will have harbor facilities equal to any city in the land.

Marvelous Growth

Although we are all accustomed to stories of wonderful growth of urban populations, yet the figures of Oakland's progress are simply astonishing. From a population of 48,000 in 1890, it has grown till it now has over a quarter of a million people The assessed valuation of property in Oakland increased $39,000,000 in the last two years The total of the City Assessor's figures for 1909 is $106,-516,800.

Six millions of dollars were put into building operations last year, and this year's record bid fair to exceed those figures Bank deposits have risen to over $50,000,000. Post Office receipts, a sure index of growth, doubled in the last two years.

These figures give but a meager idea of the eager, pulsating, full-blooded growth of this wonder city of California, which has, in a few short years, emerged from the modest garb of a village to the full armored grandeur of a world city.

A Model Municipality

Answering the rapid growth of population, Oakland, some time ago established a system of parks and boulevards which would do credit to a city several times its present size There are twenty six parks within the city limits, one of them surrounding the shores of Lake Merritt, a beautiful salt water lake almost in the center of the city.

Oakland's public school system is maintained at a high state of educational efficiency, and its school buildings will compare favorably with those of any city in the Union.

Its large free Public Library, beautifully housed, with branches throughout the city, is an active agent in the educational system of the municipality.

Without waiting for fire to lay low its buildings to teach the necessity of adequate fire protection, Oakland has installed a high pressure salt water system, which forms an independent, effective fire fighting system This is in addition to the well organized regular fire department, with its splendid equipment of modern apparatus, which Oakland has always maintained

This secures for Oakland property owners a rate for insurance as low as can be written.

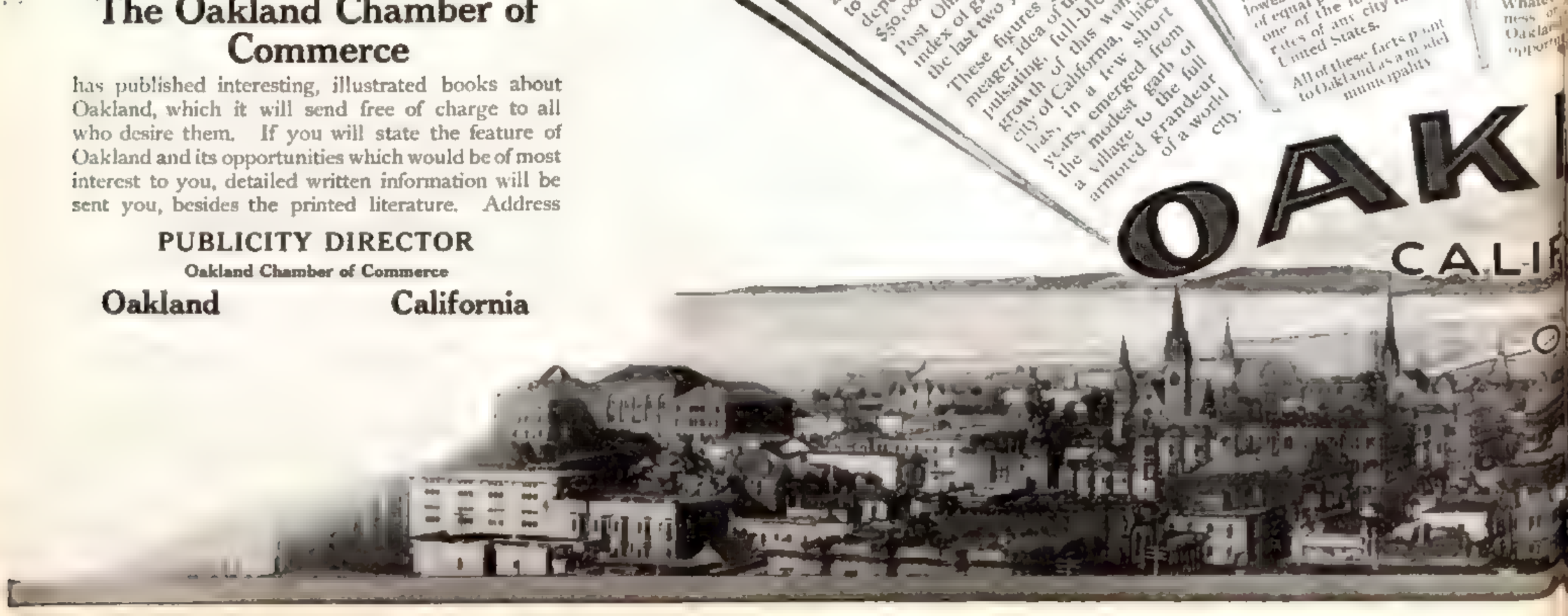
In spite of the vast expenditures being made for public works, Oakland has the lowest tax rate of any city of equal population, and one of the lowest tax rates of any city in the United States.

All of these facts point to Oakland as a model municipality

The Oakland Chamber of Commerce

has published interesting, illustrated books about Oakland, which it will send free of charge to all who desire them. If you will state the feature of Oakland and its opportunities which would be of most interest to you, detailed written information will be sent you, besides the printed literature. Address

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
Oakland Chamber of Commerce
Oakland California



$22,000,000
For
Better Transportation

The Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe, the Western Pacific and the Oakland, San Francisco and San Jose Railroads have planned vast improvements for their Oakland traffic and terminal facilities. Contracts amounting to $22,000,000 have been let for this work. The Oakland Traction Company operates one of the finest street car systems in the United States, and is extending its suburban lines many miles in all directions.

City
rtunity

rtunities in every line

nts of this city, dwarfed
eclipsed by the things
ause all the elements
his are here.

ntinental termi-
It has fifteen miles of
ntal side of the great
harbor where the
d can ride at ease

ne, a portion of
ree hundred acres
or the entire ship
Ocean. River and
ick, cheap trans-
Cities and many

portation facili-
many wholesale
cturing indus-
manufactured
amounted to
are still many
er docks avail

nificent retail
prosperous
There are
rchants in
use the sur
are mainly
the central

as active
e. Large
nproved,
invest

r busi-
pation,
city of
or you.

A Natural City Site

Nature intended the site of Oakland to be the location of a great city. It is a vast amphitheatre backed by protecting hills and descending, by scarcely perceptible grades, to the shore of the Bay of San Francisco, the greatest harbor of the Pacific Coast, through whose Golden Gate come ships from every clime.

Oakland is the natural market point for a vast region of the most fertile agricultural land in the whole of America.

But Oakland has not only the advantages of a rich tributary country, a natural site for a city and a world famous harbor, it is blessed with a most delightful climate, pronounced by the government weather bureau to be the most equable in a region noted for its mild, even climate.

The mild, balmy winters of Oakland attract many thousands from the blizzard-ridden areas of the North and East. But, know also, you dwellers of the East, Northand South, where the shelter of midsummer days is followed by fervid, nerve-sapping, sleepless nights, Oakland summer days are balmy and mild, and you will sleep under blankets at night even in July and August.

Every natural condition in Oakland points to the development of one of the world's great cities

An Ideal Home City

Oakland represents the highest type of an American community—it is essentially a city of homes.

Business men and mechanics, planners and workers—all have the home building spirit. Its spirit finds expression in a great number of most beautiful residences—it has also developed a distinctive style of home architecture: on the terraced hillsides of Oakland the bungalow type of home is seen in cozy perfection and in endless variety.

Roses and flowers bloom the year round. Tropical palms grow to great size and beauty.

In the residence districts the houses are mostly detached so that every home is flooded with sunshine.

Unsightly, unsanitary tenements are unknown in most large cities, so common in many.

Every denomination and creed is represented by active churches organizations in Oakland, many of them with beautiful edifices.

There are many great clubs with magnificent houses, which play an important part in various movements for public betterment.

But the home of Oakland are its chief charm and the stronghold of its prosperity

A Great Educational Center

Besides a public school system of the highest standing, Oakland has several colleges and many excellent technical, business and professional schools. One of its business colleges is acknowledged to be the largest and best equipped in the entire West.

Delightfully located in the foothills just outside the city is Mills College, the oldest and largest exclusively woman's college on the Pacific Coast.

At Berkeley, the northern suburb of Oakland, is the University of California, one of the foremost seats of learning in America. The University buildings are splendidly equipped; the campus is beautifully situated on the hills overlooking the Bay and the Golden Gate; the Greek Theater, a most unique open air auditorium, is one of the famous sights of the continent.

-AND

DRNIA

RANCISCO

AKLAND

6%
Texas Irrigation Bonds

$100—$500—$1000 6% Gold Bonds.
San Benito Land & Water Company
Rio Grande Valley, Texas.

We are offering our customers this issue of

$750,000—Netting 6%

Maturities $75,000 May 1, 1911 and 1912, and $100,000 yearly thereafter to and including 1917.

Interest is payable semi-annually in New York or St. Louis. Bonds can be registered as to ownership.

The security back of these bonds consists of first liens on lands sold to farmers, lands owned by the Company, irrigation plant, buildings, etc., affording bond holders

A Total Security of Over $2,000,000

or 2¾ times the amount of indebtedness 45,000 acres of land are irrigated by the Company's canals, over 90% by a gravity system. Perpetual water charges of from $4 to $10 per acre per annum will produce an income many times the fixed interest charges on bonded debt.

This project has been examined for us and approved by leading engineers of America, prominent irrigators and our own experienced force.

Legality approved by Hon. Chas. B. Wood, Chicago, and Gregory, Batts & Brooks of Austin.

The Rio Grande Valley is the Nile Country of America. Twelve months of growing season and the richest alluvial soil under irrigation produces enormous crops of sugar cane, corn, cotton, alfalfa, citrus fruits and midwinter vegetables.

Special circular, reports, photographs, legal opinions sent on request. Back of these bonds—our twenty years' experience—no losses.

Thirty issues of other good bonds, cities, towns, school districts and timber loans, netting 4% to 6%, for your selection.

Customers in 39 States buy of us. Address:

William R. Compton Company,
Merchants Laclede Building, Dept. P, St. Louis, Missouri.
Chicago Office, 205 LaSalle Street.

Your Copy of This Investment Authority Is Just Off the Press

You, as a conservative investor, will be interested in my new book "Investment Facts."

It gives the bald, uncolored facts about North Dakota and North Dakota Farm Mortgages.

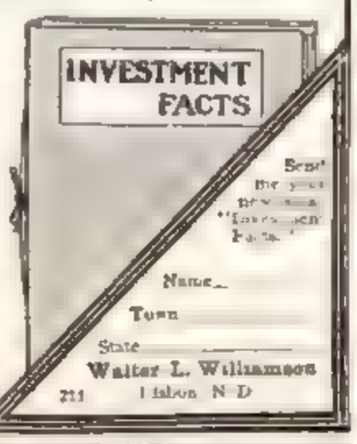
This type of investment is safe. Temporary depressions that so disastrously affect other securities only demonstrate the more forcibly that this is the best form of investment in the world.

Of the million and a half dollars that I have handled and invested in North Dakota Farm Mortgages not one single cent has been lost to investors.

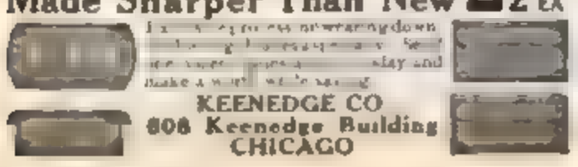
My book explains why Williamson's North Dakota Farm Mortgages yield an income almost twice that of investments of equal safety in the East.

I have had 27 years experience in the investment of bonds. I have made the study of securities my life work.

In my book I have endeavored to give my customers, present and prospective, the benefit of my study and experience. The book is free for the asking. I will be glad to send it to you. [6]



Safety Razor Blades 2½c Made Sharper Than New 2 EA



KEENEDGE CO
808 Keenedge Building
CHICAGO

YOUR SAVINGS

Pitfalls for House Buyers

NEARLY every man, especially one with a family, looks forward to the time when he can own his own home. To accomplish this frequently takes the savings of years. Therefore no other employment of savings is more important. Yet the path of the house buyer, whether he wants a home or an investment, is strewn with pitfalls. House buying is like horse buying in that the element of human nature enters largely into the transaction. A man may wait ten years before buying a house. Suddenly he sees one that he thinks is just what he has been looking for and, without investigation and for fear some one else will beat him to it, he buys overnight. When it is too late to change his mind he finds that the house is in bad condition and is incumbered with many charges that wipe out his little surplus or bankrupt him. Hence there are many precautions which, if observed before purchasing a house, will safeguard savings and make for good investment.

A house to be a good home or a safe or profitable investment must, first of all, be well built. In matters of building construction take nothing for granted. The average investor would not buy a bond without finding out all he could about the earning power and integrity of the company issuing it. A house involves a larger sum and a more searching investigation. Do not be satisfied with a friend's opinion but get expert advice. If the house buyer cannot afford to hire an architect let him get a builder or a carpenter and accompany him as he inspects the property. It takes an expert to find out if beams are the proper thickness, if good material has been used in building, and if foundations are adequate.

If the house is located in a municipality where there are building laws, great care should be taken to find out if these laws have been respected. The larger the city the more drastic the laws. Ignorance of these laws in New York City, for example, has caused thousands of house buyers to lose their property. Here is the way it works out: Under the New York law any house occupied by three families, no matter if each family numbers two or forty persons, is regarded as a tenement and becomes subject to the many restrictions of a tenement house. A barber on the East Side once saved up enough money to buy a little shop. There was a second story that he rented out to two families. As a matter of economy he thought he would sleep in the rear of his shop. The moment he did this his place became a tenement, and he was ordered to put up a fire escape and make many alterations, or turn out his tenants. Failure to do this meant a fine of $50 a day as long as the tenants remained. It took all his savings and all he could borrow on a mortgage to make the alterations. He was unable to carry the burden and the mortgage was foreclosed on him.

Unsuspected Complications

A woman bought a three-family house in Brooklyn. Despite the fact that it had been occupied for four years it was not until she had taken title to it that it was discovered by the authorities to be a tenement. She received a list of alterations a foot long. Some of them were very trivial but all were legal requirements. To make these changes she had to put a second mortgage at high interest rates on the property. These cases are cited to show that without proper investigation house buyers suddenly find themselves confronted with costly emergencies which they could easily have avoided. This has been especially true of citizens of foreign birth who buy a house for home and investment. Hence, no matter in what city you live, it is important to find out if the house you buy meets all legal restrictions.

It frequently happens that vacant lots adjoin the house you buy. Here is another source of possible danger or loss. Before buying it is best to find out whether there are any restrictions on the property and whether you are able to enforce them. The reason is quite obvious. If you should buy a home next to a vacant lot and a man should then buy this lot and build a stable, a shop or a cheap flat house on it the value of your home would at once depreciate. It sometimes happens, too, that while a lot may be restricted as to the character of the house to be built there is no bar on the way the house is to be erected. For example, if your house is fifteen feet back from the sidewalk your neighbor might build his home up against the sidewalk, thus cutting you off from light and making your residence less desirable in many ways. Therefore know every possible restriction on the vacant lots that are adjacent to your home. Rich people can afford to buy up unrestricted land and save themselves from having uncongenial neighbors. Not long ago Mr. George F. Baker, former president of the First National Bank in New York, paid nearly a million dollars for a corner site on Madison Avenue in the fashionable Murray Hill district to prevent an apartment house from going up. His house adjoined this lot, which had been sold unrestricted. Another case is that of a widow who bought a small two-family house in the Bronx. There were no restrictions on the adjoining property, and a man built a machine shop next door. The widow's tenants moved out and she was left without income.

If houses passed from one owner to another without incumbrance there would be less danger to the buyer. But many houses are mortgaged, and the purchaser in many cases assumes the mortgages. Many people accept these mortgages blindly and then reap a whirlwind of trouble, expense, and often loss. When you buy a house that is mortgaged it is necessary to find out who holds the mortgage or mortgages, when these come due, and what rate of interest is to be paid.

The Dummy Mortgage Fraud

The kind of person holding the mortgage is important. A savings bank or an institution is not likely to "call" a mortgage—that is, demand payment on maturity. On the other hand, an individual or an estate may need the money. The higher the rate of interest the more the property costs you. It is in the maturity of the mortgage that a large danger lies. Avoid mortgages that are liable to be called, because in this event you have to find a new lender and execute a new mortgage, which is sometimes expensive. This is especially true of a second mortgage, which has been the undoing of more than one incautious house buyer. The second mortgage should always mature before the first. If the first should mature ahead of the second the house owner often finds difficulty in replacing it. In many cases the second mortgage is held by an individual who is often a friend of the man selling the house. The seller says to the buyer: "The holder of the second mortgage is a friend of mine, is rich and won't need the money for a long time." It has almost invariably turned out that the "rich friend" always wants his money when the mortgage matures and this often embarrasses the house buyer. It is good to remember that a holder of a second mortgage can foreclose as easily as the holder of a first mortgage. His claim is, of course, subject to the claim of the first mortgage.

Some unscrupulous sellers of property have been known to execute fake second mortgages in order to put a fictitious value on their property. A man in New York owned a house worth $18,000. There was a first mortgage of $15,000 on it. He executed a dummy second mortgage for $5000. When he came to offer it for sale he said: "Why, this house is mortgaged for $20,000." As a result he got $22,000 for it.

There is another pitfall in house buying, more easily hidden than the details of mortgages, and it has caused endless loss and worry to buyers. It is the assessment for improvements such as sidewalks, sewers, gradings, curbing and asphalt paving. These public improvements are made at the expense of the property owners, but the delay in apportioning the cost causes many complications. You get some idea of what these improvements mean when you find that in one city, which may be taken as an example, lateral (branch) sewers cost $1.25 a foot; sidewalks approximate ten cents a square foot; asphalt paving is $2.50 a square foot.

Many people buy houses and then find costly arrears of assessments piled up against the property. They must pay these arrears or the property is sold under their

6% and Safety

in a First Mortgage bond issue of $350,000 secured by one of the most valuable and commercially important Natural Resources of this Country. The bonds are in $500 and $1,000 denominations and form an unusually desirable investment because

1. The security is conservatively [illegible] at $4,000,000.
2. [illegible] are issued under our [illegible] seven and a half year
3. The bonds are protected by a sinking fund which [illegible] the securities
4. The [illegible] ent of the property [illegible] of practical and successful men.
5. The earnings of the Company will amount to many [illegible] the annual [illegible] for both principal and interest.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
Established 1865
181 La Salle Street, Chicago

Write your name and address in the lower margin of this [illegible] out and mail it to us and we will send you our [illegible] describing these bonds.

The Gift of Thrift
The One Best Gift

5% FIRST MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE NOTES

$500 Denomination; maturities one to twenty years. Interest payable semi-annually.

Security in every case is of UNQUESTIONED character. All papers prepared by us. We collect all interest coupons and principal notes for purchasers of these securities free of charge.

Buy the boy or girl one for a Christmas Present, that will mature the year they become of age.

It will be a fine present, with twice yearly reminder to the recipient of your wise forethought.

Write us for circulars giving full details of Notes we are offering.

Capital and Surplus, - - $9,500,000

Mercantile Trust Co.
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

THE question with many investors who bought securities when prices were much lower is WHEN TO SELL AND WHAT TO DO WITH THE PROCEEDS.

The advice of experienced bankers should be of assistance. A conservative and comprehensive consideration of the general situation as it bears upon the price of securities is given each week in

THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW

which is published and mailed weekly, without charge, to investors interested, by

J. S. BACHE & CO.
(Members New York Stock Exchange)
Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York
Advice by correspondence to individual investors

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Municipal Bonds
Rank next to Government Bonds

Most Government Bonds pay less than 2%. Municipal Bonds pay 4½ to 6%. We will send you free our "Safe Investment" book a valuable guide to wise investment.

SPITZER & COMPANY,
Oldest Municipal Bond House west of N. Y.
1 Spitzer Bldg. Toledo, Ohio
1 Hanover Bank Bldg. New York City

SPITZER & CO. Bonds

19 Years in Business investing our Depositors' money in [illegible] Loans [illegible] Real Estate Mortgages on improved [illegible] Real Estate deposited with [illegible] Bank as Trustee, and [illegible] capital [illegible] owners and [illegible] Our Savings Department sells our [illegible] and pays interest [illegible] Write us for [illegible]

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

"MORSE" Twist Drills

Large and small from .0135 of an inch diameter to 6 inches. Made for all kinds of work that a twist drill can be used for. Either of carbon or high speed steel and in many styles.

Each process in the making of "MORSE" DRILLS is important in itself, and much depends upon the skill and care used in hardening and tempering. This we have acquired in nearly fifty years of experience.

Our facilities for making the *very best* Drills are the *very best*.

A Trial is the Best Proof

Other lines of our make are equally as good as "MORSE" DRILLS, viz: Reamers, Chucks, Cutters, Taps, Dies, etc., etc. These are fully illustrated in our catalogue, which with the Young Machinists' Practical Guide we would like to send you.

Morse Twist Drill & Machine Co.
New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A.

INVEST
YOUR SAVINGS
SAFELY

Put them where you are absolutely certain that your principal is safe, your interest sure, and your investment readily convertible into cash at any time. The safest of all known investments are

City, County and School Bonds
%—4—5—6—%

Sold for Cash or on Easy Monthly Payments

Whether you have large or small amounts to invest, write us. Booklet, etc., FREE.

THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Dept. H, Columbus, Ohio

Order Now the Best Xmas Gift
Shibboleth Neckwear

Our new style "Cambridge" (see cut); also our "Wisconsin," a reversible tie, wearable both sides, in numerous colors, either stripe or figured patterns.

$2.00 the Half Dozen Postpaid.
Each Half Dozen in Handsome Holiday Box.

Mention whether stripe or figure, color preference and if assortment of one or both shapes is desired. We know them to be 50c and 75c values because **we weave the silks on our own looms** and sell the ties direct from **weaver to wearer** under our binding guarantee. Money instantly refunded upon return of ties if you do not want them.

Shibboleth Silk Company
469 Broadway, New York

Send money order, check or two cent stamps for complete catalogue to select from.

5½% INVESTMENTS 6%

Invest your idle funds in our First Farm Mortgages which afford unsurpassed safety together with an income of 5½% and 6%. Our booklet "E" is free. Write for it.

E. J. LANDER & CO.
Grand Forks, N.D. Minneapolis, Minn.

Running Water for irrigating fields, for use in the house and at the barn, can be had at small expense by installing a **Niagara Hydraulic Ram**

Write for illustrated catalogue A D and estimate. We furnish Cadwell Tanks and Towers.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory: Chester Pa.

feet. Such hardship only results, however, when the house buyer has not taken the trouble to inquire about assessments before signing the contract for the house. A little investigation often saves a lot of money. Information about assessments may always be obtained from the assessor's office in the county or city where you live. When you make inquiry about improvements already made be sure to ask also about projected improvements. These will be a future charge on the property and it is good to know about them.

Here is one example of how unsuspecting house buyers assume unnecessary assessment burdens. A thrifty Jewish shopkeeper bought a modest two-family dwelling-house in Brownsville, the ghetto of Brooklyn, in 1904. In the autumn of the following year, when he went to pay his taxes, he found that in addition to the taxes he owed the city $262.30. When he asked what this charge was for he was told that it was the assessment with interest for paving the street in front of his house. It was the first that the man knew about his responsibility for the paving. The work had been done two years before. The man who sold him the house had told him nothing about it. Of course, the Hebrew had to pay, and it was a serious as well as unexpected drain on his savings.

Another item which often brings unnecessary expense upon the house buyer who makes no investigation is taxes. The laws governing taxes vary in different states. In New York, for example, if title to property is taken before the first Monday in October the buyer pays the taxes for the whole fiscal year preceding; if the title passes on or after the first Monday in October the seller pays the taxes. It is a very easy matter sometimes for a keen real-estate operator to arrange that the buyer shall take title before the end of the fiscal year. If the taxes in your state are not apportioned between buyer and seller, find out when taxes become a fixed charge on the property and arrange to take title to the property at such a time as will enable you to avoid paying taxes for the whole year.

Searching the Title

Nothing in the preliminary investigation in house buying is more important than the title, which is the claim to the property. Bad titles have caused house buyers more trouble than any other cause. The smaller the amount of savings involved, the greater should be the degree of care exercised in proving the title. Many persons make the mistake of trying to save money in "searching" titles. People of foreign birth go to notaries to have titles examined. They do so because in their native country the notary is an important person and knows all about public records. But in the United States few notaries have the resources or the machinery properly to investigate titles. This investigation should be made by title companies or expert lawyers trained for the task. Proper search for a title often means going back a hundred years to Government grants. A title company may charge for the work more than does a layman, but also it insures the title. The usual charge by the large companies is $40 for the first $2000 of value and $5 for each additional thousand dollars. Thus the cost of searching a title for a $5000 house would be $55.

Having taken all the precautions enumerated and having become satisfied that the title is clear, the buyer now comes to the contract, which closes the deal. After this is signed there can be no changing of mind. Therefore the contract should be explicit and state the terms of the transaction. The contract should be drawn by a man familiar with the real-estate business. It should recite all the details verbally agreed on by seller and buyer, describe all mortgages, agreements and restrictions. It must be remembered that the law takes nothing for granted; and unless the facts are set forth in the contract they are not legal nor binding.

If the house is not completed the plans and specifications should accompany the contract. In the opinion of experts it is an unwise step to buy an unfinished house, because contractors are liable to substitute cheaper material or change construction to suit themselves. As one old builder said: "I never saw plans or specifications that you couldn't drive a team of horses through."

The whole lesson in house buying, summed up in general terms, is: As in other kinds of investment make a careful expert investigation first and know just what you are buying before you pay over your money.

The Baldwin Piano

"One touch of genius makes the two arts kin"

In the tone of a great instrument the personality of the maker is present as vividly as the soul of Sorolla or Titian or John Sargent is present in a canvas.

It is this rare quality, allied with an independent command of material resources, that has gained for

The Baldwin Piano

the ear of the cultured public, the allegiance of the artist and *the greatest* of great awards.

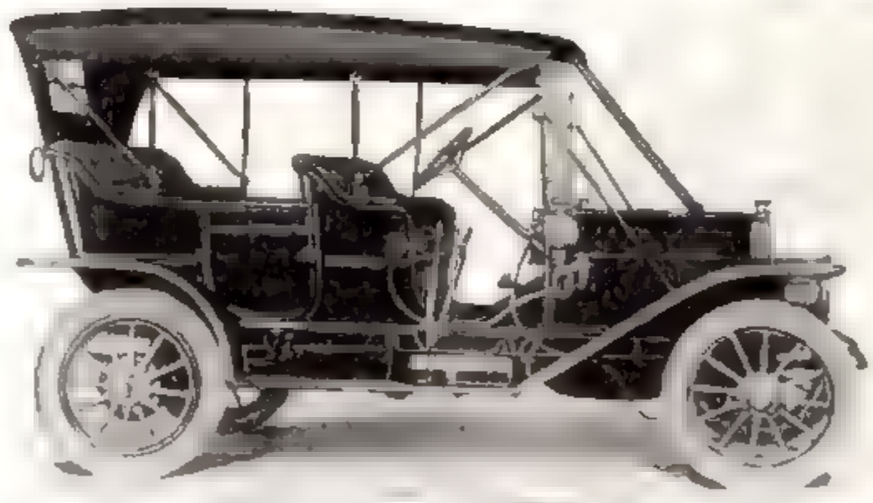
Of a de Pachmann interpretation of the Chopin Mazourkas on the Baldwin Piano Mr. Henry Krehbiel wrote—

"A tone that seems to overflow the keyboard; yet I have heard it sink to a whisper."

If YOU have not already heard the Baldwin Piano you may very conveniently do so. Baldwin salesrooms are in every American city of importance. A request to the nearest agent will bring the catalogue and full details.

Chicago, 202 Wabash Ave.
New York, 8 E. 34th Street
Indianapolis, 18 N. Penn'a Street
The Baldwin Company
142 W. 4th Street, CINCINNATI
Louisville, 425 S. Fourth Ave.
Boston, 40 Huntington Ave.
St. Louis, 1013 Olive Street
San Francisco, 310 Sutter Street
Denver, 1626 California St.

Compare the Inter-State with your present "Ideal" car



Inter-State "40" Touring Car, Model 30. 115" Wheelbase, 4½" x 5" Motor; U & H Imported High Tension Magneto. Double Ignition System; Multiple Disc Clutch of 63 tempered saw steel plates; Three-Quarter Elliptic Rear Springs; 34" x 4" Tires and many other high priced features. **Price $1750**

If you will compare the Inter-State side by side with the car that now appeals to you most, **irrespective of price,** we are content.

Compare the two, line for line, feature by feature, point by point. Then, by demonstration, compare power, speed, flexibility and control—note the comparative riding qualities of each.

Simply do this—and you will have **sold yourself** an Inter-State. The car is its own best salesman.

In Construction—we cannot see how the Inter-State could be improved. We use the same material used in cars selling at $3,000 to $5,000. We use the same automatic machines of precision—the parts are assembled by mechanics possessing equal skill.

In Performance—we still require to be shown that a car of equal power **at any price** can give more regular, even, consistent service, with less trouble and expense than the Inter-State.

In Durability—the Inter-State is in the high-priced class, because every feature used in such cars to reduce wear and keep down repairs and replacements is included in this car—at a reasonable price.

In Comfort—the Inter-State will prove a revelation to you. One demonstration will show you, and we will gladly abide by your decision.

There is a big opportunity for dealers now! Send for Catalog.

Tear Out This Reminder
The Inter-State Automobile Co., Muncie, Indiana
You may send me your new 1910 catalog
Name
(19) Address

INTER-STATE AUTOMOBILE CO., MUNCIE, IND.

Pergolas

walks, steps, curbs, chicken houses, cisterns, feeding floors, fence posts, watering troughs and all other home and farm improvements, will last longer, look better and better serve their purpose if made of concrete. Much of this work you can do yourself. Our free book

"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm"

tells how to mix the concrete, how to make the forms, in fact, how to do it all and get perfect results.

Send for it now and plan for Spring work. Experiment with concrete during the Winter and get fully acquainted with this easily handled, adaptable, durable, economical material.

Get acquainted also with

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

the brand that because of its purity, uniform quality and high binding power, insures successful concrete work. "Atlas" is the cement the Government is using in building the Panama Canal. It is none too good for you.

Some other books in the Atlas Concrete Library which will interest you are:

Concrete Houses & Cottages Vol. I, Large Houses	$1.00
Vol. II, Small Houses	1.00
Concrete in Highway Construction	1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction	
(every charger	.10
Concrete in Railroad Construction	1.00
Concrete Cottages	Free
Concrete Country Residences (out of print	2.00
Concrete Garages	Free

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
Dept. 62, 30 Broad St., New York
Largest Output of any Cement Company in the world—over 50,000 barrels per day

Oddities and Novelties

Our Unsteady Pole

IF THE man who discovered the North Pole were to try to find it again it is not likely that he would locate it exactly in the same spot. Absolute or even relative fixity of position is unknown in the universe, and the poles of the earth are no exceptions to the rule. Long ago it was suspected that minute changes of latitude were occurring. In other words, New York and Paris were varying in position. Only in recent years, however, has any definite proof of that supposition been forthcoming. When the announcement was first made by Doctor Küstner, of the Royal Observatory of Berlin, an international investigation was set on foot. We now know that the pole wobbles in a slight but perceptible way, that the wobbling is periodic, and that as a consequence the latitudes of places on one side of the earth are regularly increasing, while those on the opposite side are simultaneously diminishing.

A brilliant American astronomer, Dr. S. C. Chandler, made a special study of this motion of the pole. He collected an immense mass of evidence, involving the reduction of more than thirty-three thousand observations, which were made by nine different methods, and which comprised the work of seventeen Northern and Southern observatories for about one hundred and seventy-two years. He showed that the pole has two fluctuations, the one having a period of four hundred and twenty-seven days and the other a period of seven years, and that the variation in latitude of a given place amounts to about thirty or forty feet.

What's the practical good of the discovery? Simply this:

If the axis of the earth is executing small oscillations the liquid ocean should feel the wobble. The effect is a rise and fall of only a few inches, but still unmistakable evidence that the earth, so far from spinning smoothly, has that unbalanced vibration felt by passengers on an imperfectly engineered twin-screw steamer. Earthquakes are more numerous at the time when the vibration is greatest. The vibration waxes and wanes much as that of the steamer waxes and wanes if the twin screws are not running quite together. On the steamer breakages are more numerous during the times of vigorous oscillation. In a similar way the little cracks of the earth's skin, which we call great earthquakes, are more numerous when these unbalanced vibrations are at their maximum—that is to say, about once every seven years.

Hence it is rather interesting to note that the severe earthquakes of 1906 occurred soon after the time of maximum activity of the pole. Clearly, we are in a fair way toward establishing an earthquake-forecasting service—all because we discovered that the pole is wandering.

The Automobile and the Road

IT IS a curious fact that the more perfect our means of locomotion the more perfect must be the surface upon which our vehicles run. The invention of the wheel brought about an improvement in road building and the introduction of the steam locomotive rendered necessary a track of metal. If any further proof of the influence of new vehicles on roadbeds were required it would surely be found in the problems that the automobile has presented to the road engineer for solution; for the inability of our present roads to withstand the wear and tear of high-speed motor cars is a matter of some concern to our office of Public Roads.

In the movement to adapt nineteenth-century roads to twentieth-century vehicles France has taken a leading part. Her splendid roads, built at a cost of about six hundred and twenty-five million dollars, were suffering so markedly from the ravages of high-powered cars that an International Road Congress was called in 1908 to consider "the adaptation of roads to modern methods of locomotion." Thus an impetus was given to an investigation in which our own Government has latterly done no little creditable work.

The macadam road was designed for horse-drawn, iron-tired vehicles, with the idea that the crushed gravel and fine dust would filter down between the sharp-edged stones and would cement the whole mass together whenever moistened by rain. Automobile pneumatic tires exert no such crushing effect, because they move too fast and because rubber is not so hard as iron. Instead, they shear off the loose dust and fling it up into the air in great clouds. The road is soon stripped of its cementing material

Obviously, the automobile road must be constructed with a new kind of cementing material, something that will resist the tremendous shearing effect of a high-speed car. Highway engineers have made experiments with many widely-different binders. Among them are water, salt solutions, oil, tar, petroleum with an asphalt base, pitch, beet and cane sugar wastes and glue. Salt finds favor in some districts, because it is hygroscopic—that is, because it has the property of absorbing water, so that a road sprinkled with a salt solution will remain moist longer than if water alone had been used. But a salt solution is at best merely a temporary binder. Light oils and tars are better, because they retain their binding power longer. But when that binding power is destroyed another supply of oil must be poured upon the troubled road.

Heavy oils and tars give results of a still more lasting character. Molasses and sugar are also good, and roads on which they are employed are known among engineers as "candy roads."

The application of these cohesives is no easy task. A sprinkling cart filled with water answers well enough for the macadam road in times of drought, but a heavy oil or tar must evidently be applied by other means. The ingenuity that has been displayed in devising oiling and tarring machines would do credit to an Edison. Self-propelled tar heaters are employed in France and England which squirt the binder at high pressure on the road. Machines are also in use which mix the stones and binding material, so that each stone is covered with a thin, mucilaginous coating

Although something has been done toward providing a better road for the automobile much still remains to be done. Highway engineers are still in an early experimental stage. Perhaps another John L. Macadam may appear who will invent a really perfect automobile road. It is more likely, however, that the road, when it comes, will be the result of the thought and efforts of many men acting in concert rather than of any single man.

The Scientific Killing of Rats

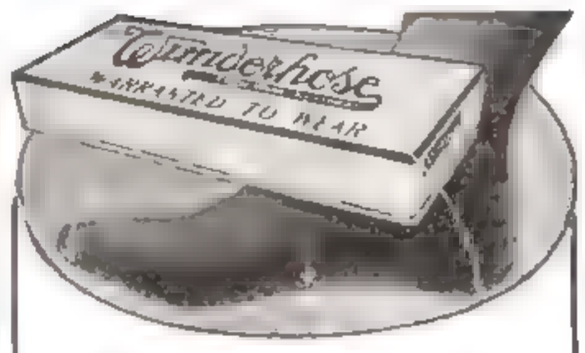
ABOUT two years ago the bacteriologists of the Pasteur Institute, of Paris, conceived the idea of killing rats by spreading among them a virulent disease. The idea was carried into execution by feeding the rats with attractive bait covered with bacteria harmless to man, but deadly to rodents. A single inoculated rat infected a whole colony, and thus a ship or stable was rid of its unwelcome guests in a very brief period.

To overcome whatever objections may be urged against this bacteriological annihilation of a formidable pest, a Viennese has devised a rat-electrocuting apparatus which he proudly exhibited a few weeks ago to a number of German delegates who had been commissioned to examine his electrical trap.

Practically utilizing the rat's natural inquisitiveness and its insatiable appetite, he has invented a trap which comprises a network of live wires and in which a small electric lamp or an appetizing morsel serves as bait. A too curious rat compasses his own death. As soon as his foot touches a wire he is lost.

The electrocuting trap is accommodatingly designed to dispose of any number of rats, so that it may be employed even in a rat-infested quarter. With characteristic thoroughness the inventor has equipped his death-dealing apparatus with electrical signals which announce the killing of a captive by means of an incandescent lamp or a bell.

Currents of such low tension are employed that human beings are not injured by accidental contact with this "live" electrical trap.



WUNDERHOSE FOR XMAS

Be practical—give **WUNDERHOSE** if you're intent on pleasing Mother—Father—Sister—Brother or Friend with appropriate Xmas gifts.

WUNDERHOSE solve the question of Children's stockings that *wear* and don't need darning. They will withstand the hardest service they are made of Wunderyarn, and fit, look and wear right.

WUNDERYARN is the toughest, lightest, finest yarn ever used, and is responsible for [illegible] **WUNDERHOSE**

MEN'S WUNDERHOSE four (4) pairs to the box, in black, tan, green, [illegible] blue, pearl and black with [illegible] absolutely without an equal at the price. $1.00 per box.

CHILDREN'S WUNDERHOSE, four (4) pairs to the box, in black or tan—four (4) months wear guarantee. The best Child's Stocking [illegible] and the first Child's Stocking [illegible] $1.00 per box.

WOMEN'S WUNDERHOSE, four (4) pairs to the box, in black or tan. Warranted to wear four (4) months without darning in toes, soles or heels. $1.00 per box.

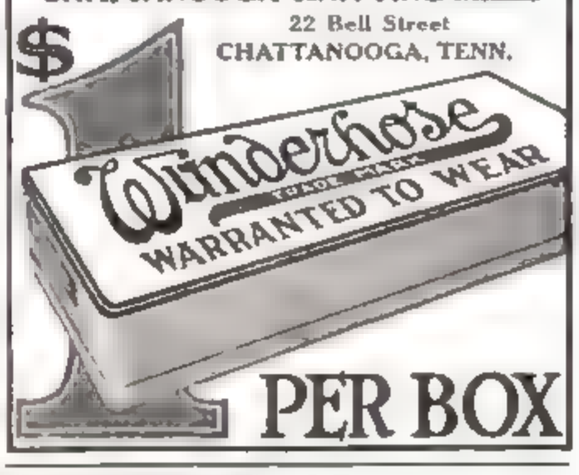
We warrant **WUNDERHOSE** to wear four months without need of darning in toe, sole or heel, or you receive **NEW STOCKINGS FREE!**

$1.00 invested in a box of **WUNDERHOSE** will guarantee four months' satisfactory service to each member of the family

If your dealer can't supply you—write us direct, stating size, style and color desired. You will be supplied. **WUNDERHOSE** the Family.

Free—**WONDER BOOK.** Send postal request to

CHATTANOOGA KNITTING MILLS
22 Bell Street
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



PER BOX

If You Are a Business Man

in a little town, a big town or a city, you are dissatisfied either with the quantity, quality or cost of the light you now have.

I can tell you how you can have more light, and better light, for less money than you are now paying.

Just tell me the dimensions of the premises you want to light, your requirements, and your business.

Address me personally—no obligation.

BONTE MARSHALL
1620 Montrose Blvd. CHICAGO

GRAB'S KEYLESS BASKET BANK FOR THE HOME
ENCOURAGES SAVING

It automatically registers the deposit of each coin. Capacity $30.00. Impossible to extract any money until $5.00 or a multiple thereof is [illegible] weight 14 ounces. Price $1.00 prepaid in U. S. Order today—money back if not satisfied. A Practical Xmas Gift.

[illegible] will interest you—Write

VICTOR M. GRAB & CO., 1186 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

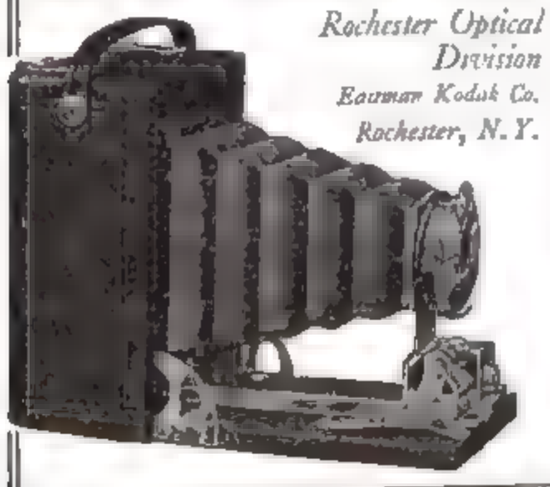
To You, the Undecided

That person whom you wish especially to please, that person whom you find it difficult to choose for, will be sure to appreciate a

Premoette

The lightest and most compact of cameras, it will get him pictures of everything he's interested in with practically no effort on his part. Two sizes: 2¼x3¼ and 2½x4¼. Prices, $5.00 to $10.00.

For a boy, a girl, a man or woman of any age, our booklet of Christmas suggestions and general catalogue will describe a gift that's sure to please, at prices from $2.00 to $200.00. Both are free. Ask the dealer or write us.



Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N.Y.

The Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collar

Same Style, Same Dull Finish You've Always Worn

THAT'S the great charm about Litholin, you look neat when other men's linen is "the worse for wear." If you adopt "Litholin" you save *daily*. Four collars and two pairs of cuffs, costing $2.00, will carry you through the year. What you pay now is at least $16.00.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Beware of imitations and substitutes

If not at your dealer's send giving size number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO., Dept. 4, 7 Waverly Place, New York

The Original "PENDLETON" Indian Robes

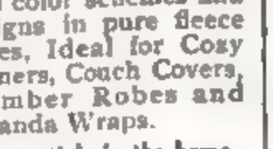
Our Factory is on the old Umatilla reservation—The Red Man's own color schemes and designs in pure fleece robes, Ideal for Cozy Corners, Couch Covers, Slumber Robes and Veranda Wraps.

More uses than any other article in the home

Write for color catalog showing assortment; if robes are displayed near you we will tell dealer's name.

Pendleton Woolen Mills
Pendleton, Oregon

Every Pendleton bears this blue and gold silk label ⟶



Dazzling New Light

If you use oil lamps we have a **Special Offer** to get you to try in your own home, our marvelous new 100 candle power Incandescent

WONDER COAL OIL LAMP

Burns common Kerosene but equal to six brilliant electric lights. Many times brighter and cheaper than electricity, gas or gasoline, for homes, stores, halls and churches. 6 hours for 1 cent. Absolutely safe—cannot explode, no odor. A revolution in lighting. 10,000 people now using the Wonder. Write us to-day for **Special Offer** and how to get a **Lamp Free.**

United Factories Co., 1200 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Largest Lamp House in U. S. Exclusive Territory Free

OBJECT: MATRIMONY

(Continued from Page 18)

replied. "A whole lot of things happened to me about that time. In the first place, the next day after I saw you I got married."

"What!" Feldman exclaimed, "you got married? Well, Margolius, you recovered pretty quickly from that affair with Birdie Goldblatt."

Margolius stared gloomily at his attorney. "What d'ye mean I recover from it?" he echoed. "I didn't recover from it, Mr. Feldman. That's who I married—Miss Birdie Goldblatt."

Feldman sat back in his chair.

"Well, of all the unfatherly brutes," he said, "to shut down on his own daughter's husband!"

"Hold on there, Mr. Feldman," Philip interrupted; "he don't know he's shutting down on his daughter's husband, because we was secretly married, y' understand? And even today yet the old man don't know nothing about it."

"What do you mean?" Feldman asked "Why wouldn't he know his own daughter was married?"

"Because she's living home yet," Philip replied, "and I can't persuade her to go housekeeping, neither."

Feldman frowned for a moment and then he struck the desk with his fist.

"By jiminy!" he shouted, "you've got the old man by the whiskers!"

It was now Philip's turn to ask what Feldman meant.

"Why," the latter explained, "your wife's inchoate right of dower is still outstanding."

"That's where you make a big mistake, Mr. Feldman," Philip corrected. "My Birdie is a neat dresser and never so much as a pin out of place."

"You don't understand," Feldman continued. "As soon as Birdie and you got married she took an interest in your property."

"Sure she took an interest in my property," Philip assented. "Why, if it wouldn't be for her I wouldn't know nothing about this here sale today."

"But I mean that as soon as she married you she became vested with the right to receive the rents of a third of that property during her lifetime as soon as you died," said Feldman.

"Well, we won't worry about that," Philip said with a deprecatory wave of his hand, "because, in the first place, that property is pretty near vacant and don't bring in enough rents to pay the taxes, and, in the second place, I'm still good and healthy and I wouldn't die for a long time yet."

"Oh, what's the use!" Feldman cried. "What I mean is that they can't foreclose those second mortgages unless they make Birdie a party to the suit and serve her with the summons; so, all you have to do to stop the sale is to go down to the salesroom and, when the auctioneer starts to ask for bids, get up and tell 'em all about it. Why, they'll have to begin this suit all over again."

"But," Philip protested, "if I tell 'em all about it the old man will throw Birdie out of the house."

"Hold on!" Feldman broke in. "You mustn't tell them you're married to Birdie. Just tell them you're married, and let them find out your wife's name for themselves. Although, to be sure, that won't take long, for the record of marriage licenses at the city hall will show it."

"License nothing!" Philip cried. "We didn't get no license at the city hall. We got married by a justice of the peace in Jersey City."

"Fine!" Feldman exclaimed, his professional ethics thrown to the winds. "That'll keep 'em guessing as long as you want."

"All I want is a month, and by that time I can raise the money and fix the whole thing up," Margolius replied.

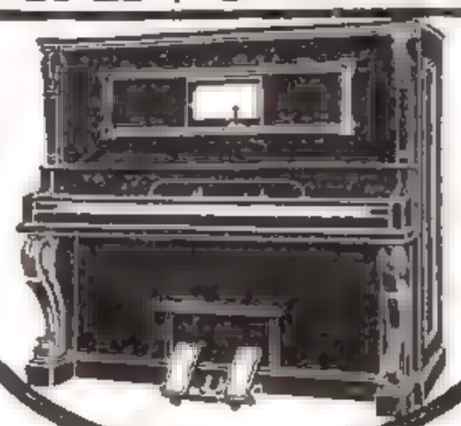
Feldman looked at his watch.

"Chase yourself," he said; "it's a quarter of twelve, and the foreclosure sale begins at noon."

VI

ON THE rostrum of an auctioneer in the Vesey Street salesroom stood Eleazer Levy in weighty conversation with Miles M. Scully, the referee in foreclosure. Scully's brow was furrowed into a thousand learned wrinkles, and the little knot of

The PIANOLA PIANO



Both of these distinguished rulers have chosen the WEBER PIANOLA PIANO for their personal use

Exclusive Advantages That Give Supremacy to The Pianola Piano

IN every country of the world—in every city of importance—the PIANOLA Piano has now become more widely known and popular *than any other piano made.*

This great success has led to many imitations. But 300 patents, many of them basic, secure to the PIANOLA Piano its continued leadership.

As an example, not one of the many instruments now claiming equality with the PIANOLA Piano possesses the *Metrostyle*, or *any device to take its place.* The *Metrostyle* furnishes, note by note, an accurate *guide to interpretation.*

Josef Hofmann and Moriz Rosenthal say that the *Metrostyle* alone places the PIANOLA "far above all competitors." Many other great musicians such as Leschetizky, teacher of Paderewski, says that "without the *Metrostyle* no Piano-player is worthy serious consideration."

Another prominent feature exclusive with the PIANOLA Piano is the *Themodist.* This device singles out and gives exactly the right shade of emphasis to whatever notes in a composition should sound above the rest.

Added value is given the *Themodist* by another exclusive feature called the Graduated Accompaniment, which increases and decreases the accompaniment with the flow of the melody.

These improvements give artistic finish to the playing of the PIANOLA Piano. They are the refinements that constitute the difference between the performance of an amateur and a really great pianist and that distinguish the PIANOLA Piano from all other instruments of its type.

Both 65 and 88 Note Scale

No feature of value found on any other so-called Player-piano is missing from the PIANOLA Piano. The PIANOLA Piano on the other hand contains many important features which all other instruments lack. PIANOLA Pianos containing the *Metrostyle, Themodist,* Graduated Accompaniment, Sustaining Pedal Device, etc., may be obtained with both the *65 and 88 Note Scale.*

As only authorized agents handle the PIANOLA and PIANOLA Piano, it is advisable to send to us for name of our nearest representative. Ask for Catalog A, and details of easy payment plan.

THE AEOLIAN CO., Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR

Made Self-Shaving Popular.

The Gift of Gifts for Men

The surest, most satisfactory Safety Razor of all—perfect yet simple in every detail. Shaves the toughest beard "clean as a whistle," never scrapes nor pulls, and the blade is *always* at the correct angle. ONE DOLLAR buys the Complete Set:—silver-nickel plated frame, *with New Bar*, stropping handles, and 7 selected blades in a handsome Morocco Case.

Extra blades, set of 7, 35c.

ELITE Outfit, Triple silver-plated frame, Ivory handle, 12 selected blades, in handsome morocco leather case $2.50

TRAVELER'S Outfit, Same as "Elite," soap and brush included . . . $3.50

Note. GEM Anti-hone Razor Strop, the best edge-producer, 50c. and $1.00

Booklet "Shaveology" free on request.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY, 34 Reade Street, New York

30 years in business. We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers

The Simonds Saw THE RIBBON TRADE MARK SAW

"Simonds Saws ARE the Best"
Awarded GRAND PRIZE, Seattle Exposition.
No other make of Saws merited or won equal award
SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass

20 Good Carbon Copies At One Writing
TRADE
MULTI KOPY
MARK
Carbon Paper
Multi Kopy is made in black, blue, purple, green and red. The following list shows how many copies each will mak
REGULAR FINISH
Multi Kopy, Lt. Wt. 20
Multi Kopy, Medium 8
Multi Kopy, Billing 6
HARD FINISH
Multi Kopy, Lt. Wt. 16
Multi Kopy, Medium 6
Multi Kopy, Billing 4
We will Send You a Sample Sheet FREE
to use in mak..g a twentieth copy for comparison with the other copies. In wr... it, give us your typewriter supply dealer's name with your own and yo.. h..'s name.
Multi Kopy Carbon Paper is sold by most dealers, any can get it for you if not in stock.
Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons
are guaranteed to give 25,
F. S. Webster Co. 335 Congress St Boston, Mass.

$1.00 Brings this Day-and-Night Convenience Right to Your Door

S. & Q. Safe and Quick Alcohol-Gas Stove

Just the thing for warming baby's milk, heating water for the hot-water bag, for the men folks' morning shave, or for any one of a dozen other purposes. And you can prepare a modest meal on it in little or no time.

Weighs less than a flat-iron, burns denatured alcohol at a cost of only 2c per hour for fuel; can't possibly explode.

Send $1 NOW and we'll ship you S. & Q. Alcohol-Gas Stove prepaid to any part of the U. S

$1.00

Patent Applied For

Alcohol Utensil and Mfg. Co.
Dept. E, Newark, N. J.

While thousands remembered, perhaps,

You Forgot

to order SMITH'S CHOCOLATE DREAMS. Important. Read notice in last week's Post (Dec. 4th) before buying Gift or Home Sweets. Enjoy a new sensation—discover J. GEORGE SMITH'S

Chocolate Dreams

To be had of no other maker. Patent of Nobility in the Social World ever Exclusive. No imitations. Protected by U. S. laws. Incomparable.

Join the DREAM CLUB. Send $40.00 for a 2 lb. box to be sent fresh to any address ... for a year—25 *Delightful Surprises appropriate* ... or send $5.00 for 4 lbs.; $2.75 for 2 lbs.; or $1.40 ... Smith's Chocolate Dreams

Last opportunity to secure pre-Christmas delivery

... *prepaid* ... SMITH,
... Geo. A. Morse ... St. Paul, Twin Cities,

FRENCH—GERMAN SPANISH—ITALIAN

Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the

LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

With Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

YOU HEAR THE LIVING VOICE OF A NATIVE PROFESSOR PRONOUNCE EACH WORD AND PHRASE.

A few minutes daily practice, at spare moments, gives thorough conversational mastery of a foreign language.

Send for Interesting Booklet and Testimonials

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
853 Metropolis Building, Broadway and 16th Street, New York

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free.
Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

real-estate brokers who regularly attend foreclosure sales gazed reverently on the two advocates.

"And here was this guy," Levy concluded, "with nothing but a pair of sixes all the time."

"But in a table-stakes game," Scully murmured, "you make a sight more if you don't butt into every pot. If you think you're topped lay 'em down. That's what I do, and it pays."

They were waiting for the auctioneer to appear, and Goldblatt hung around the edge of the crowd and gazed anxiously at them. He had heard that morning of the proposed street widening and wanted the sale to go through without a hitch. At length the auctioneer arrived and the clerk read off the notice of sale in a monotonous gabble just as Philip elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Now, then, gentlemen," the auctioneer announced pompously, "the four parcels will be sold separately. Each is subject to a first mortgage of twenty thousand dollars and is otherwise free and clear except the taxes. The amount of taxes is ——"

"Hey, there!" Philip cried at this juncture. "I got something to say, too."

The auctioneer paused and fixed Philip with what was intended to be a withering look.

"Put that man out!" the auctioneer called to one of the attendants.

"You could put me out," Philip yelled, "if you want to, but you couldn't put my wife out, because she ain't been served with the summons and complaint in the first place, and she ain't here in the second place."

Goldblatt turned pale and started for the rostrum, while the auctioneer motioned the attendant to hold off for a minute.

"Is he a married man?" the auctioneer asked Levy.

"He's a faker," Levy replied. "Go ahead with the sale."

"Am I a faker?" Philip yelled, holding up his left hand. "Well, look at that there ring."

He pulled it off with an effort and handed it to the auctioneer.

"Look inside," he said. And, sure enough, the inner side bore the inscription: "B. G. to P. M., 10-20-'09." Goldblatt looked at it, too; but B. G. meant nothing to him and he handed it back to the auctioneer.

"That's only a scheme what he's trying to work it," he said. "Give him back the ring and go ahead with the sale."

"One moment," said Miles M. Scully. "I'm the referee here, and I ain't going to take no such chance as that. I'm going to adjoin this here sale one week and investigate what this here guy says in the mean time."

Forthwith, the auctioneer announced a week's adjournment of the four sales, and Philip resumed his wedding ring with a parting diabolical grin at Goldblatt, and left the auction-room. He went to the nearest telephone pay station and rang up the Goldblatt residence, but for over half an hour he received only Central's assurance that as soon as there was an answer she would call him.

"But, Central," he protested, "there's got to be somebody there. They can't all be out."

And Philip was right. There were two people sitting in the front parlor of the Goldblatt residence, and another and more interested person stooped in the back parlor, with her ear to the crack of the sliding doors which divided the two rooms. The telephone bell trilled impatiently at brief intervals, but all three were oblivious to its appeal; for the two persons in the front parlor were engaged in conversation of an earnest character, and the person in the rear room would not have missed a word of it for all the telephones in the world.

"Yes, Fannie," said one of the two persons, "I come back to you, anyhow, and I come back for good."

He placed his arms around her ample waist.

"I assure you, Fannie," he concluded, "them dollar-a-day American-plan hotels in the northern-tier counties is nothing but poison to a feller. I am pretty near starved."

"Why didn't you say so at first?" Fannie replied, rising from the couch where she had been sitting with Feigenbaum. "I got some fine *gefallte Fische* in the ice-box."

Whereupon Birdie answered the 'phone.

The best home cook—even the best housewife herself makes mince meat only occasionally; we have been making

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

every day for twenty-five years in a kitchen as clean as hers, from products as choice as any she can buy and from a recipe handed down from the days when all mince pies were good.

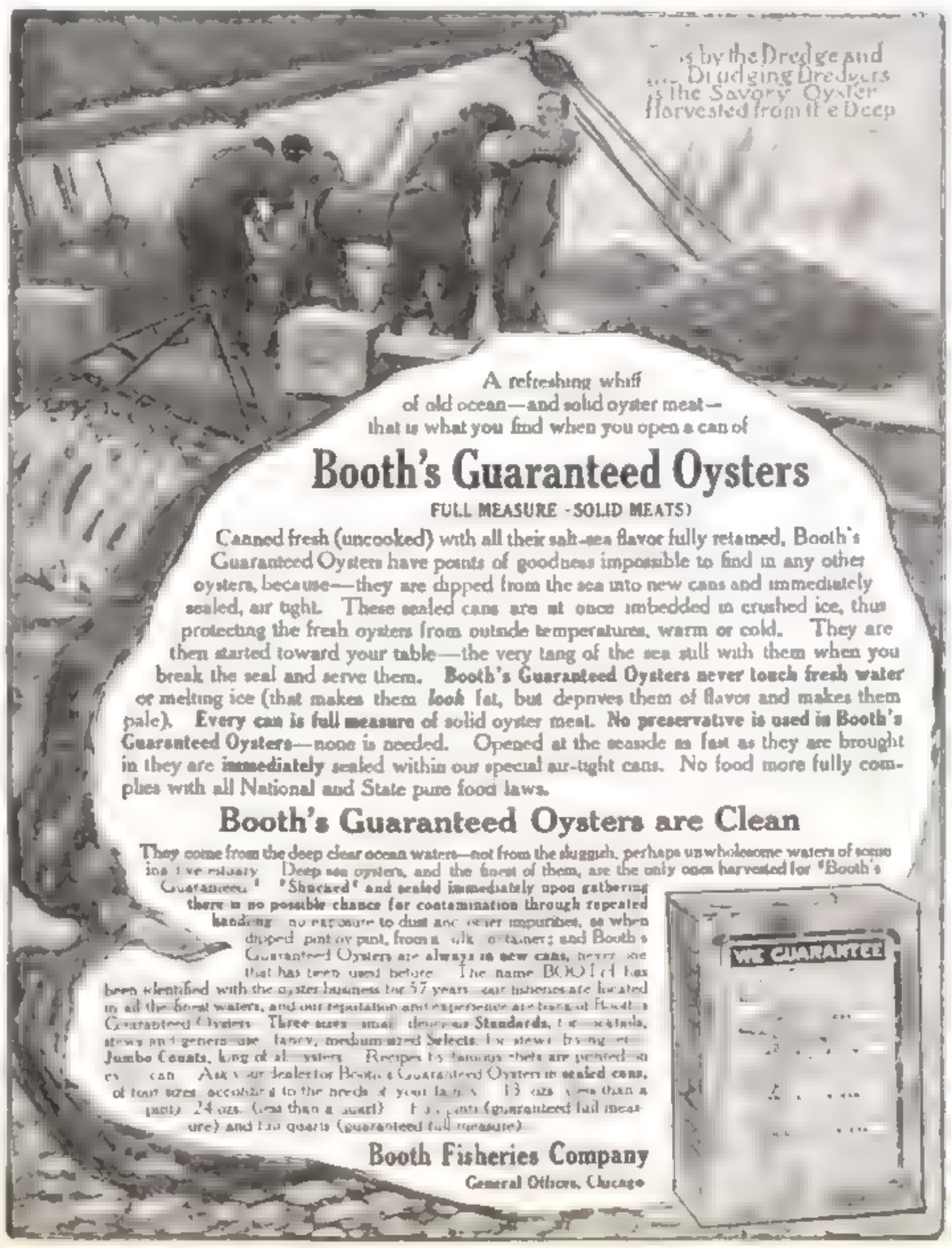
Our experience gives us the advantage. Our product—None Such Mince Meat—gives you the advantage—mince pie—rich, fragrant, appetizing and wholesome, any day, without trouble and at a cost of five cents a pie.

Any grocer can supply you.

Two-pie package 10c.—everywhere
Six-pie package 25c. east of the 100th meridian

Our own food laws were 22 years old when the United States Food Law was passed.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products


...s by the Dredge and
... Dredging Dredgers
s the Savory Oyster
Harvested from the Deep
A refreshing whiff
of old ocean—and solid oyster meat—
that is what you find when you open a can of
Booth's Guaranteed Oysters
FULL MEASURE - SOLID MEATS
Canned fresh (uncooked) with all their salt-sea flavor fully retained, Booth's Guaranteed Oysters have points of goodness impossible to find in any other oysters, because—they are dipped from the sea into new cans and immediately sealed, air tight. These sealed cans are at once imbedded in crushed ice, thus protecting the fresh oysters from outside temperatures, warm or cold. They are then started toward your table—the very tang of the sea still with them when you break the seal and serve them. Booth's Guaranteed Oysters never touch fresh water or melting ice (that makes them look fat, but deprives them of flavor and makes them pale). Every can is full measure of solid oyster meat. No preservative is used in Booth's Guaranteed Oysters—none is needed. Opened at the seaside as fast as they are brought in they are immediately sealed within our special air-tight cans. No food more fully complies with all National and State pure food laws.
Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are Clean
They come from the deep clear ocean waters—not from the sluggish, perhaps unwholesome waters of some ... Deep sea oysters, and the finest of them, are the only ones harvested for "Booth's Guaranteed." "Shucked" and sealed immediately upon gathering there is no possible chance for contamination through repeated handling, no exposure to dust and other impurities, as when dipped pint or pint, from a ... container; and Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are always in new cans, never one that has been used before. The name BOOTH has been identified with the oyster business for 57 years, our interests are located in all the finest waters, and our reputation and experience are back of Booth's Guaranteed Oysters. Three sizes most desirous Standards, for cocktails, stews and general use; fancy, medium sized Selects, for stews; large Jumbo Counts, king of all oysters. Recipes by famous chefs are printed on every can. Ask your dealer for Booth's Guaranteed Oysters in sealed cans, of four sizes, accordant to the needs of your family: 13 ozs. (less than a pint); 24 ozs. (less than a quart); Family pails (guaranteed full measure) and Bulk quarts (guaranteed full measure).
Booth Fisheries Company
General Offices, Chicago
WE GUARANTEE

The finest of appetizers

No amount of money and care will produce more delicate and appetizing soups than Campbell's.

You could not offer a more acceptable dinner-course than Campbell's Consommé or Julienne or Tomato Soup. We use selected prime fresh beef for our beef stock. And besides clarifying the broth with the white of eggs we force it through our two-inch-thick patent filter which renders it as clear as amber. Our vegetables are all fresh from the garden; and put up the day they are picked. And the best tomatoes that grow are raised specially for

Campbell's Soups

You never tasted a more tempting soup than Campbell's Tomato. New Jersey tomatoes are famous for their fine quality. And we have the choice of the whole crop—large red-ripe juicy tomatoes grown from our own selected seed. They are picked with the dew on them; brought in cool and fresh; washed five times in running water, and made into soup before noon.

We use only the rich juice and pure fruity pulp. Every particle of skin and seeds and indigestible core-fibre is strained out by our improved strainer with a screen as fine as the point of a needle—the only kind of apparatus that thoroughly does this important work. Unless you have eaten Campbell's Tomato Soup you cannot imagine its creamy smoothness and delicious tart [illegible]

You can judge Campbell's Soups by the price. You must try them. *If not completely satisfied* [illegible] return your money. Why not [illegible]

21 kinds 10c a can

Tomato, Vegetable, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Celery, Beef, Julienne, Asparagus, Pea, [illegible], Vermicelli Tomato, Chicken Gumbo Okra

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

You'll find 90 good sensible menus beside many other useful suggestions in Campbell's Menu Book. Shall we send you a copy free?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Campbell's Soup is mighty fine,
And some folks think they're smart,
But I can coax the cook for mine
Before they even start.

"Hallo!" came a voice from the other end of the wire. "Where was you all the time? I got some good news for you."

"I've got some good news for you, too," Birdie replied. "Fannie and Mr. Feigenbaum are engaged."

VII

ELKAN GOLDBLATT usually arrived home at seven o'clock to find his dinner smoking on the table. His daughter Fannie always attended to the carving, but on the night of the foreclosure sale it was Birdie who presided at the head of the board.

"Where's Fannie?" he asked.

"She went out to dinner," Birdie explained.

Elkan nodded and lapsed into gloomy silence.

"What's the matter now?" Birdie inquired.

"That lowlife Margolius," he said, "what do you think from that loafer? He goes to work and gets married."

Birdie gasped and turned white, all of which her father mistook for symptoms of astonishment.

"Ain't that a loafer for you?" he continued. "All the time he hangs around here, and then he goes to work and gets married!"

"Who did he marry?" Birdie asked innocently.

"A question!" Goldblatt exclaimed. "Who can tell it who a lowlife like him would marry?"

Birdie tossed her head.

"He ain't no lowlife just because he gets married," she retorted. "What's more, any girl would be glad to get a good-looking, decent young feller like Philip Margolius."

Goldblatt laid down his knife and fork.

"You are crazy in the head," he said. "Why should you stick up for a young feller what comes around here and upsets my whole house? *You* I don't care about, because you could always get it a husband; but Fannie—that's different again. It ain't enough for that loafer that he disappointed her himself, but he also got to bring around here that one-eyed feller—another such lowlife as Margolius—and he also disappoints Fannie. That feller Margolius is a dawg, Birdie, believe me."

Birdie rose from her seat and threw her napkin on to the floor.

"I won't sit here and listen to such talk," she cried and ran out of the room. For a moment Goldblatt essayed to finish his dinner, and then he, too, rose and followed Birdie. He found her weeping on the parlor lounge.

"Birdie!" he cried. "Birdiechen, what are you taking on so for?"

"I won't have you say such things about Ph-Ph—Feigenbaum," she sobbed.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because Mr. Feigenbaum came here this afternoon and proposed to Fannie," she explained to her father, "and they're downtown now getting the ring from a friend of his what keeps a jewelry store on Grand Street."

Goldblatt sat down heavily on the lounge and wiped his forehead. For ten minutes he sat motionless in the shrouded gloom of that front parlor before he could realize his daughter's good fortune.

"After all," he said finally, "when a feller's got six stores you could easy excuse him one eye."

"You ought to be ashamed to talk that way," Birdie cried. "Mr. Feigenbaum is a decent business man, and if it wouldn't be for Philip—Philip Margolius—Fannie would of lived and died an old maid."

At this juncture came a ring at the bell and the sound of voices in the hall. It was Fannie and her fiancé, who had returned from Grand Street, and the next moment Goldblatt clasped his affianced daughter in his arms and bestowed on her great kisses that fairly resounded down the block. Next he grabbed Feigenbaum's hand and shook it up and down.

"The happiest day what I ever lived," he cried, slapping his new son-in-law on the back. For almost a quarter of an hour Fannie and Birdie mingled their tears with their father's embraces, and in the midst of the excitement the bell rang again. When the maid opened the street door some one inquired for Mr. Goldblatt in a barytone voice whose familiar timbre chilled into silence the joyful uproar.

"Margolius!" Goldblatt hissed. He started for the hall with blood in his eye, when Feigenbaum seized him by the arm.

"Mr. Goldblatt," he said, "for my sake don't make no fuss with Margolius. He's a friend of mine, and if it wouldn't be for him Fannie and me would never of met already."

As Philip entered the darkened front parlor there was a silence so profound that he believed the room to be empty.

"Excuse me," he cried when he recognized the assembled company. "I thought Mr. Goldblatt was alone."

He turned to his father-in-law.

"Mr. Goldblatt, could I speak to you for a minute by yourself?" he asked.

Goldblatt coughed impressively.

"Margolius," he announced, "if you got anything to say to me, say it right here. I ain't got no private business with you."

"All right," Philip replied cheerfully. "I come here to ask you how much would you take it for them second mortgages what you hold on my Two Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street property?"

Goldblatt waved his hand haughtily.

"You come to the wrong party, Margolius," he said. "Because I just made up my mind to something. I made up my mind that because Mr. Feigenbaum is engaged to my Fannie I will give her them mortgages as a marriage portion. So you should ask Feigenbaum that question, not me."

While Philip turned pale at this announcement, Feigenbaum grew positively crimson.

"Looky here, Goldblatt," he protested to his proposed father-in-law; "I don't want you should unload them second mortgages on me."

"What's the matter with you, Feigenbaum?" Goldblatt retorted. "Them second mortgages is as good as gold. Only thing is they got to be foreclosed against Margolius' wife."

"His wife!" Feigenbaum and Fannie cried with one voice, for Birdie had kept her secret well.

"Yes," Goldblatt replied, "his wife. That lowlife has got a wife. But who or what she is nobody don't know."

"Hold on, Goldblatt!" cried a voice from the hall. "There's somebody that does know."

The next moment a short, stout person entered the parlor. It was Eleazer Levy, who had rung the bell and had been admitted to the house unnoticed.

"Yes, Margolius," he said, "you thought you could fool an old practitioner like me. I seen you didn't get out no license in this county, so I hiked over to Jersey City and, sure enough, I spotted you."

He turned to Birdie.

"Mrs. Margolius," he said, "here's four copies of the supplemental summons and amended complaint in the foreclosure suits of Goldblatt vs. Margolius, actions numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4."

"What do you mean?" Goldblatt cried.

"I mean," Levy answered, "that your daughter Birdie married Philip Margolius in Jersey City on the twentieth of October last."

Elkan Goldblatt collapsed in the nearest chair, while Feigenbaum ran downstairs for the bottle of schnapps. At length Goldblatt was restored.

"So, Margolius," he croaked, "you are a thief, too. You steal it my daughter on me?"

"That ain't here nor there," Margolius said with his arm around Birdie's waist and her head on his shoulder. "That ain't here nor there. How much will you take it now for a satisfaction piece of them mortgages?"

Goldblatt looked at Feigenbaum, who returned his glance unmoved.

"For a marriage portion," Feigenbaum declared, "second mortgages is nix."

There was an embarrassing silence, and finally Goldblatt cleared his throat.

"All right, Margolius," he said; "you married my Birdie, and I suppose I got to stand for it, so you can take them four second mortgages and keep 'em as a marriage portion yourself."

Birdie seized her father around the neck and kissed him on the ear.

"Then we are forgiven? Ain't it?" she cried.

"Sure you are forgiven," Goldblatt said. "Only, Margolius has got to pay Levy's costs and disbursements."

"And the referee's fees and the auctioneer's fees," Levy added.

"I am agreeable," Philip replied.

Levy turned and beamed a benediction on his client's reunited family. "I wish you all joy," he said.

For Dessert

serve "Sunshine" Clover Leaves. You will find them delightful and attractive. All your folks will enjoy them. They are a favored product of the "Sunshine" bakeries.

They are more wholesome and convenient than pastry and cake, and much more digestible. Home baking can't duplicate them. Nor can your confectioner suggest anything better.

"Sunshine" Clover Leaves are two thick, crisp squares held firmly together by a delicious cream—like a wafer sandwich.

"Sunshine" Clover Leaves require no tedious preparation. They are daintily packed in *new 10c tins*, and are ready for the table. Also in 15c tins.

SUNSHINE
CLOVER LEAVES

When you once learn their goodness you will never be content until you try all the "Sunshine" dainties. Try

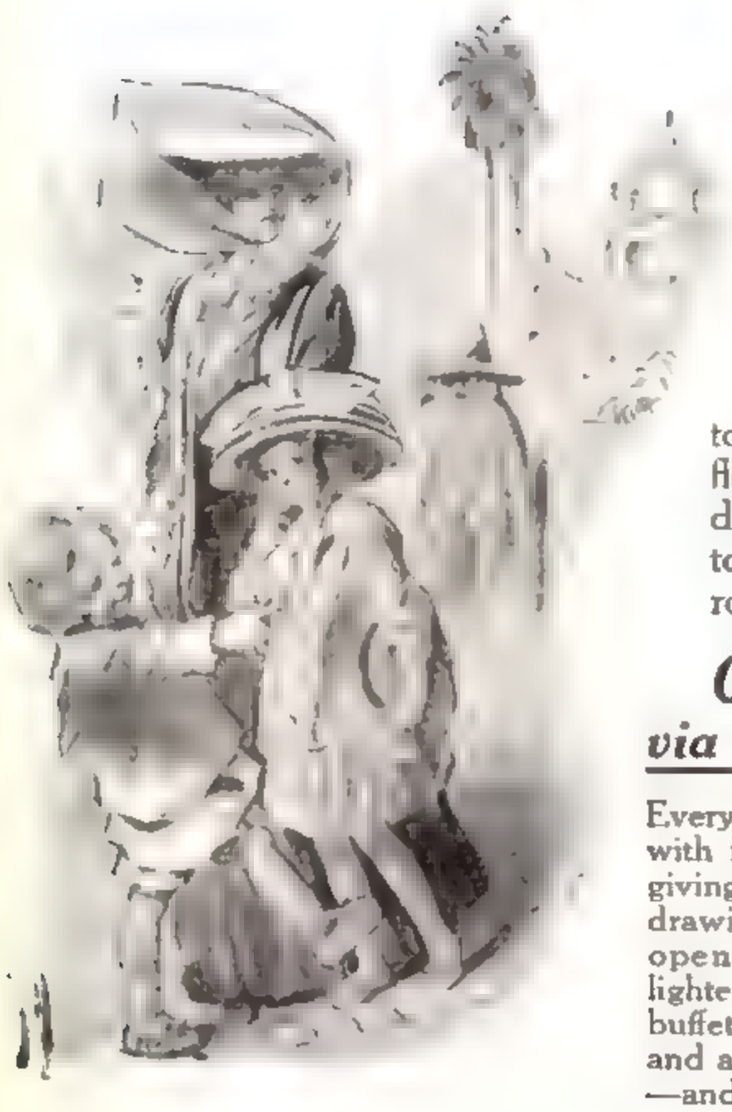
Veranique
A pencil shaped dainty in 25c tins.

Philopena
A nut shaped dainty in 15c and 25c tins.

PERFETTO
Another popular dainty in 10c and 25c tins.

On receipt of 10c and name of your dealer, we will send anywhere, postpaid, a 10c tin of "Sunshine" Clover Leaves.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.
Kansas City St. Louis Boston
Omaha Minneapolis
Also distributed by
CHICAGO BISCUIT CO., Chicago, Ill.
BROWN CRACKER & CANDY CO., Dallas, Texas



The Old Missions, quaint and picturesque, reflecting the zeal of the early Franciscan Padres, lend an atmosphere of romantic interest.

A Joyful Journey

to the land of sunshine and flowers. California's myriad delights are a fitting end to the happy three days en route on the de luxe

Golden State Limited via Rock Island Lines

Every moment of the trip is filled with interest and every comfort-giving device at hand. Pullman drawing-room, state-room and open section cars, electrically lighted, library-observation salon, buffet, barber shop, valet service, and a chef to delight your heart —and palate.

Daily from Chicago to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco, via the route of lowest altitude.

Other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha and Memphis, with choice of routes.

Send today for our new beautifully illustrated book on California. Free on request.

John Sebastian, Pass. Traffic Mgr., 1814 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

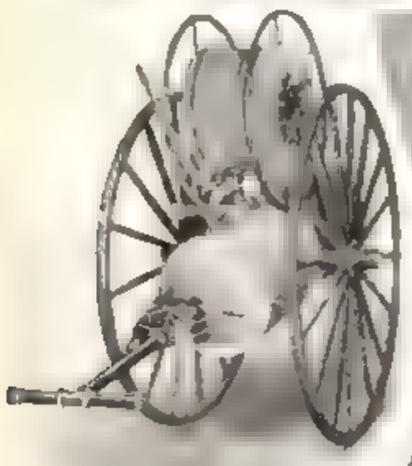
Rock Island-Frisco Lines

Cluett Chesterfield Dress Shirts

will not bulge because the lower end of the bosom is detached from the body of the shirt and will slide down outside the trouser band. *$2.00*

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress"

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers of Arrow Collars, 459 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



The "AJAX" for Towns and Cities and Volunteer Fire Departments

Have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises"

Extinguish a fire within a few moments of the start; without the usual water damage; and without the loss of valuable time in waiting for the arrival of your City Fire Department.

Thus you can do it you have *adequate* fire apparatus at hand for immediate use. Apparatus which does not require flooding the premises in order to extinguish a fire.

A small sum will enable you to have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises." Will enable you to purchase a powerful fire fighting machine, which instantly throws a *chemical* solution 80 feet, with an efficiency equivalent to thousands of pails of water.

FIRE FIGHTING EFFICIENCY EQUAL TO 5000 PAILS OF WATER

The Ajax Chemical Fire Engine

for Towns, Mills, Factories, Country Homes, Public Institutions, Stores, Etc.

As you know, nearly every large Fire Department in the Country has been using Chemical Fire Engines for many years. 40 to 90 per cent. of all fires are extinguished by them. (Official statistics by Cities in our catalogue.) We now manufacture the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine for *private* use at both large and small of all kinds.

And these machines are just like the City Department machines, except that they are mounted on a small frame, so they can be wheeled through narrow aisles, doorways, paths, etc. Has about ⅓ the capacity of a City Fire Department Chemical Engine, and will therefore extinguish nearly as large a fire—yet the cost of the private machine is only *a very small fraction* of the cost of the City Department machines.

Whether your premises are located in a large City or a small Town, you should have one of our private machines (shown in lower corner) on hand for instant use. And if you are located in a small Town, with little or no fire protection, you should recommend to your Town Council that they order one of our Town machines (shown in upper corner) for use throughout the town in addition to the private machine you should have on your own premises.

As the AJAX throws a powerful *chemical* stream about 80 feet, it will readily extinguish fires of oil, tar, paint, celluloid, alcohol, turpentine, etc., on which water has little or no effect; it is operated instantly by one man; requires no attention when not in use and costs practically nothing to maintain. Among the purchasers of the AJAX are the Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, United States Government, Mexican Government, John Wanamaker, R. H. Macy & Co., etc.

The "AJAX" for Factories and private use of all kinds

FREE TRIAL OFFER:

We prepay freight charges and allow 30 days' approval. If machine is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it at our expense. This gives you an opportunity to build a big test fire—as big as you like—and note how easily, quickly, and effectively the AJAX will extinguish same.

Write us a note, or fill in and mail us the coupon below, and we will send you complete descriptive pamphlet, price and particulars as to our free trial offer. Write *now* before you forget it.

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS, 97 E. Liberty Street, NEW YORK

Send the undersigned your pamphlet giving full facts regarding the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer

Name_____ Address _____

"Farseen"

TRADE MARK

Wouldn't you like one of the Farseen Thermometers?

Price $1 sent to your address by mail

Money back if unsatisfactory. When ordering state whether desired. Send us your order today. Send for our complete catalogue.

Standard Thermometer Co., 65 Shirley St., Boston, Mass.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System written with only nine characters. No positions, no "ruled lines," no "shading," no "word signs," no "coil notes." Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For free descriptive matter, free advice, address Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

CAMP AND TRAIL

32 to 72 pages $1.50 a year

Devoted to Hunting and Allied Topics of Pleasure and Recreation. Sample pages free. A. R. Harding Pub. Co., Box 489, Columbus, Ohio

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission, we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing and Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how. **The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

MILLS COLLEGE

the only Woman's College on the Pacific Coast chartered for granting degrees, situated near Oakland, California, with seminary and preparatory departments. Affords the best facilities for a liberal education. Address President Luella Clay Carson, LL.D., Mills College Postoffice, California.

Safety Razor Blades, 2½c Each

Send 5 dull Double or Single edge Blades for **re-sharpening** by our wonderful process. We return them as keen as new. 25c. per dozen. **CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 56 8th Avenue, Chicago.**

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (Platypus), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Japan, N. Zld, etc., 5c. **Big list, coupons, etc., Free! We Buy Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

"Push the Button—and Rest"

An Ideal Xmas Gift

For Your Wife—Your Husband or Anyone

SOLID COMFORT

—and Real Rest

No better gift, either for Xmas, birthday or other occasion, can be selected for wife, husband or friend, than a large, handsome, comfortable, luxurious

Royal Chair

"The Push Button Kind"

Instantly adjusted to any of its nine different easy positions by merely pressing a button. A most comfortable and desirable chair for invalids or convalescents. Royal Chairs add elegance, ideal comfort and pleasure to the home. Made in 100 rich distinctive styles, ranging in price from $10 to $60. Sold by dealers.

FREE Our illustrated booklet which explains all about the styles of Royal Chairs. A book you will be glad to have. Send for it

"Push the Button and Rest"

THE ROYAL CHAIR CO.
139 Chicago St.
Sturgis, Mich.

Foot Rest Slides Back

A Bank Book FOR Christmas 4%

A Savings Account opened with One Dollar or more makes a most acceptable CHRISTMAS GIFT to children, relatives or friends.

We especially solicit small accounts on which we pay four per cent interest, compounded twice a year.

If desired, we will place the pass books in special holiday envelopes and mail them, with your cards, so that they will reach [illegible] Christmas Day. By sending [illegible] you can avoid the Christmas rush.

Assets Over Forty Five Million Dollars

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

"B-H" FLAMING POCKET LIGHTER

Indispensable to Smokers, Campers, Fishermen, etc. Handy in the house. A little De-Odorized Wood Alcohol once in a while does the work.

Sample Post Paid in Nickel, 50c
Silver Plate, ... $1.00
Gold Plate, ... $2.00

Special prices to Dealers in Dozen or Gross Lots.

AUTO IGNITER CO., 1947 Broadway, New York City
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

WHITE MAGIC

(Continued from Page 21)

"You know you wouldn't own up, mother dear," laughed the girl. "And your manner is suspiciously like an attempt to hide guilt."

"I'm sure of one thing," said Mrs. Richmond tartly. "In my day children did not insult their parents."

"Now, don't get cross at my joking, dear," cajoled the daughter, kissing her mother's well-arranged gray hair so lightly that there could be no danger of disarranging it.

As if it had all suddenly come over her again Mrs. Richmond cried despairingly, "What *will* your father say! He'll blame me. He'll say things that will prostrate me."

"If you'll not mention it to him," said Beatrice, "I'll guarantee that he'll not blame you. Hank is going away in the morning. You and Hector can pretend to know nothing. I'll take it up with him."

Her mother looked somewhat reassured, but said dubiously, "He'll give it to me for not having guarded you more closely."

"I'll fix all that," said Beatrice with infectious confidence. "Trust me."

Mrs. Richmond gave her a look of gratitude so deep that it was almost loving. "If you'd only be sensible and put this foolishness out of your mind," she said plaintively.

Rix laughed gayly, then softly. "It isn't in my mind," said she. "It's in another place—one I didn't know about until I met him."

Her mother gave a sigh of helplessness. Rix laughed again and went away to her own rooms—to try to write poetry!

VI

THE following morning it was not yet half-past six and Chang had just reached the lake when her canoe shot round the bend. He stood a few yards from the water's edge, observing her graceful manœuverings. She controlled that canoe as perfectly as if it had been part of her own body. He was too much the artist to be able to keep a stern countenance in face of so enchanting a spectacle. Also, her features—her yellow hair, the ever-changing gray eyes, the mobile and rosy mouth, the delicate skin—had too much of the soft and dazzling loveliness of the morning. "If a man wished to let himself be bewitched," thought he, "there would be an ideal enchantress." She was one of the few women he had known who had worn well—about the only one, indeed. When he first knew her he had not thought that she was especially attractive, beyond the freshness that is the almost universal birthright of youth. But as he had studied her, as he had observed and felt her varied moods, her charm had grown. Even things about her, in themselves unattractive, were fascinating in the glow and throb of her naturally vivid personality—not an intellectual personality, not at all, but redolent of the fresh fragrance of the primal, the natural. "An ideal enchantress," he muttered, and the lot he had sternly marked out for himself seemed bare and lonely, like a monk's cell beside the glories of the landscape beyond its narrow window.

"How can you be out of humor on such a morning?" cried she, as the prow of her canoe slid gently out of the water and she rose to her feet.

"On the contrary, I'm in a fine humor." And his look and voice bore him out. "Didn't I tell you I was going to town today? I simply took my walk here."

She laughed. "Neither did I expect you. I simply took my outing here." And when he blushed in confusion and annoyance, she laughed the more gayly.

"You are so amusing," she said tenderly.

"I'll admit," said he, "that I thought there was a chance you might come. And I thought, if you did, it would be the best opportunity to have a plain talk with you."

She seated herself, or, rather, balanced herself, on the forward curve of her canoe. He occupied a big boulder near the maple under which he always painted. "I see," observed she, "that you are getting ready to say a lot of things you don't mean. How you will thank me some day for having been so patient with you." He averted his eyes, muttered something incoherent, searched confusedly for his cigarettes. "You always keep the case in your lower left-hand waistcoat pocket," said she. And sure enough, there it was—to his increased confusion. But, when their glances met, the twinkle in her gray eyes—merry as the sunbeams that were changing the yellow of her hair to the reddish yellow of the finest gold—proved irresistible.

"It's simply impossible to be serious with you," cried he, in what he would have liked to think a vexed tone.

"And why should you be?" inquired the girl. "You used to warn me that I took everything, myself included, far too seriously. Now, you're getting into the habit of taking yourself, oh, so solemnly!—which is far worse than seriously. You're more like a dismal preacher, a man with a mission, than an artist with the joy of living laughing in his heart. You made a great hit last night."

He, off his guard, looked as pleased as a boy that has just got a present of a gun. "Glad I didn't disgrace you. You remember how nervous you were about it."

"Your talk about that shirt was a little disturbing. It came out well. At least, I think it did. People don't notice your clothes. They look at *you*."

"Now, how am I to say what I've got to say, if you keep on like that?" demanded he. "Oh, but you are crafty!"

"I don't want to be lectured, Chang."

He settled himself with an air of inflexible resolution. "I'm not going to lecture," said he. "I'm going to deliver myself of a few words of good sense and then say good-by."

She looked upon the ground, and her expression wrenched his tender heart. In vain he told himself that he was an egotistical fool; that the girl was probably more than half faking, to work upon him; that the other half of the feeling in her expression was the flimsiest youthful infatuation, certain to disappear in a few days, a few weeks at most. There, before him, was the look of suffering. And when she lifted her eyes for an instant they said more touchingly than her voice could have said it: "Why don't you strike and have done with me? I am helpless."

He got up, tossed his cigarette far into the lake. "This is too rotten!" he cried. "How in the devil did I ever get into such a mess?"

She waited, meek, silent, pathetic.

"I've about decided to go away—to go back to Paris," said he.

"Maybe we can cross together," said she. "Mother and I are going soon. She wants me to go right away—there, or anywhere, wherever I wish."

He dropped to the boulder again, a sense of helplessness weakening his backbone and his knees. Of what use to fly? This girl was free—had the means to travel wherever she chose, to stay as long as she liked. In his excitement he saw visions of himself being pursued round and round the earth—till his money gave out, and he, unable to fly farther, was overtaken and captured. He began to laugh—laugh until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"What is it?" asked she. "Tell me. I want to laugh."

"You are making me into an imbecile," replied he. "I was laughing at myself. I'm glad I had that laugh. I think I can talk sensibly now—without making myself ridiculous." Once more he put on a highly-impressive, highly-ominous air of sober resoluteness. He began: "A short time ago you did me the honor of telling me you were in love with me."

"Yes. Do you—do you think poorly of me for having been frank?" And the gray eyes looked innocent anxiety.

"No, I don't," confessed he. "As a general proposition, I think I should have thought—well, queerly—of a girl who came out with such a startler on no especial provocation. But in this case the effect is puzzlingly different. Probably because I can't in the least believe you."

"Oh, no—that's not the reason," cried she. "It was only right that I should speak first. You see, when the girl's poor, and marrying her is going to put the man to great expense—it'd be—be—downright impertinent for her to say such a thing. It'd be as if she asked him to support her for life."

"Maybe so," said he. "The money side of it didn't occur to me. Naturally, you, who have so much money, would think more about it than I, who have none."

Free For 10 Days

Simply send the coupon—don't pay a single penny

Fill in the blanks properly and mail it to us.

That's all you need to do to get the Keenoh Razor Sharpener—the wonderful device which will give you 500 or more shaves with every safety blade, or sharpen your ordinary razor to a keener, smoother edge than it ever had before—and keep that edge on the blade for every shave.

Bear in mind that you don't pay a cent to us, nor to the dealer whose name you put on the coupon and through whom we will deliver the Keenoh to you.

Simply get the Keenoh and use it for ten days' shaving.

Then, if you are willing to let your safety blades or your razor slump back into half-fit shaving condition—after having known the delight of smooth, easy shaving the Keenoh brings—hand it back to the dealer.

Keenoh Trade Mark

Automatic Razor Sharpener

Your safety blade—clamped in this little holder—is inserted in the sharpener and sharpened the same as the ordinary razor.

We could not make this offer to every man who reads it were we not supremely confident that ninety-nine out of every hundred men who get the Keenoh in this way will pay for it and never part with it.

Think what the Keenoh will save you in safety blade expense.

Five hundred—yes, more than five hundred perfect shaves with one blade!

Calculate the saving; think of the convenience. Never again a safety blade unfit for use.

With an ordinary razor, a sharper, truer, keener edge than you've ever before been able to maintain, even with frequent honings by the barber.

The Keenoh sharpens both the ordinary razor and safety blades—any make, any width, any weight—without change; the only sharpener that does.

It hones your dull razor—better, more easily and more quickly than the barber can possibly do—and it is the only sharpener that hones a dull blade.

The price of the Keenoh complete, with auxiliary safety blade holder, etc., is $3.50.

Cut out and send the coupon now. It costs you nothing to get the Keenoh, and you'll thank us for the balance of your days.

The Keenoh Co., 237 W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

Owned and operated by the Diamond Power Specialty Company, Detroit, Michigan. Also manufacturers of the Diamond Soot Blower, the Diamond Turret, the Diamond Grate

Please deliver through my dealer a Keenoh Sharpener for ten days' free trial.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

Free OUR LARGE **Catalogue**

CONTAINS list of 3,000 magazines, newspapers and Club offers. It is the handsomest and most complete magazine guide ever published. Printed throughout in ***two*** colors. It is crowded with profitable-to-you suggestions. ***You*** cannot afford to be without it. The name HANSON is the ***accepted*** stamp of reliability and promptness in the magazine field. This Catalogue for 1910—FREE for the asking—will

Save You Magazine Money

We have the largest Magazine Agency in the world, and we are known everywhere. Your address on a postal secures this valuable book FREE. Send us YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY. We will do the rest.

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
(To one or separate addresses)
BOTH $3.00

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
200 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

Will You Keep This Clock Running if We Send It FREE?

A Bank Clock for Christmas

Send It Free

The Bank Clock Company, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Rite-Lite

Shaving and Dressing

Excellent XMAS GIFT

Price Delivered

Rite-Lite Shaving Glass Co., Dept. B, 238 N. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

BLACK EYE Moving Picture Machine

The Funniest, Harmless Joke Out

placing this end close ... pictures are supposed to be seen. Instead of seeing pictures, the victim is given a ... Black Eye

THE N Y NEWS CO.
Dept. 34, 15 Warren St. New York

Home Safety Lighting System

The most up-to-date and accurate lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arc for stores, halls, etc. Best proposition for hustling agents. Write today for terms and territory. Catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO
275 Second St. Ann Arbor Mich.

"Would you be afraid to—to marry—a woman who had a lot more money than you had?"

"Not in the least," declared he. "How ridiculous!"

A chill of suspicion crept into her face.

"I don't want to marry, and I sha'n't marry," continued he. "But if I did want to marry, and wanted the woman, I'd not care who she was or what she was or what she had or hadn't—so long as she was what I wanted. And I don't think even you, crazy as you are about money, could suspect me of having the same mania."

His tone and his manner would have convinced any one. They convinced her. She drew a huge sigh of relief. "I'm so glad you said that—in just that way," said she.

"I'm sure I don't see what difference it makes," replied he. "You don't mean to say you've been suspecting me of wanting your money?"

She hung her head foolishly. "I've got a horrid mind," confessed she. "It came to me that maybe you might be holding out for fear father'd cut me off."

"You have got your nerve!" ejaculated he. "I never did! I never did!"

"Now you're disgusted with me," cried she. "I know I oughtn't to have told you. But I can't help telling you everything. It isn't fair, Chang, to think I'm worse than most girls, just because I let you see into me. You know it isn't fair."

"You're right, Rix," said he impulsively; and the sense that he had wronged her pushed him on to say, "It's your frankness and your courage that I admire so much. I wish you weren't attractive. Then it'd be easier for me to do what I've got to do."

Her face became radiant. "Then you do care for me?"

"Why, of course I do," said he heartily—but in a tone most unsatisfactory to ears waiting to drink in what her ears longed for. "Do you suppose I could stand so much of any one I didn't like?"

"You aren't frank with me!" said she a little sullenly.

"Why not?"

"You've some reason why you won't let yourself say you love me. And you won't tell me what it is."

"How many times have I got to tell you," cried he heatedly, "that I don't care for you in that way—any more than you care for me?"

She was all gentleness and freedom from guile. "But every time you say that you say it angrily—and then I know you don't mean it."

"But I do mean it!"

Her face looked stubbornly unconvinced.

"I tell you, I do mean it!" he repeated with angry energy.

"You are mad at yourself for liking me so much."

He made a gesture of despair. "Well, have it your way—if it pleases you better to think so." He rose and stood before her, his hands thrust deep into the outside pockets of his loose sack coat. "Whatever I may or may not think of you, I am not going to love and marry anybody. Do I make myself clear?"

"But everybody gets married," said she innocently. "Oh, Chang, why do you want to be eccentric?" And up into his gazed the childlike eyes. "You told me yourself that eccentricity was a stupid caricature of originality."

"Eccentric—eccentric," he muttered, for lack of anything else to say. What an impossible creature to talk seriously with! She was always flying off at a tangent. Controlling his exasperation he said in a low, intense voice: "Eccentric or not, I am not going to marry. *Do* you understand? I—am—not—going—to—marry."

"Why do you get angry?" she pleaded sweetly. "I can't make you marry me—can I? I don't want to marry you if you don't want to marry me—do I?"

He strode away, back again to where she sat in graceful ease on the end of her canoe. "I'm not so thundering sure of that!" he cried. "By Jove, you sometimes make me feel as if I had a halter round my neck. Where did you get this infernal insistence?"

"From my father," said she, quiet and calm. "I can't help it. When my heart gets set on a thing I hold on like grim death."

He looked round, like a man dreaming. "Am I awake? Am I really awake?" he demanded of lake and trees and stones. Then he addressed her, "What are you up to? I know you don't love me. I know

Trade Mark Registered

"Let Us Help You Prepare Dinner,"

Says our Little Chef

"No need to worry over the preparation of dinner with *Franco-American* service at your disposal.

"Let the first course be one of our 21 **Soups**—and we know how to make soup, for soup-making has been our life-long study.

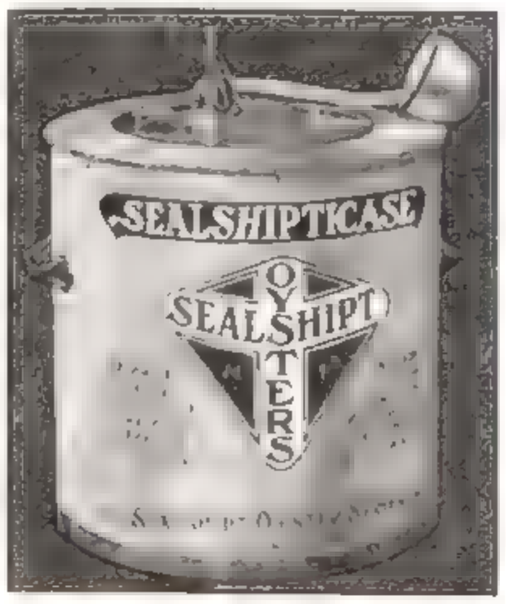
"Then, for dessert, serve *Franco-American* **Plum Pudding,** with a Custard Sauce so delicious it can't be resisted.

"Other *Franco-American* treats are—Broths for Invalids, Entrées, Patés and Potted Beef, prepared in Kitchens that for cleanness, thoroughness and use of absolutely pure materials are unique."

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.,
Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Members of the Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

Buyers of Sealshipt Oysters Don't Be Deceived!



The genuine Sealshipt Oysters—the oysters with the real sea flavor—are sold only from the blue and white porcelain Sealshipticase.

If your dealer has not the white and blue porcelain Sealshipticase in his store, he is not a member of the Sealshipt System.

Sealed package oysters are not necessarily Sealshipt Oysters. Yet they are often dishonestly offered as Sealshipt.

Look for the Sealshipt trade mark and our name on the blue and white porcelain Sealshipticase.

Then you are sure of the standard of oyster value. If you pay less, you get less.

Sealshipt Oysters

Untouched by Human Hands

Sealshipt Oysters as they come from the Sea ... delicious as the day they were ... from the sea.

... Northports, Chesapeake, ... oysters at their best. Oysters sealed ... without water.

A Sealshipt Oyster in Los Angeles, Cal., or anywhere ... as when it comes from the sea, because it is kept so.

Avoid Sealed Package Substitutes

Soaked or floated oysters with the surplus water drawn off so the oysters appear fairly solid are put up in tin cans.

... have none of the plumpness, freshness ... Sealshipt Oysters. Yet they ... often offered as Sealshipt.

Beware of this fraud. Genuine Sealshipt Oysters are never packed, shipped or sold in tin cans.

How To Be Sure

You can get the genuine Sealshipt Oysters, no matter where you live. But be sure the oysters you pay for are taken from the blue and white Sealshipticase.

Then you will know how really good oysters can be.

Get This Free Book of "Seaside Oyster Dishes"

If you would know the true delicacy and goodness of the real sea oyster ... send the name of your ... We will send you free ... at New Sealshipt Oyster Inn, which gives many shore recipes unknown inland. Address Department "31 A."

The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.
Formerly National Oyster Carrier Co.
General Office and Factory:
South Norwalk, Conn.
Sealshipt Oyster Stations on 30 Coast Points
Sealshipt Groceries and Markets Everywhere

The Best Yet

Women's, $1 50
Misses', 1.35
Child's, 1.25

Peerless Comfy

A Comfy Moccasin Slipper, but with our new patent spring heel and trimmed with ribbon in self colors. Very handsome and of course very "comfy." Made of pure "Comfy felt," with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and soft leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread.

Ideal for the bedroom.

Colors

Women's: *Black, Red, Brown, Gray, Old Rose, Catawba, Lavender, Taupe, Turquoise, Wistaria, Pink and Light Blue.*

Misses' and Child's: *Red, Pink and Light Blue.*

Send for Catalogue No. 38, showing many new styles.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
114-116 E. 13th Street, New York City

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street New York

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get orders by mail
—How to train salesmen
—How to collect money
—How to systematize
—How to avoid leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to develop business
—How to increase the net profits

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing whatever in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this opportunity when it costs you only the trifle of a postal. Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 26-1211, 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for

Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little Mennen's, please," is heard in every part of the country, and it means a box for baby. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed for receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original) Sample free.

Try Mennen's (Borated) Violet Talcum Toilet Powder

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Buy a POLAR PUZZLE

Only 50c, and see the Explorers fight it out before your eyes. Agents wanted everywhere. Manufactured by

Burke Electrical Works, P. O. Box 1808, New Orleans.

you don't want to marry me. Then why do you do it?"

"I don't know," she said. "I just can't help it. Sometimes when I'm alone and think over things I've said to you I can't believe it was really I—or that such words really were uttered. . . . There can be only one explanation."

"And what is that? For Heaven's sake, let's have it."

"That I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that you love me."

"Really!" exclaimed he, with a fantastic attempt at scornful irony; and away he strode, to halt at his former seat, the big boulder under the tree. "Really!" he repeated.

"You must see it yourself," urged she, serious and earnest. "Honestly, Chang, could a girl talk to you as I have—a girl as proud and as modest as I am—and with no experience—could she do it, unless she were absolutely sure she was talking to a man who loved her?"

There was something akin to terror in his eyes—the terror of a man who feels himself sinking in ocean or quicksand and looks about in vain for aid. Down he sat, to stare out over the shining, sparkling lake.

"You know I'm right," said she with quiet conviction.

Up he started again in agitation. "I must be getting weakminded!" he cried. "Or are you hypnotizing me?"

"If anybody's done any hypnotizing I guess it must be you that have hypnotized me."

"Maybe so," said he, with a confused gesture. "Maybe so. Lord knows. I don't."

"And now," pursued she, "that it's settled that we love each other——"

"What!" he cried, with some of his former energy. But it subsided before her calm, surprised gaze. He stared stupidly at her feet, extended and crossed. "Is it settled?" he muttered. "Is it?" And then he straightened himself—a kind of rearing, insurgent gesture—the gesture of the last fierce stand in the last ditch.

"Yes, Chang, it's settled," said she soothingly. "You are such a big, foolish dear! But—as I was about to say——" She hesitated.

"Go on," he urged, with a large, ironic gesture matching the boisterous irony of his tone. "Say anything you like. Only, don't keep me in suspense."

"Have you had your breakfast?" she asked solicitously.

"I take only coffee. I had it."

"But that's not enough for such a long morning as you have," protested she.

"Isn't it? All right. I'll eat whatever you say—eat till you tell me to stop."

"It really isn't enough," said she, refusing to relax her seriousness. "But, to go on—now that it's settled that we love each other the question is, What shall we do about it?"

"Yes," said he, nodding his head in solemn mockery. "That's it. What shall be done about it?"

"How queer your voice is, Chang," observed she, with a look of gentle, innocent worriment. "What's the matter?"

"I had only coffee," said he.

"You mustn't do that again. Have you any suggestion to make?"

"None. Have you?"

"Chang!" she said reproachfully. "You have a suggestion."

"Have I? What is it?"

"The only possible suggestion. You know very well that the only sensible thing to do is to get married."

"I'm dreaming," jeered he. "Yes, I'm dreaming."

"You're laughing at me, Chang!"

"Am I?"

"Oh, I don't care. I'm so happy! The only thing that stands in the way is father."

"Oh, father! Yes; there is father." And he nodded ironically, repeating: "Father—there's father."

"But I'll soon bring him round," cried she. "His will's very strong, but mine's much stronger."

"I believe that!" said he with ironic energy. "You've got the strongest will we've had since Joshua ordered the sun to stand still and the sun did it."

"You're laughing at me again!" reproached she with an injured air.

"No, no! How could I?" protested he. "But suppose father refuses his consent. What then?"

"But he won't," she said with an emphatic little nod.

No More Danger—No More Fear of Accident
HOPKINS & ALLEN SAFETY SINGLE GUN

$9.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you this gun, express prepaid, upon receipt of price, $9.00, anywhere in the U. S. or Canada. Either 12 or 16 Gauge, 30 inch barrel, full choke bored for close, hard shooting. This is the *only Safety Single Gun* and is an ideal Christmas present. Send in your order now, and we will get it to you in plenty of time.

You can now buy, for the first time, a shotgun which is *absolutely accident-proof.* A strong-shooting, durable, handsome, guaranteed gun that is positively safe. Hopkins & Allen Safety Single Gun is even proof against carelessness. The trigger may catch on a twig or a fence, or on the rail of a boat—the hammer may be snapped back or jarred down, but the shell *will not* explode. Nothing can discharge it unless you press the safety lever at the same time you pull the trigger. This lever is pressed by the natural movement of the hand in firing but cannot be pressed by accident. You can cock the hammer and pull the trigger, but the hammer will drive against a wall of solid steel unless the safety lever is pressed at the same time, *then* it drives straight and hard to the shell.

Our 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog shows the largest line of revolvers, rifles and shotguns made. We will send you one *free*, on request.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
15 Chestnut Street, - - NORWICH, CONN.

Boys, Here Is a Hummer First Installment FREE

If you like a story of the American Revolution, full of action, adventure, narrow escapes and heroism, to say nothing of historical facts, you should read

"The Young Continentals at Bunker Hill"

written by John T. McIntyre, one of the greatest boys' story writers of the day. This story and many others are written expressly for

2 color cover. Size 11 x 15 inches. 36 pgs. Size for boy 8 years of age.

A typical illustration from The Boys Magazine. Athletic Department. Edited by Walter Camp. The Young Sharpshooter. It's a boy's game. It's manly sport every boy should read.

The Boys' Magazine

First installment appears in the January 1910 issue. Another timely and thrilling story also begins in this number. It is "*Skimming the Skies,*" a fascinating story about two boys who build and fly an air-ship. Written by Russell Whitcomb.

If you do not find THE BOYS' MAGAZINE at your local News-Stand write us and we will send you a sample copy free.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS

Two fine serials, 6 to 8 splendid short stories, numerous special articles, every illustrated brought out. Handsome cover in colors. Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Sports, Stamps and Coins that are interesting and helpful. All departments attractively illustrated.

For sale on all news-stands at *10c* a copy. Send *$1 for a whole year's subscription to commence with the January number, appears before Xmas. A more suitable gift could not be selected for your boy.*

Send Coupon Today

The Scott F. Redfield Company, 650 Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Enclosed find $1 for one full years' subscription to The Boys Magazine beginning with Jan. 1910 issue.

Name

Address

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD COMPANY, 650 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

A Genuine Flying Machine

Miniature Model [illegible] by its own power [illegible] $ [illegible] postpaid [illegible] free

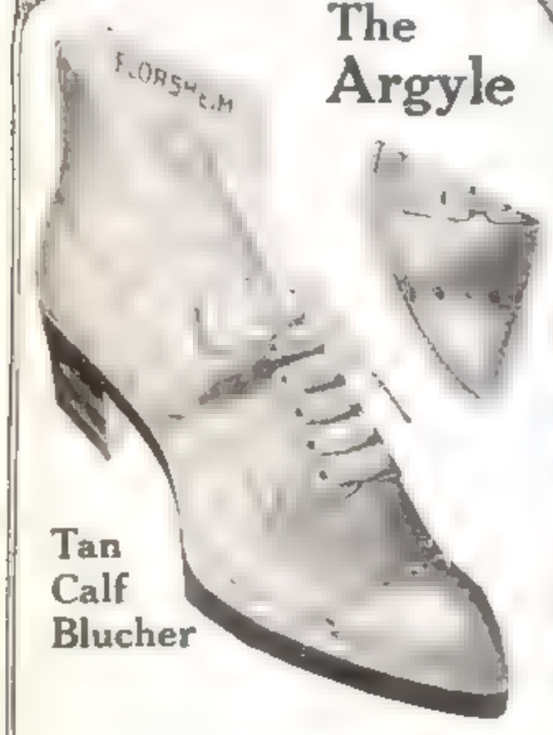
BING BURNER CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES

By selling VANCO Hand Soap in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large cash and particulars 10c.

THE J. T. ROBERTSON CO., Box 6, Manchester, Conn.

The Florsheim SHOE



The Argyle

Tan Calf Blucher

A satisfying range of over 200 styles in all lasts and leathers. The "Natural Shape" makes a snug fit for your foot.

Most Styles $5 and $6
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Esterbrook Steel Pens
250 Styles

For business, the home, schools —every purpose.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
26 John St., New York
Works Camden, N. J.

Get Rugs and Carpets Direct from Loom and SAVE 1/3

Don't buy a nameless rug or carpet. Get one of *known standing*—the one which bears a name that guarantees—BEAUDURA.

Beaudura RUGS AND CARPETS

BEAUDURA CARPET MILLS, Box 4706, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Graniteware Rust or Wear Out?

MENDETS

Complete package assorted sizes 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.

Mender Mfg. Co., Box 19 Amsterdam, N. Y.

"But he might. He doesn't know me as well and love me as dearly as his daughter does."

"Chang, I feel as if you were laughing at me!"

"How can you!" said he. "But let's go back to father and stick to him. Suppose he refuses—absolutely refuses! What then?"

"I hadn't thought. It's so unlikely."

"Well—think now. You'd give up your romantic dream, wouldn't you?"

She beamed; happy, confident. "Oh, that won't happen. He's sure to consent."

"He is sure *not* to consent," said Roger, dropping his irony. "What then?"

She was silent. Her face slowly paled. A drawn look came round her eyes and mouth. He laughed—a sarcastic laugh—a sincere sound that indicated to her acute ears an end of the irony she had been pretending not to suspect. She glanced up quickly. Her eyes fell before his.

"You see," said he, a little contempt in his jocose mockery, "I've shown you your own true self. Now, you will be sensible. Go back to your Peter and let the poor artist alone." He rose, came to her, held out his hand. "Good-by, Rix. I must catch my train."

She did not take his hand.

"Surely you'll shake hands," said he gently, friendlily. "I understand. I like you for what you are, not for what you ought to be. Come, give me your hand, my friend."

She sighed, gazed up at him. "Suppose I said I'd give up everything for you. What then?" she asked.

"Why, you'd be saying what isn't true."

"Chang," she said earnestly, "I *think* I'd give up everything for you. But since it is you who ask me—you to whom I feel I must tell the exact truth—I had to be honest. And the honest truth is I don't know. And any girl, in the same circumstances, would say the same thing—if she weren't lying—or just romancing."

"You are a trump, Rix!" he exclaimed. "I'm proud of your friendship. It's always good to be reminded that there are people of the right sort on earth. But you see yourself now that I was right from the beginning. We don't belong in the same class. We couldn't comfortably travel the same road. We——"

"Would you marry me if I gave up everything for you?" she interrupted.

"No," was his prompt reply. "Any man who did that to your sort of girl would be a fool—and worse. But don't forget another fact, my dear. I wouldn't marry you in any circumstances. I'm not marrying. I'm married already, as I told you before. I don't believe in any other kind of marriage—for my kind of man. I love my freedom. And I shall keep it."

There was no mistaking the ring of those decisive words. The girl shrank a little. She began in a choked, uncertain voice: "But you said——"

"Rix, my dear friend, I said nothing that contradicted what I've always told you—what I believe in as I believe in my work. You knew perfectly well that I was merely ironic a few minutes ago. I didn't want to part from you with you imagining you were broken-hearted. That's why I let you run on and on—until you came that fearful cropper. Oh, *what* a cropper for romantic Rix!"

She laughed with a partial return of her old gayety. "I do feel cheap," said she—"dirt cheap."

"Not at all. Just human. But—really I must be going," said he briskly.

"When shall I see you again?" And she tried to speak steadily, with smiling eyes.

"Let me see. I'll be back in two or three days. In a week or ten days I'll have that picture about done. I suppose you'd like to see it. I'll send your mother a note, asking her to bring you. Well—good-by, Rix."

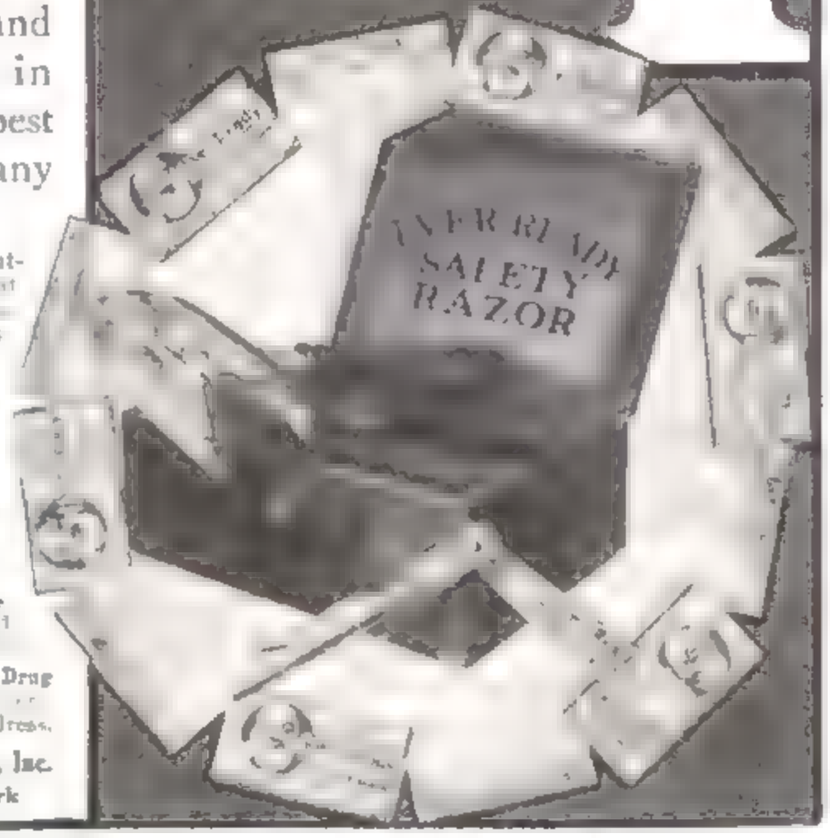
He took her hand, released it. She stood, paling and flushing and trembling. "Is that—all?" she murmured. "Won't you——" voice failed her.

He bent and kissed her hair at her temple. Suddenly she flung her arms around his neck, kissed him passionately, her embrace tight; and a shower of tears rained upon his cheek. With a hysterical cry more like joy than like grief, yet like neither, she flung herself free, sprang into the canoe and pushed off. And she went her way and he his without either looking back.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

With 12 Blades $1



Best for Xmas and 364 other days in the year—the best Safety Razor at any price.

$1.00 for the complete outfit [illegible] (12) of the finest blades ever produced—a clever stropper device and all compactly arranged [illegible] fine button-lock [illegible] and all for $1.00.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Each EVER READY [illegible] separately wrapped in parchment [illegible]

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Drug and General Stores everywhere. Mail orders prepaid to any address.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
320 Broadway, New York

Here's Your Christmas Present

You couldn't find a more acceptable present [illegible] Cooker if you looked the country over. This special Offer gives you a chance to try it in your own home Free for 30 days. Then keep it for your Christmas present—or send it back if it's not all I claim for it.

CHATHAM JEWEL No. 3 FIRELESS COOKER

[illegible] helpful present [illegible]

Has separate solid aluminum cooking utensils in which food can be boiled, roasted, steamed, fried, stewed or baked. These utensils alone would cost $7.00 if bought separately in the stores.

LET ME SEND MY COOKER ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

[illegible] cooker made. Write for my catalog No. 24

Don't wait till we're filled up with Holiday orders—write now

MANSON CAMPBELL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich. St. Paul, Minn. Kansas City, Mo. Chatham, Ont.

SCISSOR-PENCIL

A Hint For Xmas

[illegible] cigar cutter [illegible] pencil clean. Convenient for woman's shopping bag. Sterling Silver, $1 post paid. Money back if not satisfied.

SCISSOR-PENCIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

New French Amethyst Pin $1.00

[illegible] SPECIAL OFFER [illegible] 25c [illegible] of one dollar. Write [illegible]

Eljay Company, Jewelers Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Fascinates Young and Old

DEALERS Stock up now for Big holiday trade.

Wizard Mono-Rail JUMPING Top

Travels 100 Feet on Inclined Wire, Revolves 10,000 Times a minute with One Pull of the Cord. Any Child can do it

[illegible] apparently defies the fixed laws of gravity and equilibrium [illegible] by angle to its line of gravity

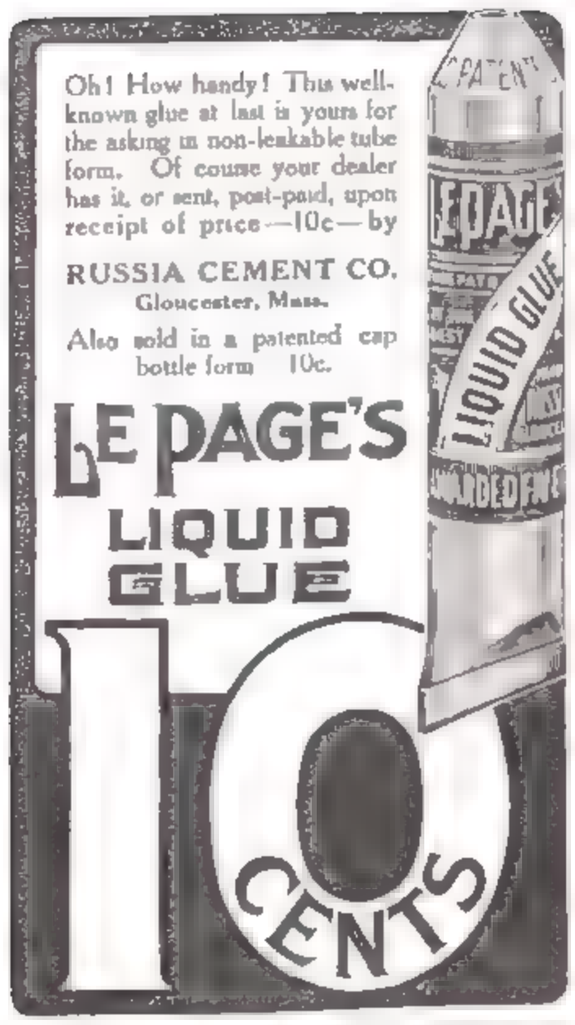
SEE IT JUMP FROM THE SHELL?

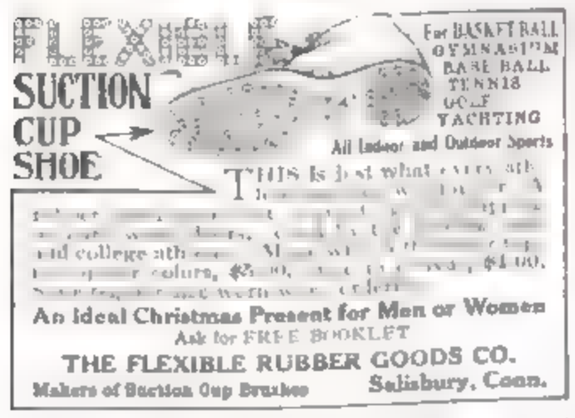
Perfect demonstration of the railroad of the future. String the wire tight [illegible] pantalog in carriage on inclined wire and it will travel entire length. Instructive Science, delights children, astounds [illegible] puzzle to [illegible]

Style A, Complete Outfit 50c. Postage 6c extra.
Style B Nickel plated, Special Xmas Package, $1.00

[illegible] steel bearings and [illegible] ring nickeled top [illegible] steel wire frame, wooden egg with illustrated directions

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO., Dept. 9, 137 West 31st St., New York


Oh! How handy! This well-known glue at last is yours for the asking in non-leakable tube form. Of course your dealer has it, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price—10c—by
RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Gloucester, Mass.
Also sold in a patented cap bottle form 10c.
LE PAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE
10 CENTS
LIQUID GLUE



Do You Want to Know About the Opportunities

in the most rapidly growing City in the New Southwest? Ft. Smith, Arkansas presents to-day, with its 40,000 population, 9 railways and enormous natural resources, with its market being rapidly developed, the most attractive proposition for the establishment of a new factory or the removal of an old one. We have a New Booklet about Ft. Smith—send for it at once to

Secretary, Commercial League, Ft. Smith, Arkansas

THE AGENT AT LOST STATION

(Continued from Page 13)

"Wirra!" he groaned, "'tis a presintimint I have. My bones ache with it and ivery milepost counts toward the end av me. Why didn't I kape him at home and let him wallow in embroidered vests and spats and bulldogs?

"I hope Flaherty will go woild with hydraphoby," he says, "and thin bite the wife's cousin—a curse on him."

Now, the lost agent av Lost Station had picked up from the wire that the Sooperintindint was on an inspection trip, though he had gone by before Barney rayported for duty.

"I wud not be the death av him," he thinks; "but if his car shud go in the ditch and himsilf come limpin' up the grade - let him luk to himsilf. For he has defied a spirit warning in going on the road at this time."

As the day wears on Barney rayflicts more and more on the presintimints he has sint out. "Faith, they are beginning to react," he says. "Niver again will I yield to the spirit av prophecy. I fale as though I had predicted the end av the wurruld and was the only man who belaved it."

All afthernoon black puffs av cloud broke out in the sky like smoke from the muzzles av cannon and as avening settled down a thread av lightning ran from wan to another whilst a dry kind av thunder rattled behint the peaks.

He did not go to camp for supper and prisintly his friends came over to Lost Station to find him dodging into the shade av the moon whin she wud burst among the black, rowling clouds like a bombshell av silver.

"There is much more in the wind than I figgered on," ixplains Barney with woild eyes and his hair on end. "And there will come on a blow that will toss somebody like a balloon. The affairs av the coompany are disthracted."

"Ye will take a hand?" whispered the miners.

"I am afraid so," said Barney, and the spirit possessing him seemed to bend him down to listen to the telygraph, whilst his jaws chattered out the missage fit to drown the sounder.

"We will watch with ye," they said thin; "it is not for nothing we have eaten salt mate together till it is all gone."

The Sooperintindint's car is on the night passinger, learns Barney from the wire. "He must be shivering with fear, inspectin' for a ghost," says Barney. "But I niver knew a presentimint to spread so fast; it has turned the marrow o' my bones to cracked ice," he says.

At the minit that the eastbound passinger, with the Sooperintindint's car behint, laves the last night office above Lost Station the wind raises a whoop av joy along the gulch.

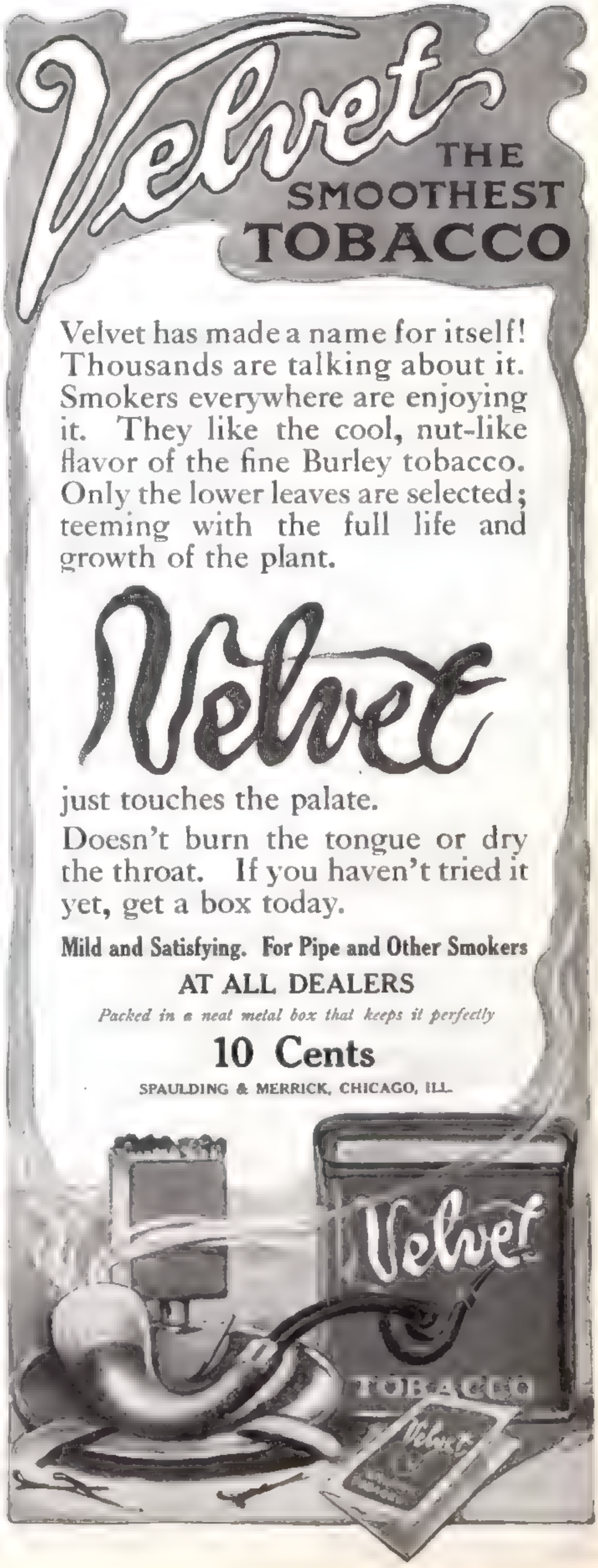
"It is the wail av the banshee," thinks Barney; "I will hide in the bottom av the mine from this presintumint." But he does not. For the fiend riding his shoulders presses him down with the weight av an ilyphant upon the insthrumint.

It is loaded with electhricity and spits sparks into his face. The Sooperintindint's thrain is almost upon thim; far away they hear the whistle, like a lost soul calling up its dog. The clouds have packed above thim in thin, black arches which bend with the weight av thunder. But for wan minit they do not break; a silence seems rustling under the arches; the rumble av the thrain sinks into a dying groan down the gorges. Thin, thin, sharp as the rayports av a Gatling gun, the sounder hammers out a missage, and Barney, his hair prickling and bristling along his scalp, is straightened to his feet as by the lick av lightning, his joints cracking with the concussion.

"The operator below has let the fast freight through on the time av the passinger," he says in a hollow voice: "I must flag the Sooperintindint's thrain."

But aven at this minit the silence is broken; the arches av the clouds burst with the roar av a thousand catharacts, and through the wild driving musts the eye av the passinger locomotive blurs, blazes, and the thrain runs by—but not at high speed, for the grades are steep and the thrack is new.

Barney does not have to consider; the finger av Fate is pointin' the way like a


Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO
Velvet has made a name for itself! Thousands are talking about it. Smokers everywhere are enjoying it. They like the cool, nut-like flavor of the fine Burley tobacco. Only the lower leaves are selected; teeming with the full life and growth of the plant.
Velvet
just touches the palate.
Doesn't burn the tongue or dry the throat. If you haven't tried it yet, get a box today.
Mild and Satisfying. For Pipe and Other Smokers
AT ALL DEALERS
Packed in a neat metal box that keeps it perfectly
10 Cents
SPAULDING & MERRICK, CHICAGO, ILL.
Velvet
TOBACCO
Velvet

I Made these myself
Shaving Pad
Candle Stick and Shade
Blotter
Candle Stick
Calendar
Smoker's Set
Some are pierced brass others are repousse chasing
If you have done only pierced brasswork, now take up repoussé chasing. It is fully as easy after a little practice, and has a much wider decorative scope.
Thousands of men, women and children are now turning these beautiful articles of brass without previous training by using—
Apollo Studios
METALOGRAPHY
Metal Art Craft at Home
Patents pending
"Nonrub" Stamped Blanks and Homeworkers' Tool Sets.
Unlike any other Homeworkers' blanks, ours come to you already cut out and shaped—your work being only the repoussé chasing, or piercing—the artistic ornamentation of the stamped design.
A complete Materials Set for one article, in envelope with full instructions, making it easy for you to produce scores of useful and "gifty" articles at a small cost. Homeworkers' tool sets sell from $1.75 to $2.65 each—"Nonrub" blanks from 25c up.
Ask your dealer to show you Apollo Studios Metalographs.
If he cannot supply you, we will. Write for FREE booklet, catalogue and mention your dealer's name.
Bernard Rice's Sons
546 Broadway
New York City

Economy *and* Comfort

A Richardson & Boynton Heater will add to the comfort of your family this winter and will show a daily saving in operating expense that is a very significant item to the man who pays the bills. You get the greatest possible amount of heat from every pound of fuel used and that at a minimum expenditure of time and labor.

Whether you choose a Fresh Warm Air Furnace or a Boiler for Steam or Hot Water heating, the name of Richardson & Boynton marks it the finest of its class.

You will be interested in our latest book—"Truth About Heating." Let us send it to you.

Richardson & Boynton Co.
ESTABLISHED 1857
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
Sold by all First Class Dealers.

THE BEST LIGHT

More brilliant than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. Costs two cents per week. Casts no shadow. Most perfect light for stores, factories, churches, public halls or the home. Makes and burns its own gas. Simple, durable and handsome. In use in every civilized country in the world. No dirt. No grease. No odor. Over two hundred different styles. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalog and prices.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

Play Base Ball All Winter

Buy a deck of Atydelott's Base Ball Cards and have fun all winter—(80 cards in a pack) play as they appear in the daily papers. It's the real game transferred to the parlor. Get up a league and decide the championship. Splendid Christmas present. Keeps the boys in at night. Ladies like it. Professional players endorse it. Ask your dealer or send 50c in stamps to us. Agents wanted.

THE ATYDELOTT BASE BALL CARDS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Learn Engineering

Mechanical or Electrical, or Architecture from practical Engineer Instructors at the best school. We teach you at home by mail, giving you benefit of same instruction as at our residence school. Write today for [illegible] we can never do [illegible]

St. Louis School of Practical Engineering, 937 Engineer Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

signpost, and in a minit he is dragging out the ould handcar from the bushes where it has lain with the wheels in the air.

The miners see him by the lightning and lend a hand; the car is on the rails and, crouching where the handle-bars will not break his spine, Barney lets her fly with the law av gravity. There is no letting her down like a cat on a fire-iscape this time, but wild and speedy as the wind he darts in and out av lightning flashes, taking the curves in a shower av sparks—but nothing can shake the ould car from the rails, for Barney is protected by the saints this night.

He sees the tail lights av the thrain and overhauls thim. As a matter av luck, the thrain increases its speed at the moment he catches it, and though the front handle-bar is shivered into jackstraws, the collision is light. In an instant Barney is over the platfoorm and into the private car, where his uncle sits alone with his presintumint.

The Sooperintindint's eyes sthrain to lave their sockets at that woild, torn and rain-draggled banshee, darting out av a black storm into the coach av a flying thrain. Without a wurrud or glance Barney throws on the air, the thrain seems to hump up in the middle, passingers from wan ind to the other telescope thimsilves against the seats ahead, the Sooperintindint seems to fale himsilf picked up by the power av magic and hurled forward.

Whin he picks himsilf up the thrain is at a standstill, the banshee has disappeared; thin another and lighter shock staggers him back and forth. It is the freight thrain, but they have seen the headlight av the passinger while creeping up grade and have slowed down enough to wreck nothing but the pilots.

And Barney, with all the craft av the Hoo-Lans, had rowled his handcar into the canyon, which was two hundred fate deep at that point, and thin raytrated up the thrack into the darkness and the storm.

An hour later, whin the thrains had both gone down the mountain, he walked to the nixt station, and there, unnoticed by any wan, caught a slow freight and got in to headquarthers before daylight.

The Old Switchman paused.

"Well, how did it end?" asked the yard-master savagely.

"I thought that was all ye cared to hear," replied the narrator. "But if ye are curious I will tell ye all, for ye are ignorint men who shud be enlightened."

Afther Katherine had gone to wurruk that morning Barney crept home, and an hour later called at headquarthers. The Sooperintindint was sitting with his legs stretched before him, his hat over his eyes and sighing dapely, for he had not raycovered from the shock av the night before.

"The top av the morning," says Barney, in a matther-av-coorse way.

Minits passed, and thin the other wint up and laid a finger on him cautiously.

"It is the rale boy," he says, and thin, sitting down agin, he stoodied his nephew for a long time.

"Where have ye been?" he asked at last.

"I will tell ye truly," says Barney; "my mind has been a blank"—they are no liars, are the Hoo-Lans—"but all the time—I do not know why—there is mysthery in it—but I thought I was officiatin' as agent at Lost Station."

"There is mysthery in it," agrees the Sooperintindint afther long thought. "But whether ye have been concerned in that which I shud not luk into as a Christian, or whether ye have played a crooked part, is beyant me.

"But this I know: ye will have a good job; for by calculation or by accidint no man can know where to lay a finger on ye, and ye will make a claim agent that will have other railroads turning sick with envy."

"How did he get on with Katherine?" asked Hogan meekly.

"Ah, that's what interests ye most," replied the Old Switchman. "Well, to tell that wud be good counsel for ye."

Whin she saw him she tossed her head.

"Stop it," says Barney. "I will have ye know that I have been walking in the shade av the moon, and I have been all but cured av ye—though not quite," he says. "So beware and do not give me advice, for I am to be claim agent and wud see that your disappearance wud not be invistigated; and shud ye put in a claim against me for personal damages I will pigeonhole it till the ind av time."

A Highway of Communication

It goes by your door. Every home, every office, every factory, and every farm in the land is on this great highway or within reach of it. It is a highway of communication, and every Bell Telephone is a gateway by which it can be reached.

Millions of messages travel over this highway every day. In the great cities they follow one another like the bullets from a machine gun, and over the wide reaches of the country they fly with the speed of shooting stars.

The Bell service carries the thoughts and wishes of the people from room to room, from house to house, from community to community, and from state to state.

This service adds to the efficiency of each citizen, and multiplies the power of the whole nation.

The Bell system brings eighty million men, women and children into one telephone commonwealth, so that they may know one another and live together in harmonious understanding.

A hundred thousand Bell employees are working all the time on this highway of communication. Every year it is made longer and broader, and its numerous branches are more widely extended. Every year it is furnished with a larger number of telephone gateways and becomes the means of greater usefulness.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone will meet your new needs and serve your new purposes. It means—one policy, one system, universal service. Every Bell Telephone is the center of the System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

YOU CAN FASTEN UP those little pictures, prints, calendars, etc., in a second without a hammer. The steel glass

Moore Push-Pins

harmonize everywhere. The steel point leaves no mark.

Hang Your Heavy Pictures on
Moore Push-less Hangers
No moulding required, no picture wire need show. Easily put up, won't mar plaster. Supports 20 lbs. Brass hook, steel point. 10c ½ doz., same as the Push-Pins.

At stationery, hardware, photo and drug stores or send 10c for 1 dozen assorted Moore Push Products.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 105 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE
The Gun That Shoots.
FOR MEN AND BOYS
Sends a shot entirely through one half inch pine and more. [illegible] compressed air [illegible] same as used by powerful [illegible] rabbits and squirrels. Practical gun for all small game. Discharges [illegible] Can be used where cartridge guns cannot [illegible] costs [illegible] shoots [illegible] accurate [illegible] $3 prepaid. Circular free.
Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 502 Leader Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

If You Have Something to Fix Use This Superior Tool

U TI CA TRADE MARK

To mend the Gas jet, to hang a picture, to bend or cut a wire, to hold something firmly, to do a thousand and one things, see that you have a pair of

Utica Pliers
for
HOUSEHOLDERS
AUTOISTS
MECHANICS
MILLINERS
JEWELERS
ELECTRICIANS
PLUMBERS
LINEMEN
Look for Trade Mark

UTICA PLIERS

Get a pair at Hardware or Electrical Supply store today. If you are already a Plier or Nipper user you will appreciate the superior quality, design and material of Utica Pliers. If you have never used a plier you will wonder how such an ordinary tool could be made so useful and powerful. Insist upon getting the UTICA, guaranteed not to bend or break under work.

The Only Plier that Fits the Hand.

Household Plier No. 700, Price $1.00
Wire cutter and Plier combined. Has screw-driver at end of handle. One of 75 different styles and sizes. If your Hardware or Electrical Supply dealer does not carry full stock write us for descriptive catalogue, "Plier Palmistry."

Ask us the reason you should not accept any substitute

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., Dept. 22, Utica, N.Y.

A SAD, SAD DOG

(Concluded from Page 9)

isn't it? You should hear dear old Wilkie Bard sing it. You'd split your sides laughing. Might I ask what a moose is?"

"A moose," replied T. Waldemar, "is a large animal with a long bill and feathers and barks like a dog."

"Most extraordinary," commented Percy. "Resembles that chap's stork, I dare say."

And so we whiled the time away, past the Lake of the Woods and the countless other lakes, past Kenora with its great sawmills, past the hustling, bustling Winnipeg, past the great grainfields and the thriving Calgary, and finally we came to the Rockies. The observation car prayed to standing-room only through the mountains, and as the great panorama of snow-clad peaks and glaciers unrolled the tourists were awed into silence.

We reached Mount Stephen, towering far above the railroad station, where we stopped for luncheon.

Percy looked at Mount Stephen. "Jolly place for a chap to fall off, isn't it?" he observed.

"Fellow did fall off once," volunteered the Insurance Agent.

"My word, did it hurt him?"

"Oh, smashed him up a little, but it was a great thing for his friends!"

"Didn't his friends like him?"

"Oh, they liked him well enough, but that wasn't the point. You see, he fell so far he made a big hole in the ground when he struck and they used the hole for a mine."

"What extraordinary people!" said Percy. "Fancy his striking on the exact place where they wanted a mine."

Then it began to snow and the symposium gathered in the smoking-room. "The thing I can't stand," orated the Man from Minneapolis, "is them lords and dukes you has in England."

"Pardon me," broke in Percy. "Just a moment, please. There was another song dear old Wilkie Bard used to sing. Frightfully comic, too. The first line goes: 'The Leith police dismisseth us.' Fancy that, when you have been dining and all singing with dear old Wilkie. Comic, isn't it? Impossible to say it, you know. Quite impossible, 'pon my word. I roar with laughter every time I think of it, with all the good old chaps trying to sing it. Quite impossible, you know, and comic, too. Oh, very."

"It needs a little something about sea shells in it to make it the real thing," suggested T. Waldemar.

"On the contrary," said Percy earnestly, "there is nothing about sea shells in this one, I assure you. It's quite different, you know. Oh, very different."

"Five minutes to view the Albert Gorge," said the porter, and everybody piled out to the platform they have built on the edge of this great fissure in the rocks.

When we were back in the smoking compartment again Percy gazed steadily out of the window for a long time. The College Professor was in the midst of a discourse on the superiority of mind over matter, as illustrated by the great engineering feats we had witnessed in the mountains. "Of course," he said, "I admit that Nature in her various moods is wonderful to contemplate, but when we see the mighty works of man we are thrilled to admiration. While Nature is Nature, what man does is intellectual and, after all, it is the intellect that is king."

"Pardon me," broke in Percy. "I have thought of a jolly clever thing I might have said when that porter fellow told us to go out and look at that gorge."

"What is it?" pleaded T. Waldemar.

"Why, don't you know," said Percy, "the porter fellow came in and said: 'Five minutes to view the Albert Gorge,' and when he said that I might have said a clever thing if I had thought of it then."

"Well," persisted T. Waldemar, "what is it? Let's have it now."

"Old tops," said Percy, gazing radiantly around at the company, "when the porter fellow said it was time to view the Albert Gorge I might have said to us all here, you know: 'Go out and gorge yourself with it.' Jolly clever thing, isn't it? Sorry I didn't think of it in time. Haw! Haw! Haw-haw-haw! Go out and gorge yourself with it! Jolly clever, I call it."

"Quite so," said Chappie.

The BRADLEY FULL-FASHIONED MUFFLER

For men, women and children, **50c.** The Bradley Full-Fashioned Auto Scarf, for men and women, **$1.50.** Each packed in a handsome gift box. Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

Every Man

who wants real protection from the cold winds should try the

Bradley Full-Fashioned Muffler

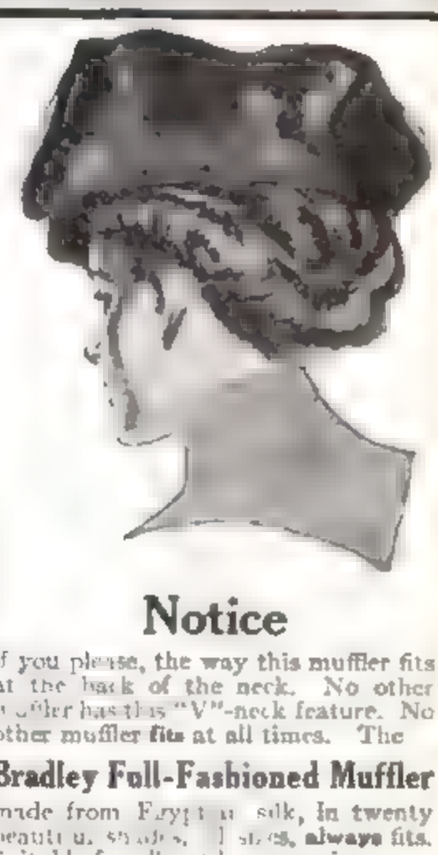
It fits—never crawls up, wrinkles, bunches or grows stringy. Different from all others. Made from fine Egyptian silk, all sizes, any color.

For Your Boy

no muffler ever made is as satisfactory as the "Bradley." Having a "V"-neck, it fits under the coat and stays there; prevents winds and snow from reaching the spine. Made in colors that will please the boy. His size too.

Like the Bradley Full-Fashioned Muffler for men and women, the price is just the same

50c



Notice

If you please, the way this muffler fits at the back of the neck. No other muffler has this "V"-neck feature. No other muffler fits at all times. The

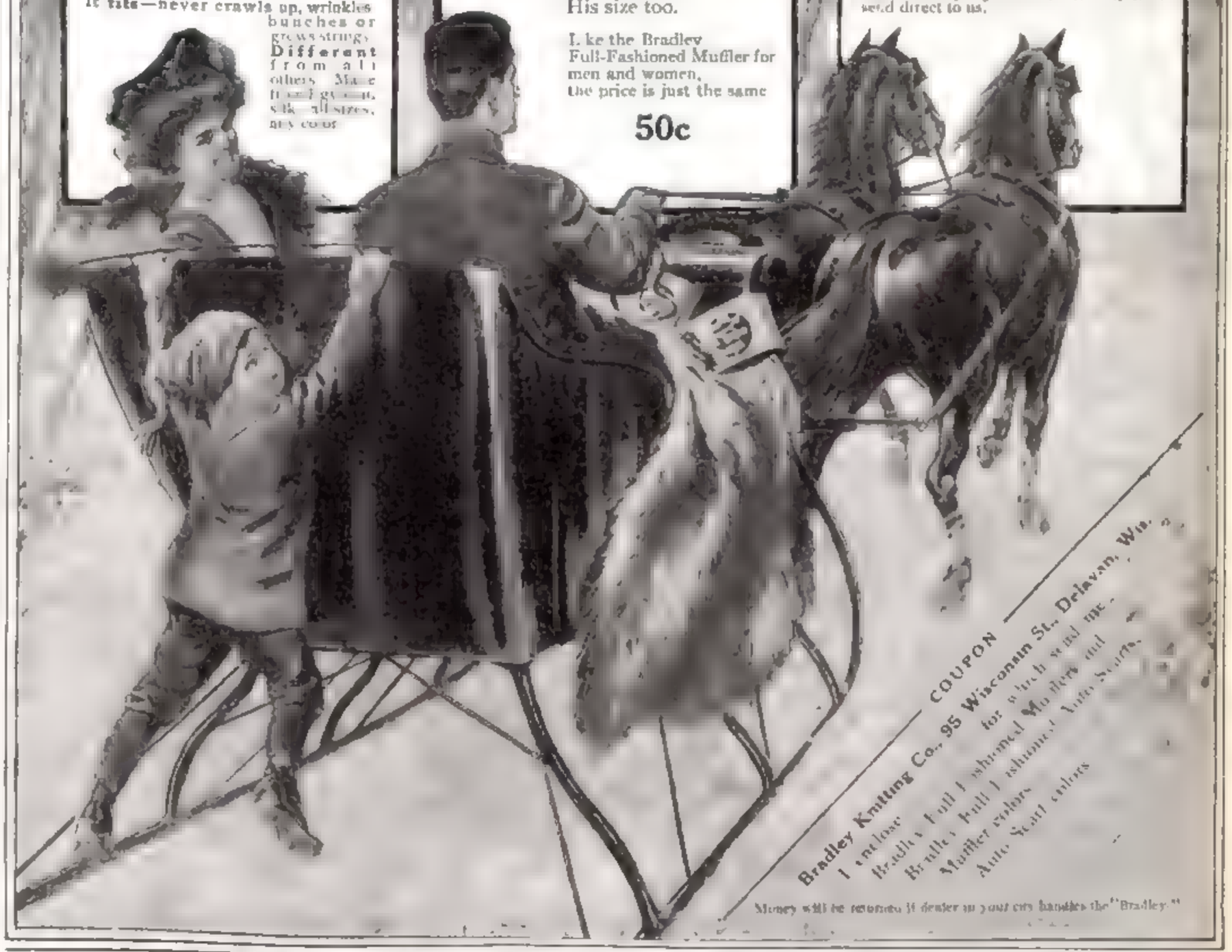
Bradley Full-Fashioned Muffler

made from Egyptian silk, in twenty beautiful shades, all sizes, always fits. Suitable for all outdoor occasions.

50c

Our Auto-Scarf, shaped like the muffler, but longer and wider, is made from pure Australian worsted, with fringed ends and ocean pearl clasp. Price **$1.50.**

Your dealer, if he's progressive, has the "Bradley" products. If not, then send direct to us.



COUPON

Bradley Knitting Co., 95 Wisconsin St., Delavan, Wis.

I enclose ... for which send me ...
Bradley Full-Fashioned Muffler ...
Bradley Full-Fashioned Auto Scarf ...
Muffler colors ...
Auto Scarf colors ...

Money will be returned if dealer in your city handles the "Bradley."

FUN FOR ALL
POST CARD PROJECTOR

You can throw post cards, kodak pictures, clippings, etc., onto a screen like magic lantern views. No slides needed. Reflected images 6 feet wide, show up in original colors. *Specify whether you want for gas, electricity, or acetylene.* Each style complete, ready to operate. ($3.00 Express prepaid to any part of U.S.) BEST XMAS GIFT YOU CAN GET OR GIVE.

Send Express or P. O. order. Money refunded if you are not pleased. Ref. Cleveland First Nat'l Bank

Post Card Projector Co., 2105 Superior Viad., Cleveland, Ohio. Send for free booklet.

World's Electrical Exhibition JANUARY 15 TO 29 1910

Arrange to visit Chicago at this time and see **Everything** new and wonderful in the field of Electrical Science, Invention and Industry. Manufacturers should reserve space now

Electrical Trades Exposition Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

"DAEMO" SHIELD-CLAMPS

Neater, handier, easier and quicker ... than anything won't rust, slip, let go, weaken or irritate. Everlasting. At dealers, or postpaid, 6 nickel 15c Twists, $1. 4 ... 25c. Catalog free. D. S. CLAMP CO., Metro. Bldg., New York City. Agents Wanted.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT

Handy, Automatic
HAME FASTENER

Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters will ... Fastens instantly with glove on. Outwears the harness. Money back if not as ... Write today for ... special terms to agents.

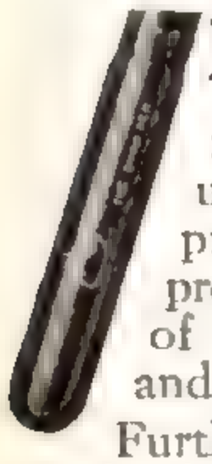
F. THOMAS MFG. CO., 886 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

DUTCH BALD WIG ... Mustaches or Whiskers on Gauze, 35c. Wax Nose, 15c. Grease Paint 15c. Liquid Crepe Hair ... Send us 2c stamps for large ... of ... and ... make-up materials ... THE TRADEMORE CO., Dept. 8, TOLEDO, OHIO

A Christmas Suggestion

A gift always acceptable and a lasting reminder of the giver.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN



makes a gift universally prized and appreciated because of its real value and usefulness.

Furthermore, as a pen that has been the standard for more than half a century, it marks unmistakably the good taste of the giver.

The "SWAN" has the finest Gold Pen ever put into a Fountain Pen and a natural and practical Feed, supplying the ink both above and below the Gold Pen point.

These two vital points of superiority make the "SWAN" the most durable, most efficient pen you can buy—and we are willing to make a public test to demonstrate this statement.

Give your friend a "SWAN" Fountain Pen that just suits his hand and your gift will become an inseparable companion of the recipient. It is a pen that will last a lifetime.

The "SWAN" is made in many styles from the plainest to the most elaborate. The prices range from $2.50 up.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. P
Established 1843
17 Maiden Lane, New York 149 Dearborn St., Chicago
London Paris Brussels Manchester

The "Long chart" Style is a handy serviceable sterling Pencil that slides in a purse ... turn out $1.50 ... made ... our English Factory. Our new Booklet is ready to mail ... Send for it to-day

EASY REMEDIES FOR KNOTTY SALES

(Concluded from Page 11)

writing is a young man whose job it is to take in hand whatever branch office of this company happens to need bolstering up. His specialty is to show the branch managers how to reorganize and ginger up their sales forces and to remind them not to forget to take a little of the tonic themselves.

This young man entered the employ of this company only four years ago. He is young enough to be the son of some of the managers under him. He was promoted over the heads of men who had worked for the company as long as twenty-five years. He ascribes his success merely to a system which he devised to keep his nose to the grindstone when he first began to canvass pianos from house to house.

He analyzed the possibilities and probabilities of his line and decided that a certain average percentage of his visits would result in sales. This being sure, the more visits he crowded into a day's work the greater would be the number of pianos he would sell. Each morning as he would leave home he would say to himself: "Today I am going to ring one hundred doorbells. It will not matter how many doors are slammed in my face or how many good prospects I may raise—one hundred doorbells, rain or shine, no less."

He sold pianos from the very first - sold eight of them the first month, with twelve good prospects hanging over into the second. Before long he was called to New York to the president's office to explain.

"If we put you in charge of a branch office do you think you could apply your system to the canvassers in that branch?" the president asked.

When the canvasser found himself a branch manager in a New Jersey town he prescribed routes and one hundred doorbells a day for each of his men. From time to time he himself picked here and there over one of these routes to satisfy himself that his men were at work. Some of them left him early, so early that he could not fire them. But that particular branch began to sell pianos in a manner that was outrageous compared with what it had done. For a time the inventor of the no-shirk system was transferred from branch to branch. Then he was appointed chief of branch managers, and now his work consists of breaking in the men in charge of branches and seeing that they stay broken in.

The salesman whose line brings him again and again in contact with the same buyers does not find it difficult to turn his customers into friends. In the course of time a word dropped here or there informs him as to the politics, the hobbies and the pet schemes of his customers, from missionary work to cockfighting. All these little human weaknesses the salesman knows how to turn into dollars. He keeps card indexes, recording with the names of his customers all useful little side-shoots of information that enable him to draw himself personally closer to his man. If John Hunter, general storekeeper at Smith's Corners in the backwoods of Connecticut, is an ardent fisherman, from away off in San Francisco, where the salesman has gone to visit his people, he may receive a clipping of a fish story cut out of a San Francisco newspaper. In short, this salesman seeds and fertilizes friendship. Later he comes with his binders and corn-cutters and hay-loaders.

On the other hand, the salesman whose work puts him continually in contact with strange faces works along different lines. Appearance and manner he must rely upon to gain him a hearing.

If any further incident is needed to prove that salesmanship is an exact science perhaps there was never a prettier illustration of sales strategy than one which happened last summer. This was when a Maiden Lane wholesale jewelry salesman forsook three-hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklaces over a week-end and created a world-record price while selling—cantaloups!

In the suburbs of New York this salesman had a friend, a former city man, who had bought himself a twelve-acre farm and, like Mark Twain, was making "two blades of grass grow where three grew before." The salesman visited this friend over a week-end. On the farm, adjoining a stream, was a low, sandy-loam tract of almost virgin ground, and here grew the most gorgeous, luscious, whopping big muskmelons, despite all that the city farmer could do to them.

"I've half a notion to take samples to New York to try to sell to some of the big hotels; but I don't know how to go about it," the farmer said. "I suppose it is a matter of going around to the back door, but then—I'd get a quarter apiece for them!"

"Old man," the salesman said, "we'll take them through the front door and get a dollar apiece for them. Listen!" Then he outlined his scheme. Next morning the farmer was to send a crate of four of the melons to the —— Hotel. The salesman would 'phone up there to have them put on ice for himself. The farmer and his wife were to show up at the hotel at seven-thirty that night to meet the salesman and a friend and have dinner with him. The rest was to be left to the salesman.

Several times during the dinner the party found itself the object of the special interest of the head waiter. At the end of the meal he approached the host and asked if the manager might not have the pleasure of a private word with him.

"Not in my twenty years' experience have I seen melons like those. Where in the world did you get them, if I may ask?" the manager said enthusiastically.

"Those cantaloups? Why, I grow them myself on my farm," the salesman said. "I'll send you over a couple if you like them."

"Like them?" And the manager's face showed disappointment. "I suppose there is no use trying to induce you to part with any of them for hotel purposes?"

"You wouldn't want them at my price, I think," the salesman returned. "Those melons are the finest grown in the United States; there isn't one of them that wouldn't win a prize at a county fair. They're worth one dollar each."

Six crates of melons the farmer shipped to the hotel the next morning. Prize-winner Cantaloups was the entry on the menu. At the end of five weeks, after the last of more than two thousand melons had been shipped to the hotel, the manager sent a telegram, prepaid, and tried to order more.

Trying It on the Pig

THE old story that everything there is of a pig is utilized nowadays, barring the squeal, covers the fact fully. Even the eyes of a pig have a very important incidental usefulness to physicians—more particularly those who make ocular surgery a specialty.

It happens that the eye of a pig is remarkably like that of a human being—more like it, indeed, than that of any other animal, unless, possibly, a gorilla or chimpanzee. It is just about the same size and has substantially the same structure in all important particulars. Anatomically speaking, there are no conspicuous differences between the two.

Thus it is that students of ophthalmic surgery are taught the rudiments of the art through operations performed not on human eyes, which are too precious, but on the eyes of pigs, obtained from freshly-killed animals. For this purpose such an eye may be held by the instructor between folds of a towel, exposing it to view, while the novice cuts to remove the crystalline lens for cataract; snips a triangular piece out of the iris for suppositious glaucoma; clips one of the muscles, or what-not.

For such work, dealers in surgical instruments sell a contrivance made of steel, called a mask, which is provided with two holes to hold securely the pig's eyes, set just as eyes are set in the human face. By the time that the student has become thoroughly expert in operating upon the seeing organs of swine he may be trusted to tackle similar problems affecting the eyes of living people. So useful, indeed, is practice of this sort that even the most expert oculists are accustomed, when they have something new and puzzling to do, to try it first, so to speak, on the pig.

Balanced Heating

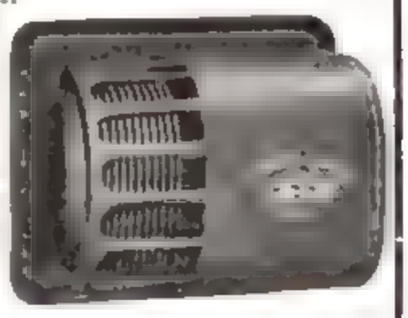
You know how the weather changes keep you busy adjusting the draft and check dampers of the Heater. The IDEAL Sylphon Regitherm will save you the labor—take the constant caretaking off your mind—will prevent underheating and a cold house—will avoid overheating and waste of fuel.

You can keep ALL parts of your home at a balanced, uniform temperature of 70 degrees by merely setting the indicator hand at the figure 70—the Regitherm does the work silently, steadily, *balanced*—never stopping. No springs, clock work or electricity to give out or run down.

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

will keep the entire house at any temperature between 60 and 80 degrees, day or night, by setting the indicator hand at the degree wanted—just as you would turn the hand on a clock. Easily attached to any heating outfit. Will last as long as the heating outfit or the house. Has stood 150,000 movements with no sign of wear.

The cost of a Regitherm is quickly repaid in precise heating comfort, less-ened care-taking and the fuel economy it effects.



Price,
$35—costs little to put in. For sale by all Heating trade. Ask for book, "New Aids to Ideal Heating."

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write Dept. 28 CHICAGO
Sold with All Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name WILBUR stamped on it and the Cupid trade mark enclosed in the wrapper

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Many chocolate makers imitate them, and every imitation is open confession that no other chocolate was ever so popular or so good.

At dealers, or we will send a pound box prepaid for $1. *One* sample box for 30c and your dealer's name.

WILBUR'S Velour Chocolate

For eating only—less sugar, greater body, greater satisfaction, delightful in aroma. Flat cakes, 10c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., 222 Bread St., Philadelphia
Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA

FLORIDA Garden Truck and Fruit Lands. 3 crops a year. Below the frost line. Write for interesting booklet to Land Commissioner Charlotte Harbor & Nor. Ry., Boca Grande, Fla.

Next time—

if you want Suspenders that fit; that feel so comfortable you don't feel them at all; that neither stretch out nor sweat out and that give you your money's worth—tell the store man:

"ATWOOD"

SUSPENDERS

At most shops, or by mail

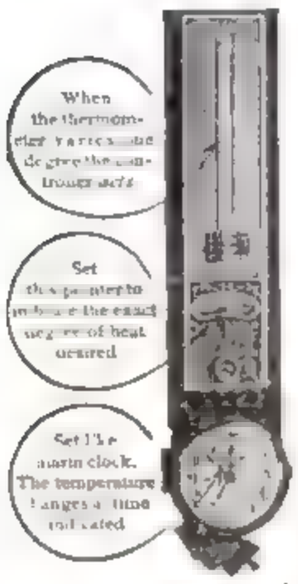
50 cents

ATWOOD SUSPENDER CO.
Dept. B
Schenectady, N.Y.

Live Dealers Wanted

The JEWELL

Heat Controller


When the thermometer varies the degree the manufacturer sets
Set the pointer to indicate the exact degree of heat desired
Set like alarm clock. The temperature changes a time indicated

"Makes the Heat Behave!"

A simple device with time clock attachment, which can be set to govern the heat in your house automatically, and insure any temperature desired at any hour of day, night, or early morning.

Gives warm rooms to dress in, even temperature all day, and cool rooms to sleep in. Easy to install in any house, no trouble to operate, can be applied to any heating system.

The Jewell saves 20% on coal bills and prevents accidental fires.

30 Days' Free Trial

Write today for booklet "The House Comfortable," prices and full information regarding this free trial offer. Let the Jewell Heat Controller prove what it will do before you purchase it.

THE JEWELL MFG. CO., 18 Green Street, Auburn, N.Y.

SANITOL

Purest, best and most economical for you.
Polishes the teeth and keeps them white.
Tones up the gums and keeps them healthy.
Buy a tube today.

25c everywhere

TOOTH PASTE

SNEEZING? You need a "Hanky"

Fine genuine linen hemstitched handkerchiefs. Ladies' 10c; Men's 15c each. A useful present. Any quantity mailed on receipt of price.

BAKER TRADING CO., 282 Manhattan Avenue, N.Y.

TYPEWRITERS

"Visible" typewriters factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅓ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

What the New Tariff Does to the Consumer

(Continued from Page 15)

Under Schedule D, covering wood and its manufactures, are necessary articles used to the extent of five hundred and sixty million dollars on which duties have been reduced, four hundred millions of the decrease being plain lumber. If the maximum tariff should be applied to Canada duties under this schedule would actually be much increased. Meanwhile, the trade is waiting to see what will happen in that respect. Duties on shingles, used to the extent of twenty-six million dollars, were raised. I suspect there is a typographical error here, for my copy of the Senate tables does not show shingles marked as a "Luxury."

Schedule E shows a necessary article which is used to the extent of three hundred million dollars a year on which the duty was reduced. This necessary article is refined sugar. The duty was reduced from $1.95 to $1.90 a hundred pounds, so if the consumer got the entire benefit of the reduction he would have to eat an even ton of sugar to save a dollar. But as a matter of fact the price of granulated sugar was higher in October than when the bill was passed.

Schedule F covers tobacco. There was no change in duties here. Changes in the internal revenue law which will make tobacco somewhat dearer were mentioned in a previous article.

Schedule G—agricultural products and provisions—shows a reduction of duty on necessary articles used to the extent of nearly five hundred millions yearly—mostly bacon, hams, pork and beef, of which we export great quantities. These reductions, in short, have only a sentimental, or oratorical, value.

Schedule H covers spirits, wines and beverages, on all of which, used to the extent of nearly half a billion dollars, duties were increased, and all of which were, very properly, marked "Luxuries."

Other Schedules Marked Up

We come now to Schedule I—cotton manufactures. All the Senate summaries have to say about it is that the duties on stockings, which are used to the extent of forty million dollars a year, and which are alleged to be luxuries if valued above $1.50 a dozen, or 12½ cents a pair, have been increased. But as to the many advances in duty on cotton cloth which were brought about by changing *ad valorem* rates to so-called specifics, and by the surtax of a cent a yard on mercerized goods—these Senate tables upon which the President relied say not a word. I could almost suspect that the Finance Committee had bamboozled our good President.

Schedule J—flax, hemp, and so forth—is a bit puzzling. It says that oilcloths and linoleums, used to the extent of ten millions a year, have enjoyed a reduction of duty. What the law itself says respecting linoleums I have just mentioned.

Wool and its manufactures—Schedule K—are dismissed with the remark that no changes have been made in duties—which fact constitutes, perhaps, the grossest iniquity of the new law. The clothing manufacturers even suspect that, on account of a change in valuations, there may be some increases in duty.

On silk—Schedule L—duties have been increased as to articles used to the extent of a hundred and six millions yearly, all luxuries.

Schedule M—pulps, paper and books—comes out pretty nearly even, according to the Senate's figures. On articles used to the value of sixty-seven million dollars duties have been decreased. On articles used to the value of eighty-one millions duties have been increased. But nearly half of these latter articles are cigar labels and lithographic prints, and they are marked "Luxuries." The article in this schedule on which duties are said to have been decreased is print paper, and to the extent of sixty-seven million dollars a year. However, I have discussed this pulp and paper schedule before.

The consumer scores heaviest of all under Schedule N—sundries. Here we find duties have been reduced on articles that are used to the extent of seventeen hundred million dollars a year. But over nine hundred millions of this is soft coal, and I quoted above an excellent trade

CHRISTMAS CANDY—all the fun of making it at home and a sure success if you use Karo—the great candy syrup. Karo fudge, taffy, caramels, butter scotch are famous. You can eat them more freely than other sweets—they are wholesome and digestible.

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

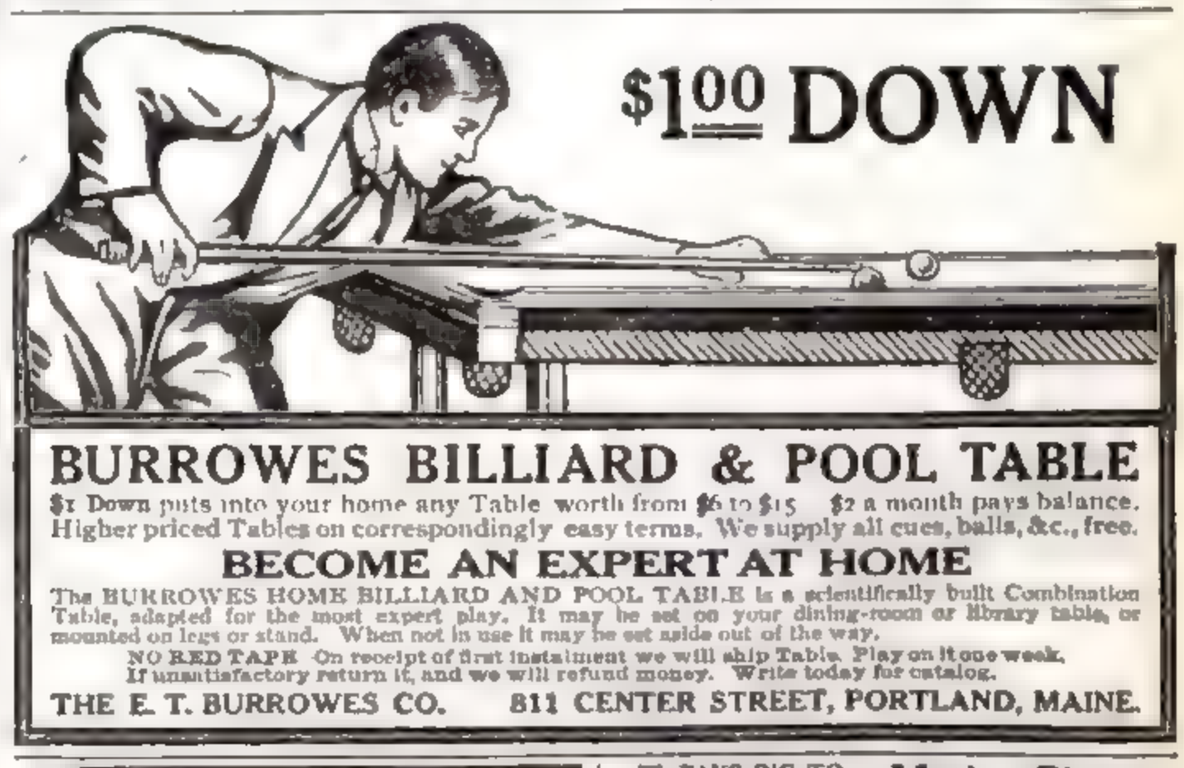
Karo
CORN SYRUP

Use it for
Ginger Bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses—cooking and candy making. As a spread for bread you can give the children all they want.

* Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book fifty pages *including* thirty *perfect* recipes for home candy-making Fudge, Taffy, Caramels, Butter Scotch, *and especially "Karo Sweet Divinity"—the book tells.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. E, New York



$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15 $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 811 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

RUBBER-VULC

TRADE MARK

THE RUBBER BOUND LATHER BRUSH

THE PARTICULAR BRUSH FOR THE PARTICULAR MAN

Over 60 styles thoroughly covered by letters patent.

The lather brush sensation of the day.

Besides PROPERLY vulcanized in hard rubber [illegible] can be taken apart to prevent [illegible] and soap. The Rubber Vulc Tourist Brush as illustrated, or our [illegible] makes a most Desirable Christmas Present. The Bristles cannot come out. Every brush fully guaranteed. At your dealers, if not, we will prepay either brush upon receipt of one dollar.

Address Dept. S RUBBER-BOUND BRUSH CO., Belleville, N.J.

IT PAYS BIG TO Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our Instruction Book and Business Guide tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters etc. [illegible] is a Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., and to operate Five Cent Theatres in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented.

Big Profits Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.

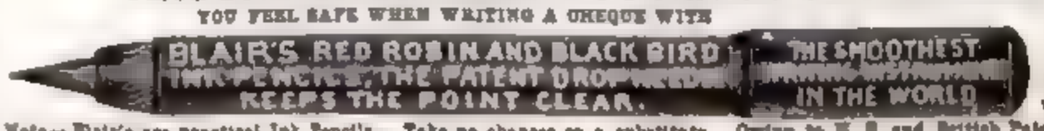
AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 830 Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

AROUND THE WORLD BUT NEVER OUT OF INK!

YOU FEEL SAFE WHEN WRITING A CHEQUE WITH

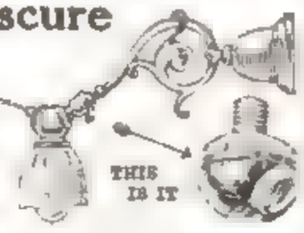


Are Ink Tight in the pocket. Others leak thro' vest or back end.

Note—Blair's are practical Ink Pencils. Take no chances on a substitute. Owing to U. S. and British Patents they can not be imitated. For Correspondence, Manifolding, Ruling and Stenography. No leaky air tube, they fill easier. Hold 50 per cent. more Ink and permit the use of Blair's Safety Ink Making Cartridges. 10c. extra. Saving cost of check punch, $5.00. Point will last for years. Soon saves cost. PRICES: Plain, $1.00; Chased, $1.25; Chased and Gold Mounted, $1.50; Red Cases, 3¾ in., $1.50, Large Barrel, 4 in. or 5 in., $1.50, 3¾ in., Silver Filigree $4.50; by insured mail, 5c. more. Ordinary ink can be used.

BLAIR'S FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, 6 John Street, Suite 315, New York. Get Agency

Double Holiday Light and Life for Obscure Corners



BENJAMIN Two-Light Plug Cluster

If you have only one socket but want more light, or want an extra wire at some distant point for ornamental, decorative, or display purposes, you need no new equipment—just screw the plug into the outlet. *It does the work of two.*

Simple as can be—
Equally Inexpensive

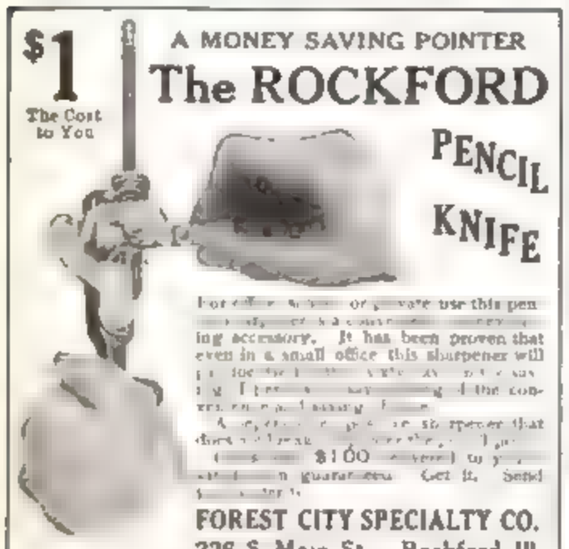
For sale by all Electrical Dealers—or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 75 cents.

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
507 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

$1 The Cost to You

A MONEY SAVING POINTER

The ROCKFORD PENCIL KNIFE



ing accessory. It has been proven that even in a small office this sharpener will

$1.00

guarantees. Get it. Send

FOREST CITY SPECIALTY CO.
226 S. Main St. Rockford, Ill.

Portable Vacuum Cleaning

"Best of Every Test"

The Thurman Portable Electric

Cleans everything in the home.

YOU NEED IT NOW

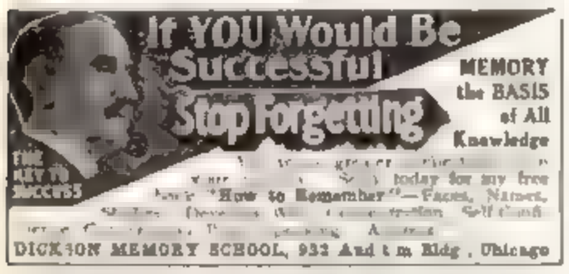
Manufacturer of all kinds of vacuum cleaning machines including Factory Systems, Residence Systems, Stationary Plants, and Sand Power Machines. We are the oldest and largest Company of its kind in the world. Write for particulars.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACH'Y CO.
Dept. 122 No. 519 No. Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, U. S. A.

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better

Favorite Pens

C. W. RANSOM,
308 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri



today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names,

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

CATNIP BALL 10 cents. New style noiseless, 25 cents. Most amusing toy for cats. Package of herbs extra with ball. All druggists and bird stores, or mailed for 18 cts. and 27 cts. *Jobbers write for prices.*

Black Cat LOOSE CATNIP has no equal—10 cents at druggists or mailed for 12 cents.

NATIONAL CAT SUPPLIES COMPANY, East Boston, Mass.

THE LATEST CRAZE!

Sawyer's Bo-Peep Puzzle

An evening's fun for all the family.
Mailed for 10 cts., stamps or silver.

Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., Dept. B, 88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

authority as to what the effect of this reduction of 22 cents a ton in the duty on soft coal would really be. Schedule N includes various manufactures of leather, such as bags, baskets and pocketbooks, consumed to the extent of fifty-three million dollars a year, on which duties were raised from 35 per cent to 40 per cent; and furs, used to the extent of thirty-seven million dollars a year, on which duties were raised from 35 per cent to 50 per cent. But the latter are "Luxuries"

What Senator Dolliver Said

Schedule N, however, also includes boots and shoes, used to the extent of three hundred millions a year, on which duties were lowered.

Here, at last, we have some solid ground under our feet. This item seems to be about all that is left, in a tangible form, of the President's five billions.

"Mr. President," said Senator Dolliver, "we have a Tariff Commission now. We have had a Tariff Commission in the United States for twenty years. They are experts, though they have never been appointed by any public authority. They are volunteers. They wrote, according to the testimony of Governor Dingley, the iron and steel schedule. They have written, according to a letter of Governor Dingley's which I read in the Senate Chamber a few weeks ago, the cotton schedule. For forty-two years they have met regularly before every session of Congress charged with the duty of revising the tariff and taken their position on the wool schedule. The trouble is, our Tariff Commission represents no public responsibility, and in these later years, in my judgment, it has become the mere interpreter of the greed of a few men."

Commodity prices have advanced generally since the new law went into effect. They are now very close to the highest level known in many years. In a good many cases—as, for example, raw cotton—the tariff is in nowise responsible for this. In a good many cases where the tariff is responsible, this latest revision will afford little or no relief. Many people think prices will go still higher. Probably the trusts—constituting that voluntary tariff commission to which Senator Dolliver referred, and which so largely dictated this revision—have good reason for sharing that opinion.

A Prayer for Jimmy

Dear Lord, excuse Jim Banks and me
For hitting Aunty Griggs when we
Threw snowballs at the cat, because
We did not know where Aunty was!

Jim Banks and me are sorry, Lord,
For drawing Teacher on the board,
And after what we got, we do
Not need more punishment from you!

Excuse Jim Banks especially,
Because his mother's dead and he
Just heard of you the other day
And is too bashful yet to pray!

But you would like him if you knew
Jim Banks as well as we all do.
And if you have some clothes to spare
Remember him, for he's quite bare!

He says old shoes will help him some,
And some worn pants; and he will come
Most any night, but where he stays
He earns his keep by working days!

And if there is an angel there
Who might like him and you can spare,
Would you mind telling this to him
And see what he can do for Jim?

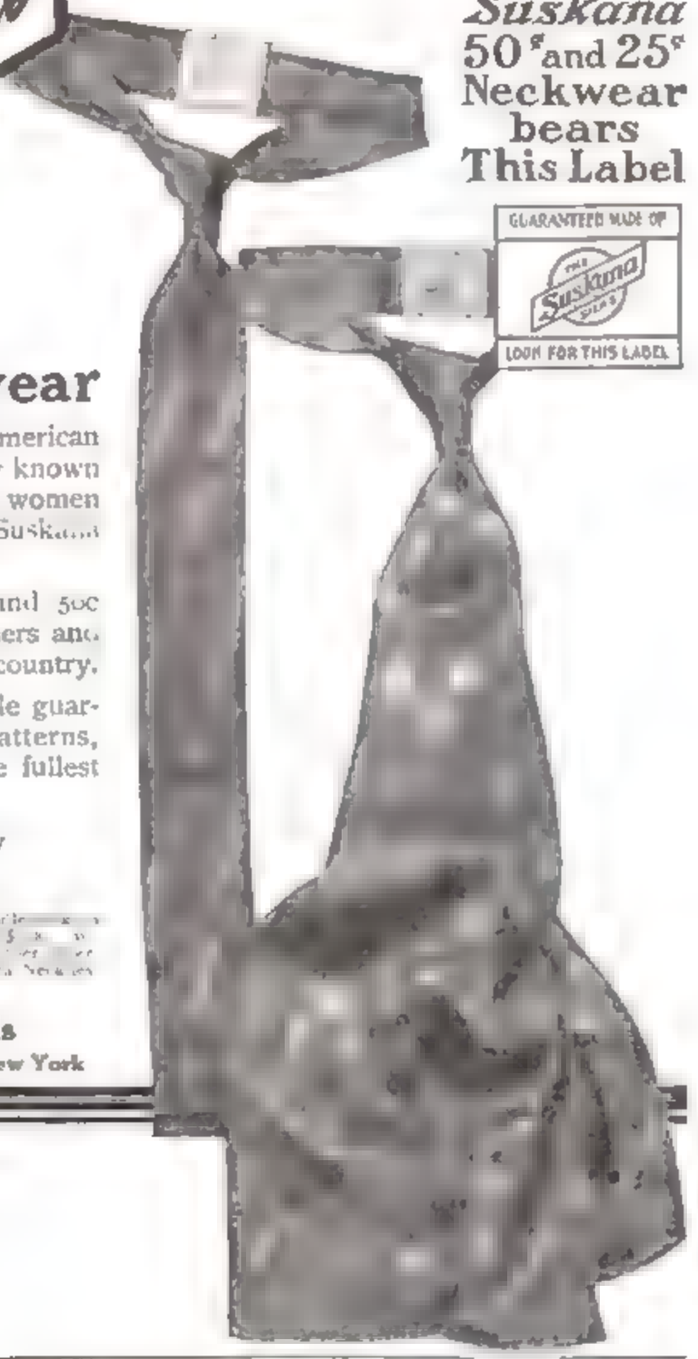
And Jimmy's hat is straw and old,
You know the weather's pretty cold,
And Jimmy's ears stick out into
The weather, and his nose gets blue!

Dear Lord, please do the very best
You can for him! I've got a vest
And sweater on the closet shelf
That I am going to give, myself!

And beg your pardon, Lord, and pray
My soul to keep; and Jimmy may
Be President some day, and then
We'll all be proud of him. Amen!

—J. W. Foley.

THE Suskana SILKS Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



And now

Suskana Neckwear

Suskana Silks are the product of American looms. They have been favorably known to a generation of keen American women buyers. If you want to know what Suskana Quality is, ask a woman.

Suskana Silk Neckwear in 25c and 50c values is for sale by men's furnishers and department stores throughout the country.

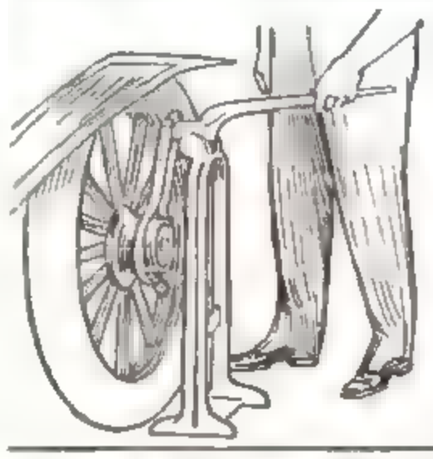
The Suskana Label is your infallible guarantee of the latest fashion in patterns, weaves and colorings; and of the fullest possible value for your money.

Suskana Ties Slip Easily Through the Collar

An Offer: If your haberdasher does not handle Suskana Neckwear, send us his name and $

dasher, with ½ dozen 50c, or one dozen 25c Suskana Neckwear assorted colors. State which quality you desire.

Susquehanna Silk Mills
Dept. N 18 West 18th Street, New York



Stops Your Tire Expense

Use Moore's Tire Saving Jacks. Don't have them carry the great weight of your automobile when not in use. Tires will not

as fast as if car were running. For the Winter months don't wait to get

Moore's Tire Saving Jacks

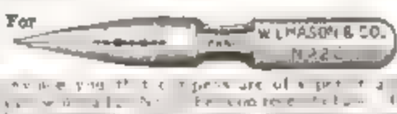
They save your tires and cost only $8.50 for a set of four. They prevent grease

Lasts the life of car. Only two operations to raise wheels clear from floor. Slip padded loop over hub and push down lever. A child can do it in

Please write today. We'll send you name of dealer in your town who handles Moore's Tire Saving Jacks. Also our little booklet "When It's Bedtime for your Auto." Write now. (3)

J. C. MOORE & CO., 1602 Forrest St., Racine, Wis.

Ask For MASON'S PENS



25 For 25c

W. L. MASON CO., Drawer B, KEENE N. H.

"C. Q. D." A complete wireless

$1.50 Not a toy We

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE

ELECTRO IMPORTING CO., 82a West Broadway NEW YORK

Indian Moccasins Laced, also Moccasin Slippers, and Genuine Moosehide, Indian tanned and elaborately embroidered with Indian tribal designs make

Mocassins

and color

prepaid upon receipt of price. Money refunded if they are not satisfactory.

and for free catalog Metz & Schlaeth, 90 Main St., Oshkosh, Wis.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$9,000 for one invention

"How to Obtain a Patent"

"What to Invent" sent free

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys, Established 18 years. 925 F St., Washington D. C.

WINSLOW'S Skates

The best skaters and the best rinks everywhere will have none but Winslow's.

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Superior in material, in finish and durability. Over 50 years as the world's standard has clinched this fact.

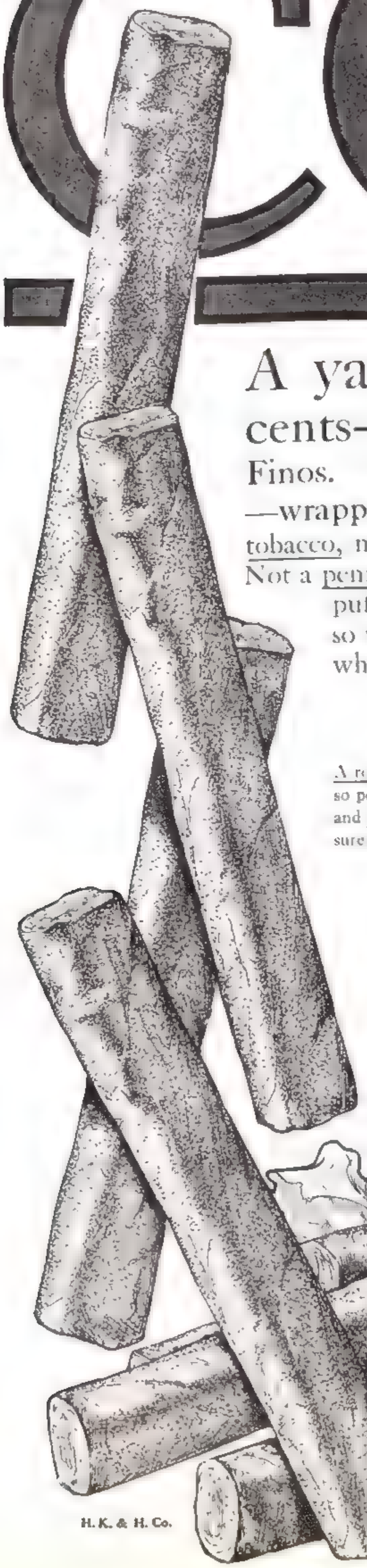
All Models. All Sizes. All Dealers.

Please write for new illustrated catalogues. They are free. Kindly state whether you are interested in ice or roller skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

No. 66 Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris.

COBS



A yard of delicious tobacco for fifteen cents—nine full-grown, satisfying, four-inch Londres Finos.

The plainest cigar ever put on sale—packed in ugly boxes—wrapped in cheap paper, put up without frills or bands; nothing but tobacco, nothing but good tobacco—better tobacco than the price ever bought before. Not a penny has been wasted for ornamental touches; you can't smoke looks, you can't puff gold bands; lithographed labels have nothing to do with the quality of leaf; so we've left them all off, and put every bit of the value where you can use it; where you can taste it, where you can test it.

NINE COBS FOR 15 CENTS

A rough smoke that smokes smooth; so good that in half a year Cobs have become the most popular cigar in America; so popular that imitation is everywhere. Remember Cobs have been copied—the wrapping of Cobs, the very advertising and illustrations have all been pirated, but the thing that made Cobs irresistible—the quality—has not been reproduced. Be sure you get the real Cobs or you won't get the real enjoyment. *Remember the package is GREEN.*

Ask for Cobs—insist on Cobs—get Cobs or get out and go to a better shop.

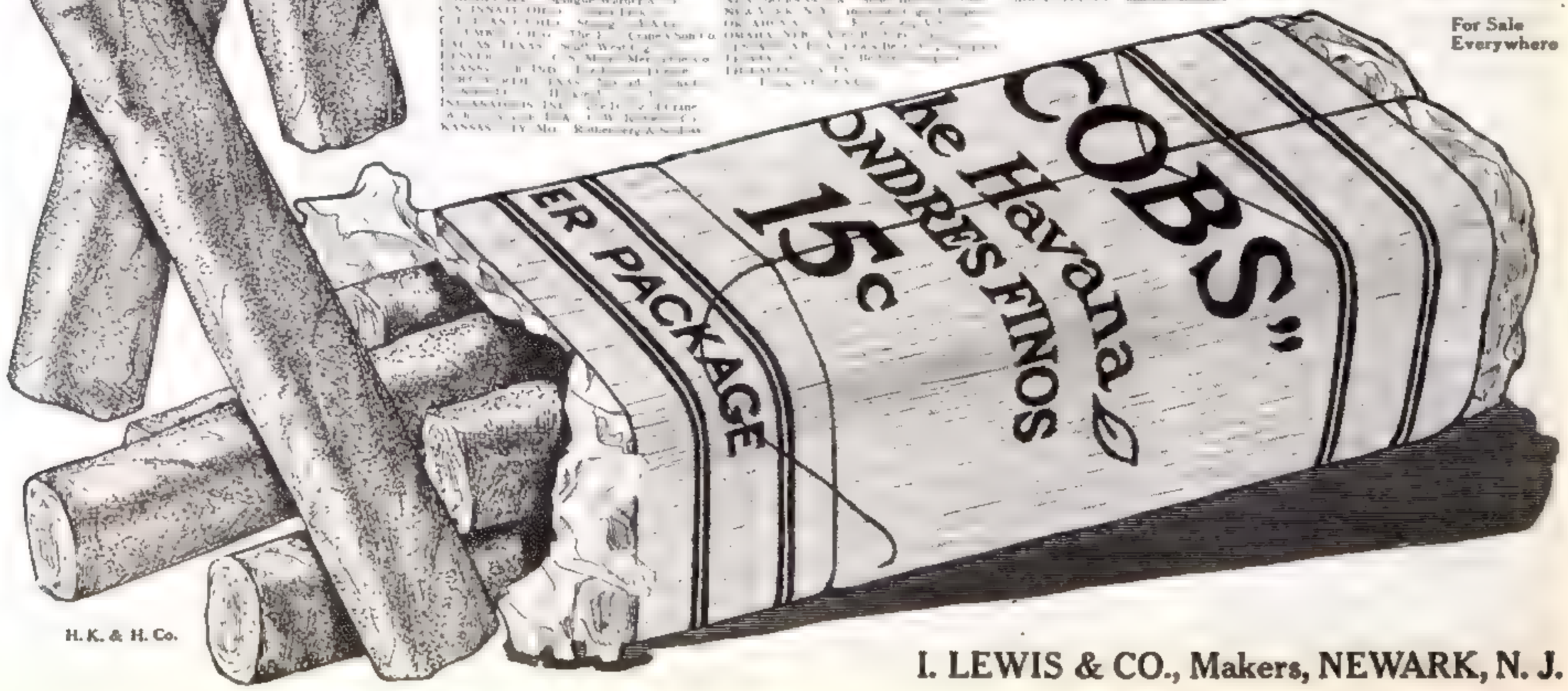
THE RETAIL CIGAR TRADE IS BEING SUPPLIED BY THE FOLLOWING DISTRIBUTORS:

ADRIAN, MICH. ... Marshall Drug & ... Co.
ALABAMA ... Mason ... Co.
ATHENS, PA. ... Wheeler & ... Co.
ATLANTA, GA. ... Lamar & Rankin Drug Co.
AUGUSTA, GA. ... Wm. Bleckley Co.
AUSTIN, TEXAS ... S. Gray
BALTIMORE, MD. ... Wm. ... & Co.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. ... P. Staples
BROOKLYN, N. Y. ... Jos. ... & Co.
BUTTE, MONTANA ... Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. ... Stringer Wagner & Co.
C. N. INSALL OFFICE ... Davis
CLEVELAND, OHIO ... Strong ... & Co.
CONWAY, ARK. ... The J. Crane Sons & Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS ... Neal Wood & Co.
DENVER ... C. N. Miller Mercantile Co.
EVANSVILLE, IND. ... Drug Co.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS ... Wholesale ... Co.
GREENVILLE ... Hardware Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. ... Jos. D. Crane Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO. ... Rothenberg & Sondheim

MEMPHIS, TENN. ... Co.
MINNEAPOLIS ... Wholesale Drug Co.
MILWAUKEE, WIS. ... Cigar Co.
MONTREAL, CAN. ... Drug Co.
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y. ... Drug Co.
NASHVILLE, TENN. ... Co.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ... & Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ... Hardware Co.
NEW YORK, N. Y. ... Cigar Co.
OKLAHOMA ... Co.
OMAHA, NEB. ... Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ... Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA. ... Co.
PORT HENRY, N. Y. ... Co.
PORTLAND, ORE. ... Co.
RACINE, WIS. ... Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ... Co.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS ... Co.
SAN FRANCISCO ... Co.
SAVANNAH, GA. ... Co.
SEATTLE, WASH. ... Co.
SIOUX CITY, IA. ... Co.

SPRINGFIELD, O. ... Company
ST. PAUL, MINN. ... P. Whitwell
ST. LOUIS ... Peter Hoffman Tobacco Co.
ST. PAUL, MINN. ... Mason Hartman & Co.
TACOMA, WASH. ... Mason Ehrman & Co.
TERRE HAUTE, IND. ... Co. ... House of Crane
TOLEDO ... Becker & Co.
WACO, TEXAS ... Co.
WASHINGTON, D.C. ... Woodward & Lothrop

For Sale Everywhere



H. K. & H. Co.

I. LEWIS & CO., Makers, NEWARK, N. J.

LET THE CHILDREN

KODAK

There's nothing in which a girl or boy takes greater delight than picture taking.

And you will be surprised to find what good pictures even a child of seven or eight can make with a Brownie or a Kodak. Especially interesting is their work when there are two or more children in the family. The pictures they make of each other not only furnish fun for them, but are cherished by father and mother long after the youngsters have outgrown childish ways. Such pictures may not always be perfect technically, but they appeal to *you* because they are so delightfully natural. You will still want the more formal studio pictures to send to uncle and aunt and the grandparents, and for yourself too, but you will always take real delight in the pictures that Helen has made of Tom, as with his water-soaked red mittens he puts the last artistic touches on the snow man.

And photography is educational; it teaches observation; shows the young mind that it's worth while to do things well—and nowadays it's not expensive. The Brownie Cameras at one to twelve dollars, a very, very good one for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures costs only two dollars, and Kodaks from five dollars up, offer a wide variety for all tastes and purses.

There's no dark-room required for loading, unloading, developing or finishing. Even the children can finish the pictures by our tank system if their inclination runs that way. If not, or when school duties prevent, they can readily have some one else "do the rest" after they have "pressed the button."

Put "KODAK" on That Christmas List

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE EXQUISITE THUG

(Continued from Page 7)

Ford's face. Ford took the kick-off, and the leather went high and far, yet not so far because it fought the wind. A Lanox back gathered it in and ran with it. Interference coagulated magically about him. Ford man after Ford man flung himself against that flying rampart, only to be bunted aside. They reeled in all directions till Wallace, the great tackle, and one of the few uninjured men of the team, charged and without pause dived head foremost through the maze of Lanox legs and brought his man to earth.

It was a beautiful, a fearless and a successful feat, and the Ford stands rocked with a thunder of cheers.

"He's not killed, praise be!" whispered Honoria.

Hager then decided to take Ford's pulse at once by trying her center rush. The ball was snapped back, and all the Lanox giants came swirling up in a crested breaker that smote with all its force on Evertsen. He held like a granite dyke while another swirl of his own men came eddying to support him and crush him forward.

The teams locked in utter wrestle and then came reeling and falling to earth in a long heap. But the ball had not advanced an inch. Lanox was not to have the easy victory she foresaw.

The scrimmage aligned again. Face to face the double row of crouching giants waited the signal to be at each other's throats. This time the formation materialized in an assault on Rudd with his one wing clipped. And he held fast with all his might. It was the third down and no gain. Lanox must kick.

The ball rainbow-arched the field and fell into the embrace of Ford's new fullback, Knox. And back he brought it, with Ford interference forming a prow before him. Far and fleet he went till he felt Hager's arm about his neck and Hager's weight on his back. And over backward and sidewise he came twisting, making a last hunch forward to steal an extra inch at any cost. But Hager downed him with savage violence, adding an extra wrench to his neck as he spread him out.

There are delicate shades even in assault, and Knox felt the viciousness of Hager's mood. But Ford was lined up. Evertsen bent over the ball ready to snap it back.

While he waited for the signal there was a murmur too low for the umpire's ear, but clear enough to Evertsen. Hager was calling him vile names and threatening him with condign punishments. Such of Hager's truculence as could be printed was simply cheap and ugly; the rest of it was not for the eye to endure.

Evertsen stared at Hager contemptuously and waited for silence before he put the ball in play. He might as well have tried to abash a locomotive. His head was throbbing with such hot resentment that he did not grasp the signal. That was Hager's purpose. When the quarterback prodded Evertsen and the ball went back Hager and Shaw, the Lanox center, converged on Evertsen like the cowcatcher of an express engine.

Evertsen was ready for this, but not for the uppercut Hager handed him *en passant*. The shock to his jaw was confusing, the surprise was worse. Meanwhile, the play was on, and Hager and Shaw had swept him aside and dashed through the hole, flinging themselves on Shattuck. As they dropped Shattuck in his tracks Hager gave an extra twist to his arm, and Shaw wrenched his leg almost out of joint.

The umpire and referee cannot be all eyes and ears and they cannot see through a wall of men. In those smothers of arms and legs who could know how much was accident and how much intention, except the foul-player and his victim?

Shattuck lay still, swallowing his groans, till Evertsen boosted him upright and walked him round a few times. Shattuck told him of the foul play.

Evertsen was ablaze with fury at Hager. As they brushed shoulders in the next scrimmage he muttered in Hager's ear:

"You dirty mucker, if you say another word, or break another rule, I'll rub your nose in the ground and kick you off the field. And I can do it, too."

Hager only laughed and answered with worse language. And in the next mix-up he managed to jab his finger into Evertsen's wounded eye. Later he made a playful attempt to rip the bandage off

Evertsen was frenzied with the double torment to his pride and to his flesh. But here was the proving of his long discipline. One emotion was uppermost, the success of the team. For its sake he, the cleanly, the foppish, the exquisite, rolled in the dust, ground his ears into the lime and filled his hair with mud. That was "the soil of the achievement."

How could he scour Hager's insults from his soul? Primitive instinct demanded Hager's blood or humiliation. But the secondary instinct of discipline controlled him. To bandy epithets with Hager would be dangerous to the team. The umpire might hear him and suspend him from the game. No argument would be tolerated: and it would be inconceivably childish to plead: "He was rude to me first."

To return blow for blow, gouge for gouge, was riskier still. First, it was sacrilege to the purity of the sport; second, if the umpire caught him at it the penalty was dire—disqualification for him and the substitution of a new man for his veteran skill.

The other men were endangering bone, sinew and even life itself to gain or hold every yard. To desert his team and retire wholesale for the sake of repaying insult or injury in kind would be gross treachery to Ford. It is loathsome to take any man's spittle in the face, but there are higher loyalties than self-respect.

Most of the other Lanox men seemed to have imbibed Hager's policy of win at any cost, and the Ford players began to exchange experiences in hurried asides. Each man was hot for reprisal, but each man made light of the other's grievance and held up the standard of "All for Ford." And so the eleven martyrs agonized upon the gridiron, taunted by their persecutors, heard like a roaring, unresting surf the everlasting cheers of the Lanox men.

The details of that game were published in all the papers. The sports reporters spared no personalities; the Ford players were lampooned and scarified as if they were bad actors producing a bad play. Evertsen found his name held up for odious comparison with the superb brilliance of Lanox under their dashing captain, Hager.

Now and then the umpire caught a foul or saw a too-enthusiastic act, and spoke a word of warning or penalized Lanox a few yards, but it looked only technical to the mobs in the stands. And they saw Ford penalized, too, for in a desperate eagerness to win her men were constantly offside, but they played true to their colors.

It was pitiful to see them smash themselves in vain. At nearly every encounter there was a pause to help up some wrenched player, to rub some contorted limb, to restore some unconscious figure, or to walk about with some limping, writhing youth trying to hold in his groans and persuade his outraged joints and muscles back to their functions.

With a courage that dazed Canavan and sickened his wife, the Ford tacklers plunged head foremost, diving into the hard ground, bounding and sprawling like porpoises. Even Canavan felt the prickles in his scalp to see Clark, the Ford halfback, run at terrific speed and hurl himself at the driving-rod thighs of a charging Lanox giant. He was not surprised that Clark lay still. The hurrying surgeon found him unable to respond. His back was paralyzed, perhaps broken, and an ambulance took him to the hospital to fight for his life.

Evertsen was proving impregnable in defense and ubiquitous in offense. He made openings through the line, and let the runner through or held him up and dragged him along by the scruff of his jersey. Lanox preferred another man in his place. The word went among them: "Put Evertsen out—but don't get caught."

In one scrimmage near the sideline Evertsen lay beneath a human haystack with just his head exposed. Helpless, he watched Hager leaping his way. He closed his eyes as he saw Hager's purpose, to plunge both knees into his face and smash him senseless. The umpire was elsewhere, like a needed policeman, but Canavan saw Hager's idea. It was a finishing injury not unknown in desperate street fights, and Canavan's gorge rose at what was to follow. But Hager missed his aim and thumped the grass, merely bruising Evertsen's ear

"Damn that football game," said Canavan, as he swallowed his heart again. "It's not sport, it's murther."

Ideal Holiday Gift

Make the child happy

Present her with a *Bestyette* Storm Cape.

You can send your child to school on the stormiest days. No colds or illness from sitting in damp

Bestyette STORM CAPES $3.75

best water-proof coat-cape on the market. We use a *superior* grade of *silky*, rubberized material. *The color is guaranteed.* The cape has *large hood, lined with* beautiful plaid. It ties at neck with *silk ribbons*. These finer points of making, express the superiority of *Bestyette* capes over ill-fitting poorly made imitations. Colors Cardinal, golden brown, navy blue and plum

At all dealers. Prices $3.75 insist on seeing the "*Bestyette*" label. Don't accept a substitute

nearest distributer the garment pictured so attractive prepaid at once.

New York Mackintosh Co., New York City

Duck Brand Co., Chicago, Ill.
Sanders Duck & Rubber Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Plant Rubber Co., Minneapolis, Minn

Strongest and longest-wearing

Never have there been such shoe laces as "*N F 10*."

Think of laces that stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking.

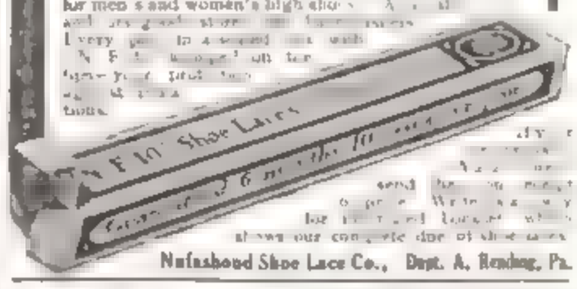
"N F 10" Shoe Laces

do that, and they are so well-made and so durable that every pair is

guaranteed 6 months

Being tubular not only gives them unusual strength, but there are no edges to fray. And "*N F 10*" are finished off with new patented tips that won't come off and that are fast color.

10 cents per pair—black and tan, in four lengths, for men's and women's high shoes



Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit

Write for Information

First National Bank

Billings, Montana

Organized 1883

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Enough lamp-chimneys break from "accident" to satisfy me, without having them crack and smash every time the light is turned up.

Macbeth lamp-chimneys *never break from heat.* It takes an "accident" to end their usefulness.

They add to the beauty, comfort and usefulness of the lamp—and they fit.

There is a Macbeth lamp-chimney made for every known burner, and my name is on it.

My book will tell which one to get for your lamp. It is free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Your Christmas Money Will Go Round

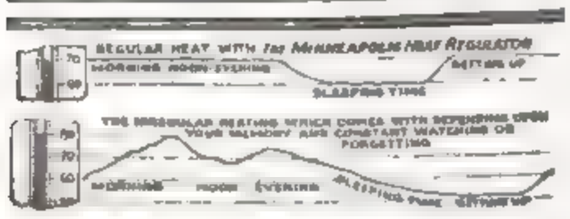
If you want to make a little Christmas money go a great way, there is no gift at the same cost which will bring more satisfaction than a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A peculiarly attractive feature of using THE POST as a Christmas present is our method of announcing it. To any one for whom a subscription is ordered as a gift we will mail a beautiful card of appropriate design, painted by Frank S. Leyendecker, announcing that a subscription has been ordered by you for a year as a Christmas present. This announcement, together with the first copy of the subscription, will be mailed so as to reach the recipient on Christmas Day. Such a gift only starts on Christmas; it continues each week for a year.

In sending the order do not fail to include your own name and address as well as that of the person to whom the subscription is to be sent, and be sure to state that it is a Christmas gift.

The price of a year's subscription is One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Penna.


REGULAR HEAT WITH THE MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
MORNING NOON EVENING
SETTING UP
SLEEPING TIME
THE IRREGULAR HEATING WHICH COMES WITH DEPENDING UPON YOUR MEMORY AND CONSTANT WATCHING OR FORGETTING
MORNING NOON EVENING SLEEPING TIME SETTING UP

IF you hired a man every hour and minute of every day, to watch the thermometer in your house, and he turned off the drafts, or shoveled in the fuel, to keep exactly the desired temperature, he couldn't do any better than you can do with a

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

SEND FOR OUR 1910 BOOKLET

W. R. SWEATT, Secretary

General Offices: 705 Palace Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Arts and Crafts Jewelry is fashionable

Read This Offer

Order today. Illustrated catalog FREE

The Buckeye Arts & Crafts Shop, Box B, Dayton, Ohio

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

FREE FREE FREE

Address SAM'L FRENCH, 24 W. 22d Street, New York

Evertsen opened his eyes to find himself alive. His gaze met Hager's and they understood one another

For all Ford's lavishness of brain and brawn, defeat was her portion. Lanox made three touchdowns and kicked every goal. Evertsen held out until both eyes were swollen shut, and the ligaments were ripped from one knee. When he was toted off the field the score was Lanox 18, Ford 0. He fought with the surgeon and wrestled with the men who dragged him from the battle, but he was overpowered and taken to quarters.

Afterward he learned that the substitute who replaced him had made a touchdown and kept Ford from being zeroed. It was rather due to luck and the costly fumbles of Lanox than to merit, but somehow Evertsen could not rise to the supernal height of being glad that his successor had saved the defeat from being annihilation. When his wounds had been dressed and his aching frame bathed he was sent to his room, where he lay back in a long chair, his whole body a symphony of pain, and his mind one elegy. And the dark twilight filled the room as it did his soul.

After a long while there was an unacademic knock on the door. He could not see who came in, but the ghost of a brogue stole through the silence:

"It's me, Mr. Evertsen—Canavan. I come to tell you how noble you done. It's us Irishmen that know how it feels to be defeated by men we're better than. I was that sure of your victory I wouldn't believe what me eyes was after telling me at all. I left Honoria at a hotel bracing herself up as if she had been to a three-days' wake. She'll never believe annything I tell her now—not that she ever did, but it's less than nothing she'll hear from me now."

Evertsen did not open his eyes, but answered wearily:

"Thank you, Mr. Canavan. Sit down. Make a light if you want to. You'll find cigars on the table."

"Never mind the light. And I've smoke-cured meself already. But tell me what happened you."

"They beat us for two reasons. In the first place they didn't play fair, in the second place they'd have won, anyway. They had the best team. It was Ford's off year. That's all. But the sneaking muckers might have cut out the vile language and played like gentlemen."

"Like gentlemen? Foothahl? Can it be done?"

"Of course. We play the other teams and play them hard, and are friends with them all the while."

"Is that so-o? My college was the bogs of Ireland with a theological coorse in the East Side streets of New York. Fighting is fighting there. It would make little differ to me if a man was going to snap me leg in two or tie me arm in a bowknot whether he did it fashionably or just anny old way."

Evertsen spoke with the solemn dignity of the defeated:

"That's where you put yourself in a class with Lanox, Mr. Canavan. We believe that it's better to lose honorably than to steal a victory. It's the reverence for the rules that makes the name of sportsman one of the noblest a man can wear."

Canavan felt the rebuke and the gloaming hid his blush. He changed the subject: "And they used vile language, you said. Hard words break no bones, though they are useful for confusing the enemy and making him lay off discretion. It is for that reason the Chinese patriots found the stink-pot an influential weapon. What names were they after calling you?"

Even though they were man to man, Evertsen lowered his voice to repeat a few specimens. Canavan turned pale: "And you took it off them and didn't murther them on the spot."

"We swallowed everything. If we had paid back word for word, or blow for blow, the umpire would have caught us and penalized us. We felt we had to stand it for the team's sake. We stand anything for the team's sake, Mr. Canavan."

Canavan thought hard. "Team work must be a grand thing, Mr. Evertsen. It's a thing Irishmen don't seem to grasp. We're the grandest nation for individules that ever was, but it's every man for himself and for saving the old country his own way. Team play has always been our strongest weakness. If Ireland had have had a bit more of it we'd have been a free country today."

"My Dutch ancestors fought Spain for eighty years without rest," said Evertsen. "They let the ocean into their towns and farms to beat the Spaniards. That was team work. But it's ancient history—like today's game. But now that it's all over and my uniform is off I'm going after Hager and take what he owes me out of his rotten hide. If I have to follow him around the world I'll get him."

Canavan smacked his lips over the vision as he murmured: "Might I be there to see!"

III

EVERTSEN had a new ambition. It was the liveliest of the few he had, and it kept him keen and determined; for there is nothing that will persuade a man not to break training like the presence of an enemy in his offing.

To find Hager and trounce him within an inch of his life was Evertsen's consuming motive. But Fate kept them out of each other's sight, and it is easy to procrastinate the beating one is going to give a distant enemy. The winter passed, the spring went its primrose way. Summer took him yachting and Europing. And the next fall surprised him with his vengeance still in cold storage.

But it was not forgotten by him or by any of the other Ford men who returned to college with bones knitted and tendons glued back in place. The one watchword was to get back at Lanox.

The schedule of fall games was rearranged so that Ford should meet easier teams at first. She could not afford to shatter her strong men with her old spendthrift carelessness till after Lanox was attended to.

Meanwhile, too, the Rules Committee had met during the summer and revised the code with an eye single to making the game a trifle less perilous. This may have been due partly to the growing wail of football players' mothers against the slaughter of their innocents, but more pressing were the motives of economy. It had become increasingly difficult to keep enough bones unbroken to eke out teams for the final games. So the gain required on downs was doubled, and the veteran players found themselves faced with the necessity of mastering the forward pass and the onside kick.

But still the human battering-ram must be the backbone of any substantial supremacy, and Ford set about the training of the heaviest men she could recruit. To muster giants and teach them speed and accuracy and cunning were the objects of that year's toil.

Lanox was arriving at the same things, but Lanox was drugged with the sedatives of victory and lacked the hunger that kept Ford's appetite sharp.

Hager was reëlected to command Lanox. Captain Niles, of Ford, had returned, but under pledge to his father not to touch a football. The doctor threatened him with the life of a hopeless invalid, and the father threatened him with exile from college—so Niles was forced to sulk in his tent with his revenges unappeased.

His mantle fell on Evertsen, who entered upon his grim business with an energy that would have made him a captain of industry.

For the first thing, he had himself tried out as left guard, for that would bring him exactly vis-à-vis with Hager. Later he read that Hager had moved to the right end. He persuaded the coach to shift him to the left.

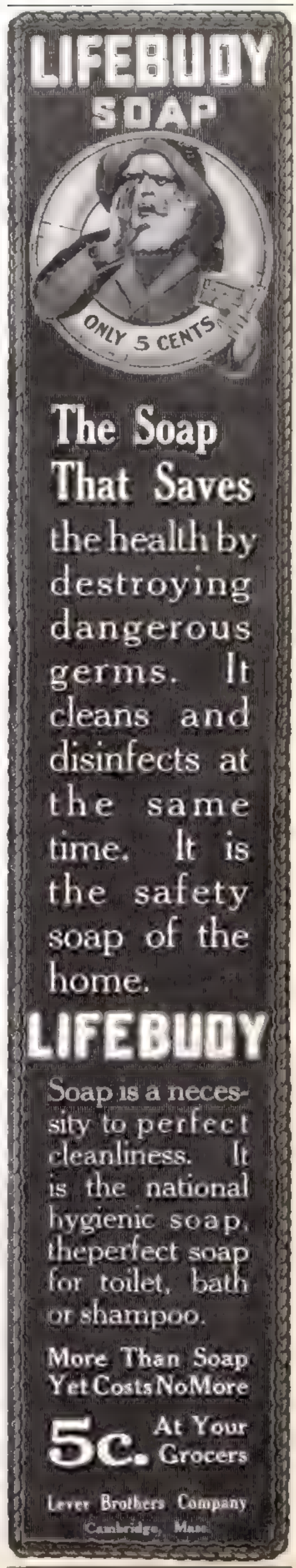
It was once more an on-year with Ford. She restored her minor enemies to their proper places with ridiculous scores. And somehow, this year, bones seemed not to break so easily; there was more elasticity in tendons.

Lanox was doing splendidly, too, and the teams came leaping toward one another over fields of victory. And so once more Hager and Evertsen met. Hager had no conception of the wealth of hatred stored up in Evertsen's heart, for Evertsen had been only one of the dozens of men he had manhandled the season before. But Hager was the only man on earth who had ever treated Evertsen so.

For months the young aristocrat had revolved plans of revenge, ranging from murder to all forms of mayhem. But distance and time mellow our grudges, like apples that ripen in the sun till they hardly hold.

So to his amazement Evertsen looked at Hager with a helplessness to loathe him. He remembered a word of Canavan's about an enemy of his.

"You hate that man pretty well, don't you, Mr. Canavan?"


LIFEBUOY
SOAP
ONLY 5 CENTS
The Soap
That Saves
the health by destroying dangerous germs. It cleans and disinfects at the same time. It is the safety soap of the home.
LIFEBUOY
Soap is a necessity to perfect cleanliness. It is the national hygienic soap, the perfect soap for toilet, bath or shampoo.
More Than Soap
Yet Costs No More
5c. At Your Grocers
Lever Brothers Company
Cambridge, Mass.

"Yes," said Canavan mournfully, "but I don't hate him half as much as I'd like to."

Time had been frittering away Evertsen's one perfect enmity.

The game began as usual, and the first collision showed that Ford had the greater power. They went through the line like a scythe through the writhing, toppling wheat. When the Lanox men wedged, the Ford men piled them up in stacks.

The Lanox kicker was outkicked by Ford's, and Evertsen had perfected the forward pass so that he received the slippery ball with almost unerring certainty, his windmill arms plucking it down, however wild it went. He had the luxury of straight-arming Hager and blocking him with a vigor that was as legitimate as it was tooth-loosening.

He made Ford's first touchdown himself after a forward pass and a showy run.

So completely superior Ford showed herself and so soon that Lanox lost her impetus. After all, Hager was a raider, a guerrilla; not a campaigner nor a besieger. Evertsen was so happy in success that he almost began to like his cherished enemy.

And then Hager grew ugly again. In the more open games of this year the chance for foul was less, but still sufficient. Evertsen and his men began to wince and fret under stinging blow and reeking epithet. But Evertsen set his teeth and made touchdowns his trade.

The end of the first half found Ford with two touchdowns and a safety, fourteen points to her credit and Lanox nowhere. The cheers of Ford were music to their hearts as they went to their quarters.

Canavan was hanging over a rail and calling Evertsen's name. Evertsen turned and saw a smile so glowing that he asked:

"What's up, Mr. Canavan? Is Ireland free?"

"Not yet, but the next best thing—I'm watchin' you get the German goat. More power to your elbow!"

"Just wait, old man," said Evertsen with a promissory smile.

During the rest Evertsen perfected his reprisal and won the consent of the rehabilitated coaches. The Ford men went back to the gridiron, leaping with a new enthusiasm. They had redeemed the great name of the college. Now they had earned a right to personal satisfaction.

Lanox hobbled back, for, strangely, it is the losing side that almost always suffers injury. And it carries always the wearing fatigue of defeat.

As they lined up at the first scrimmage after the kick-off, Evertsen in his most drawing-room tones called out to his quarterback:

"Mr. Milburn, these—ahem—gentlemen from Lanox did not quite grasp our signals in the first half. As they are our guests, please drop the cipher and use plain English."

"Aye, aye, sir," Milburn answered, and then: "An end-run, please; right halfback kindly take the ball around to Mr. Hager."

There was a pause for the Lanox men to digest the revolutionary program. They decided that it was a new trick, and Hager was ready for anything, but the twin thunderbolts of Evertsen and Rudd as they converged on him knocked him down and made him a pathway for Shattuck to trample for a six-yard gain.

Another scrimmage line and the quarterback called out:

"Mr. Hager is so polite and so hospitable, let us call upon him again."

Hager braced and his men braced him, but he could not hold the laughing giants of Ford. They made the rest of their distance with a down to spare.

Milburn said: "This is lovely, boys. Mr. Hager isn't half so unkind as we used to think. Once more he invites you."

Hager was frothing with the rabies of impotent rage. As he flung himself at the avalanche he was reckless of blow and word, but Evertsen blocked the assault and the vile names had a new sound.

"Go on, Hager, get it out of your system," he murmured, as they sprawled under a pile of men. "I could stand anything from you but a compliment."

The quarterback called for one fourth and last visit to Hager's corner, and he went down striking blindly. A fist-blow on a canvas jacket has a sound all its own, and this year's umpire was alert. He stalked into the mesh of arms and legs and growled:

"I heard slugging just now, and I'm going to watch this end. The first man I see attempt to foul gets off the field and stays off. Understand?"

Evertsen called away the attack from Hager and sent the charges elsewhere, but always the signals were given in simple English and the deed followed the word. Down the line the wedges went, knocking at every door and taking the heart out of each linesman in turn. Hager was hysterical with wrath. His fists clenched incessantly and his arm went back to smash Evertsen's intolerable smile, but he always found the umpire watching him, and in the tumbled masses there was no chance for wrenching a leg or gouging an eye

Down the field in irresistible stages, like the faulting of successive earthquakes, the Ford line went, till Hager, as the saying is, felt the shadow of his goal posts weighing on his back.

And then the Ford signal was:

"Hold the line, boys—Mr. Blair wants to try for a field goal."

And Hager, dancing for the charge, found Evertsen's bulk checking him, and knew by the uproar from the Ford coaches that the ball had gone through.

They marched to the center of the field for the next kick-off. Again Ford got the ball and would not give it up. Milburn said: "That worked so well, let's try it all over again on the other goal posts. Begin once more with the old end-run round Mr. Hager."

Hager appealed to the umpire and over his head to the referee, but they only laughed. They found nothing in the code compelling the use of cipher signals. Hager went back to his line, and his last prop was gone. His team was outweighted and outwitted, outplayed and outworked—their old victorious confidence lost, and the terror they had inspired replaced by grinning contempt.

When Lanox got the ball she lost it in blind fumbles. Her men were weakened and bruised by unlucky and unsuccessful crashes against the reefs of the Ford defense. Team play went to pieces with the collapse of their captain.

Hager was a pitiable spectacle. Defeat unnerved him and ridicule destroyed him. He passed from frenzy to despair and then bumped on down the stairs of self-respect till he was a hopeless baby again. He began to blubber and that made him sadder than ever. Tears almost as big as footballs rolled down his lusty cheeks and seeped saltily into his mouth or spilled ludicrously from the end of his nose. Then all the team followed suit, and the laughing Ford men faced a row of wrinkled-faced, tear-spattered cry-babies, sobbing as men alone can sob when they go to pieces.

The rapture of the Ford men was cruel and would have been unpardonable had they not had so many bruises to salve, so many vile insults to wash out, that the tears of their former persecutors were none too many. Besides, for all their bulk they were but overgrown children.

Yet the second half was long enough, and the success of it was sweeping enough to annul the mountainous grudge, and at last Evertsen felt pity succeeding scorn.

But he had to close the ledger with one last debit. He called out: "Mr. Milburn, after the next English lesson to the infant class in football, you might return to the cipher. Just one more visit, though, to our friend Mr. Hager."

And once more the many-footed dragon rolled over Hager. When it passed down the field he did not rise. The surgeon could find no bruises, and he was weeping with an enthusiasm that showed him still unhurt except in his pride, but kind hands bore him from the field: and the rest was silence. The Ford rooters had wearied of cheering, and the Lanox throng had nothing to cheer.

When the merciful stop-watch eventually ended the torture Evertsen walked off the field as one who had banqueted well. On his brow he already felt the weighty laurels of all the All-America teams.

Canavan was waiting for him when he emerged from the quarters, bathed, immaculate of linen, and quite his foppish self.

Canavan wrung his hand and said: "There was only one thing more you could have done to them—to call in my old squad of street-cleaners to scrape them off the field. I'm thinking that just about this minyute Hager is calling himself the words he laid to you—and worse."

Evertsen looked at Canavan and murmured magnificently as he flicked an imaginary fleck from his sleeve:

"Hager, did you say? Who is Hager?"

The Welcome Gift for Men

50 Sargent Perfectos
(Regular Price $3.50)
Sargent Patent Cigar Chest
(Regular Price $3.50)

$3.50 for Both

You take no risk by buying with our "Money-Back" Guarantee

Every smoker will be glad to get a box of Sargent Cigars. Every man who smokes should have a Sargent Cigar Chest to keep his cigars in prime condition. The two together at the price of one is an offer hard to resist. It is the ideal Christmas gift for men.

This is very frankly an introduction offer—an expensive one for us. But our experience has shown us that we can safely assume all risk and guarantee satisfaction. For our profit, we depend upon the pleasing quality of the cigars to secure re-orders. We want it clearly understood that our "Money-Back" Guarantee stands back of every cigar chest and box of cigars we ship.

Sargent Cigar Chest FREE

The Sargent Patent Cigar Chest (shown above) is a perfect little cigar store in itself. It is made of oak, mission finish, glass-lined and sanitary. No pads or sponges to bother with, the moisture being supplied by a new process. With a Sargent Cigar Chest you never lose money on dried-out cigars. The chest will be sent you with your first order and is your property even if you never buy another cigar of us.

Our "Money-Back" Guarantee

If cigars and chests are not up to your expectations, send them back at our expense and we will refund your money without question. Send us $3.50 and we will ship you 50 Sargent Perfectos and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 cigars, price $7.00, we will prepay express charges on cigars and chest anywhere in the United States. Subsequent orders for cigars filled at $7.00 for 100; $3.50 for 50.

For $2.00 extra we will send a mahogany chest instead of oak, or for $3.00 extra, one of Circassian Walnut.

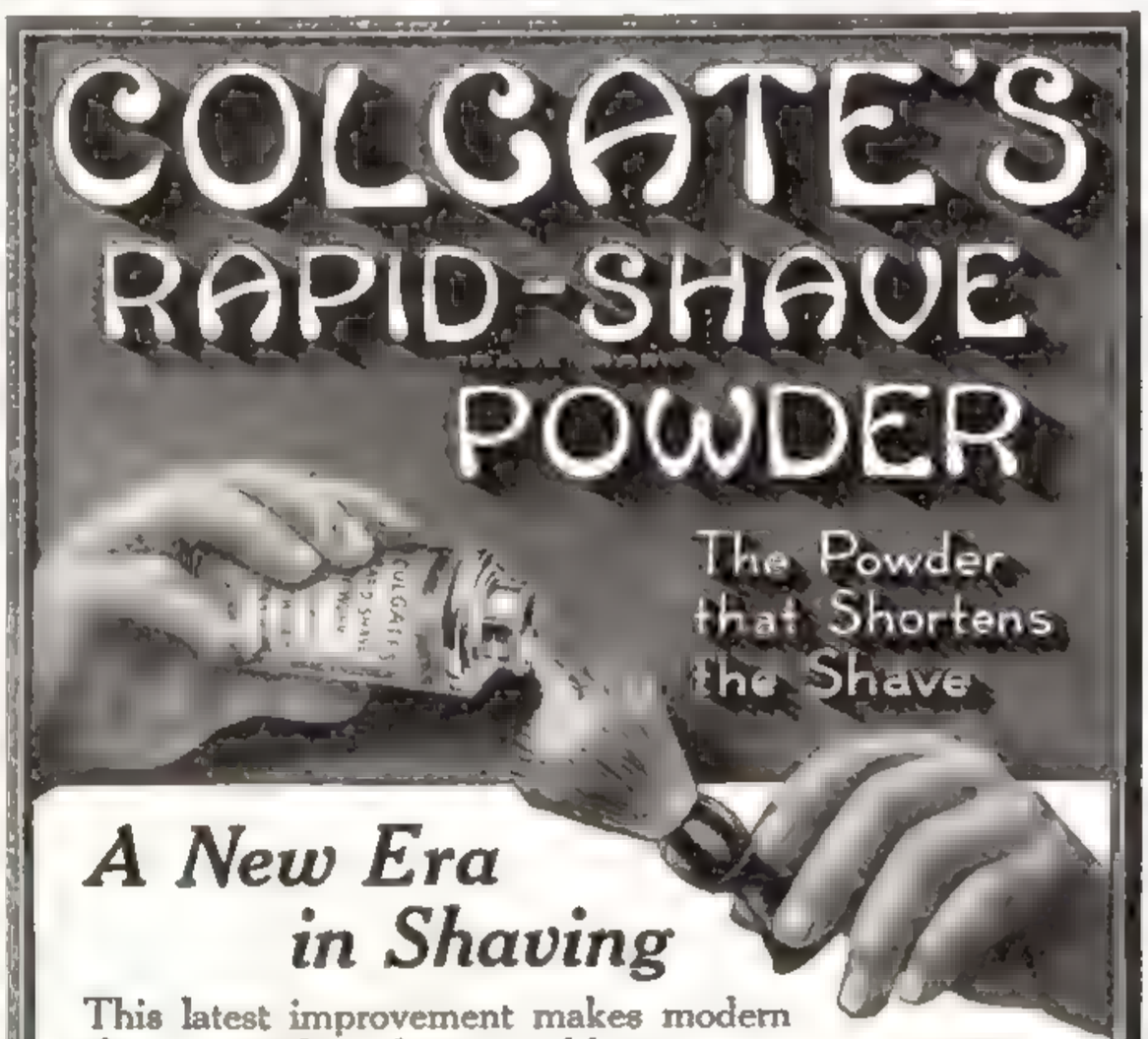
References: Pequonnock National Bank, First Bridgeport National Bank, or City National Bank, all of Bridgeport.

A Sargent Perfecto, Actual Size

SARGENT CIGAR CO., 536 Water St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Larger Cigar Chests for Hotels, Clubs, Etc. Send for Catalogue

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE POWDER



A New Era in Shaving

This latest improvement makes modern shaving quicker, cleaner and better.

Rapid-Shave Powder gives you a quicker shave because it does away with that "mussy" rubbing in the lather with the fingers or making lather in a cup.

A sanitary shave because no soap that touches brush or skin is used again.

A better shave, since you enjoy the most lasting, delightful lather of your life.

A STEP FORWARD

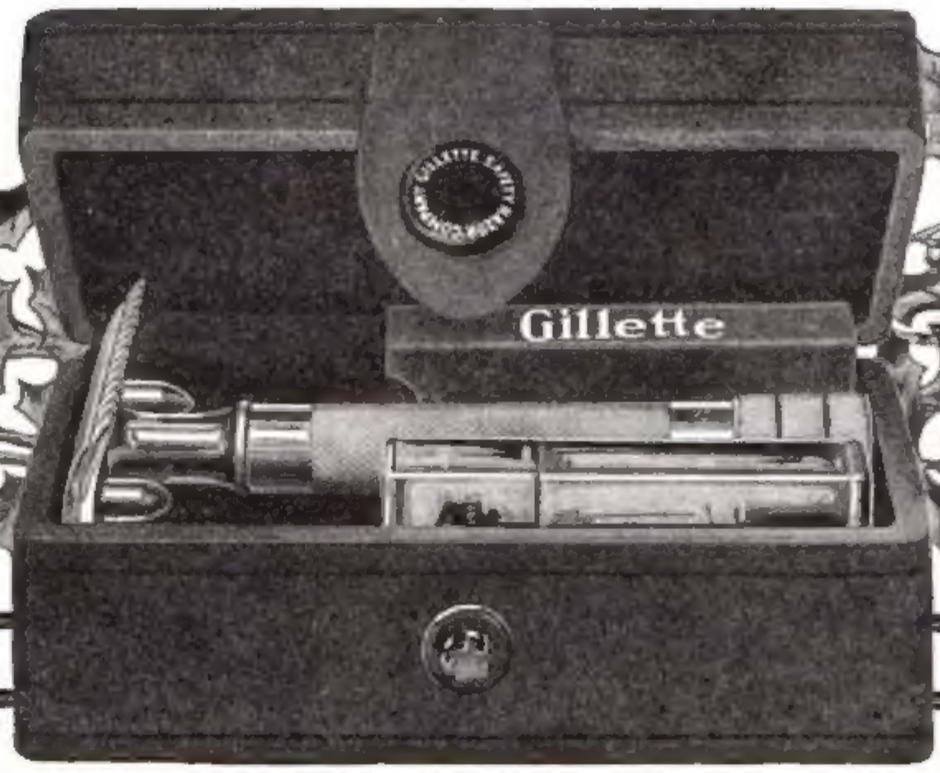
A RAPID SHAVE

A SANITARY SHAVE

A BETTER LATHER

TRIAL BOX SENT FOR 4c

Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 55 John St., N. Y., Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap



For His Christmas A Gillette Safety Razor

THE most useful and practical gift for a man. Something he will use every day of the year, and every year of his life.

Something he will treasure. A man forms a peculiar attachment for his Gillette Razor—thinks more of it than any other article of personal use. It is so efficient and workmanlike, so easy and safe—no stropping, no honing—no special care.

A beautiful gift too! The Gillette is as compact and as handsomely finished as a piece of jewelry.

If he has never tried the Gillette he will be astonished and delighted when he uses it and will thank you for a great comfort and convenience.

If he already owns a Gillette, give him one of the new models. Hundreds of Gillette enthusiasts own half a dozen or more Gillette razors.

No. 460, Standard set, velvet lined, full leather case. Triple silver-plated handle, and blade box containing twelve double-edged blades (24 cutting edges), $5.00.

No. 460 B, Standard set, neat metal case, clean, sanitary, durable. Triple silver-plated handle and twelve blades (24 cutting edges), with two handsome nickel-plated boxes for holding the blades, $5.00.

New Pocket Edition, gold, silver or gun-metal case, with handle and blade box to match, set of twelve double-edged blades (24 cutting edges). These pocket cases are velvet-lined, finished in the highest style of the jeweler's art, plain-polished, basket-weave pattern, shell pattern, flower pattern, or Empire pattern—so compact as to fit in the pocket or slip in the side of a traveling bag, $5.00 to $7.50.

Combination sets, fine leather cases, containing razor, shaving brush, shaving soap, and other toilet accessories—especially appropriate for gift purposes—$6.50 to $50.00.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

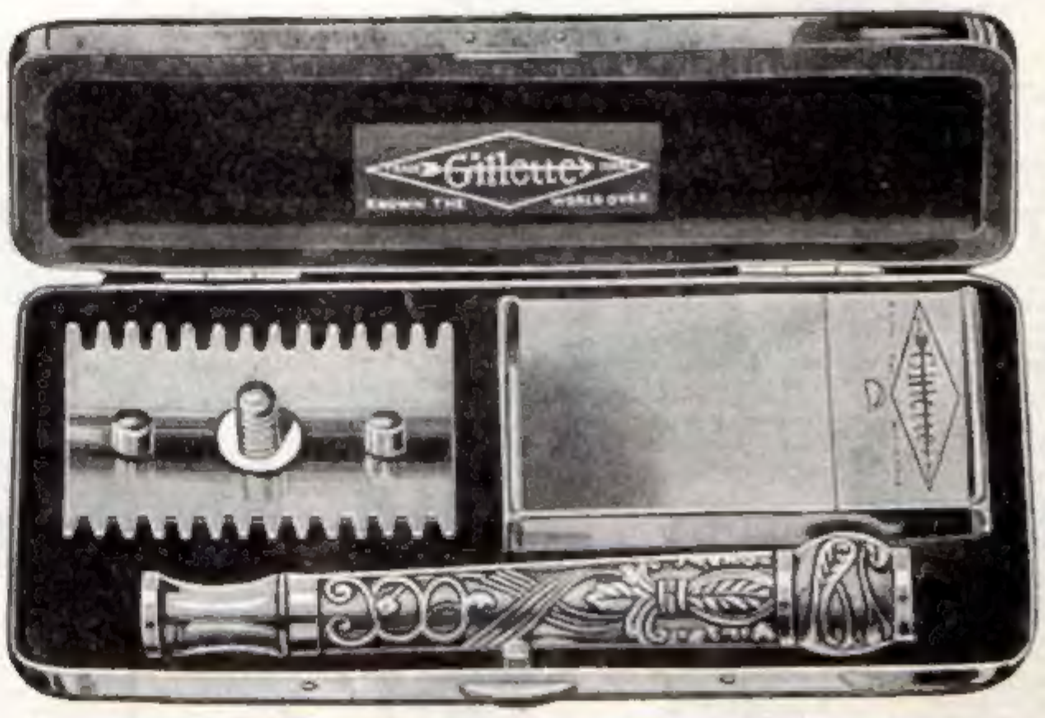
506 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office, 17 Holborn Viaduct

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER



A new invention which puts an end to the drudgery of dishwashing—

Which enables you to keep the kitchen, the laundry, the butler's pantry *absolutely free* from the slop and slime of soap—

Which gives instantaneous, cleansing suds from any kind of soap you put in—using either whole pieces or scraps—

Which saves *half* your soap bill—*half* your labor—and *more than half* the wear and tear of clothes in washing.

"RICHMOND" SOAP SAVER

Saves 50% of Your Soap

When you rub soap on cloth or fabric, you rub off twice as much soap as you need—

You waste as much as you use.

And the wasted soap makes your work *harder* instead of *easier*.

The quickest, easiest results are always produced by using *just the proper mixture* of soap and water. With the "RICHMOND" Soap Saver, the proportion is absolute—fixed—scientifically correct.

"RICHMOND" Soap Saver suds make the grease and dirt disappear as if by magic.

Any Kind of Soap Will Do

No special soap is required, you simply put into the "RICHMOND" Soap Saver whatever kind of soap you prefer to use—either whole pieces or scraps.

The first turn of the faucet will bring the creamiest, thickest suds which that kind of soap is capable of producing.

Instantaneous suds—and without a particle of waste.

No More Soapy Slime

The "RICHMOND" Soap Saver puts an end to sloppy sinks—smeary soap dishes—slippery cakes of soap and slimy hands.

In the Laundry, the "RICHMOND" Soap Saver puts an end to the needless rubbing which wears out clothes before their time.

It gives a suds which dissolves the dirt in a way which soap, when used by hand, can never do.

Its suds, being scientifically proportioned, wash freely from the clothes and leave no residue of soap to rot the delicate fabrics.

No More Dishwashing Drudgery

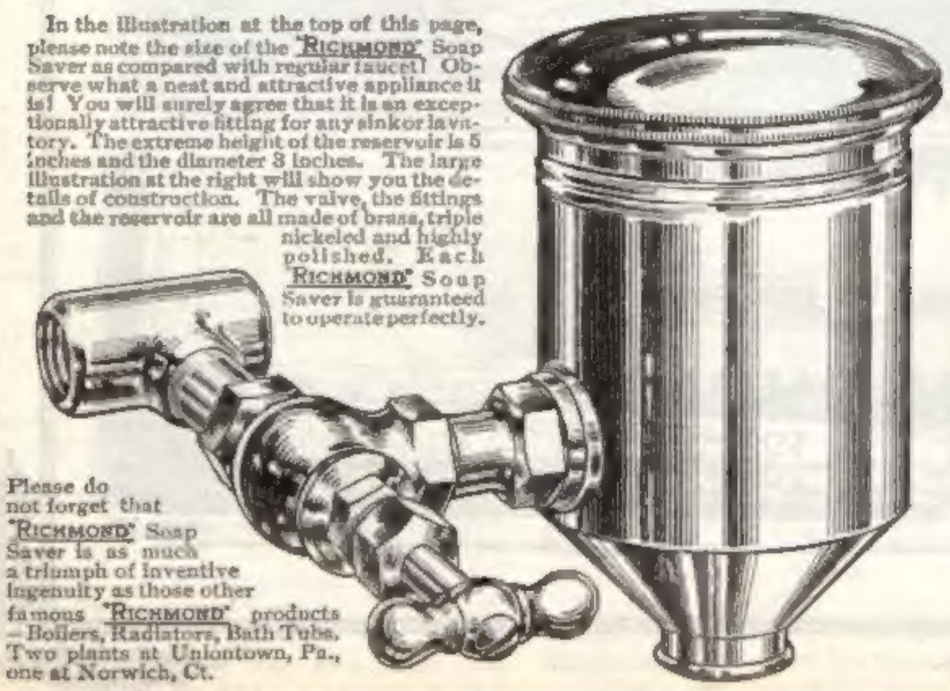
In the kitchen, the "RICHMOND" Soap Saver puts an end to the drudgery of dishwashing.

Simply place dishes, silver, glassware under its creamy suds for an instant, then just rinse and wipe.

The "RICHMOND" Soap Saver puts an instant, automatic end to waste; to unsightly soap dishes; to the nuisance of using up the odds and ends of soap.

A single turn of the faucet gives you a handful of delightful creamy suds.

In the illustration at the top of this page, please note the size of the "RICHMOND" Soap Saver as compared with regular faucet! Observe what a neat and attractive appliance it is! You will surely agree that it is an exceptionally attractive fitting for any sink or lavatory. The extreme height of the reservoir is 5 inches and the diameter 3 inches. The large illustration at the right will show you the details of construction. The valve, the fittings and the reservoir are all made of brass, triple nickeled and highly polished. Each "RICHMOND" Soap Saver is guaranteed to operate perfectly.



Please do not forget that "RICHMOND" Soap Saver is as much a triumph of inventive ingenuity as those other famous "RICHMOND" products—Boilers, Radiators, Bath Tubs. Two plants at Uniontown, Pa., one at Norwich, Ct.

Fits Any Faucet

The "RICHMOND" Soap Saver does not in any way interfere with the hot water faucet, and can be instantly and easily attached to it.

It gives you, instead, *two* faucets—one for clean, hot water—the other for thick, hot suds.

No mere description can give you even a partial idea of the wonderful convenience and economy which this new invention offers.

So we offer a *ten-day trial free.* **Simply send the coupon.**

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. Park Avenue and 41st Street, New York

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Post 12-11

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO., Park Avenue and 41st Street, New York City

Please arrange to have a "RICHMOND" Soap Saver attached to the hot water faucet in my house, without expense of any kind to me, for a 10-days' free trial. I authorize you to do this with the understanding that if the Soap Saver is not satisfactory to me, I am to notify you within 10 days to that effect and hold same subject to your order or deliver to your local agent, or if I decide to keep it, I am to pay $5.85 after 10 days to your local agent, whose name and address you are to give me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Study the "inside facts"

See the photographic likeness of a cross-section, shown in the picture. Note the extra length of the bristles, sunk deeply into a bed of vulcanized rubber, from which no bristle is ever to part.

No other method in all the arts of brush-making holds permanently or defies destruction like the RUBBERSET construction. There can be no other like it. We have patents that guarantee this.

Buy one RUBBERSET Brush for a lifetime. Pay enough to insure that it's Badger Hair. Badger Hair retains its fullness, softness and cleanliness after constant usage.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

selling for $1 and over have Badger Hair and handles of ALBRIGHT IVORY, a composition of indestructible quality, that retains its clean-cut, bright color, smooth finish, through endless service.

Keep in mind one all-important fact—whether you pay 25c. for your RUBBERSET Brush, or many times that price—for the line is big and the range of prices is broad—the bristles are gripped in hard, vulcanized rubber, and are there to stay.

The best brush should have the best soap, so try your next shave with **BERSET SHAVING CREAM.** A lather that quickens the shave, softens the beard and soothes the face. A 25c. tube will give 100 shaves.

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes and BERSET Shaving Cream are on sale at DRUGGISTS, HARDWARE and GENERAL STORES. If not at your dealer's, send for fully illustrated catalogue and order direct.

RUBBERSET COMPANY

Factory and Laboratory
56 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.

New York Salesrooms, 50 Church St.

Also makers of Rubberset Tooth Brushes—
Berset Dental Cream and Brush Specialties

Each bristle gripped in
hard vulcanized rubber

In every home somebody ought to buy somebody an

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

for Christmas this year

THE one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young, is an Edison Phonograph with a selection of Edison Amberol Records.

The best Christmas present is something all can enjoy. All can and do enjoy the Edison Phonograph.

If every member of the family would take the money he or she expects to use to buy presents for the other members of the family, and put it together, there will be enough not only to buy an Edison Phonograph, but also a large supply of Records.

Edison Phonographs sold everywhere in the United States at the same price,	$12.50 to $200.00
Edison Standard Records	.35
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long)	.50
Edison Grand Opera Records	.75 and 1.00

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.